Great Revival Hymns

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Springs

Great Revival Hymns

FOR

The Church, Sunday School and Evangelistic Services

Edited and Compiled by
HOMER RODEHEAVER
B. D. ACKLEY and
Rev. W. E. BIEDERWOLF

Dr. J. B. HERBERT, Associate Editor

Great Revival Songs
Church Hymns
Sunday School Songs
Responsive Readings
Solos and Choruses

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Preface.

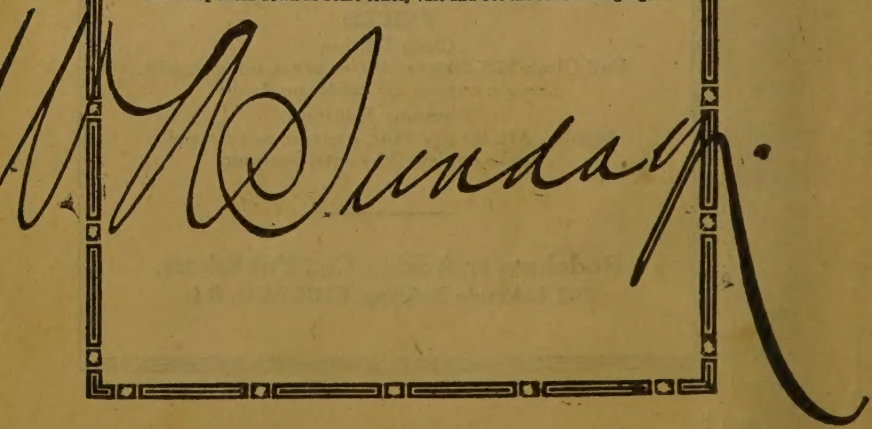
Messrs. Rodeheaver and Ackley have labored for years compiling this book, noting the songs that were the most popular and effective. They have spared no expense.

Song has always played an important part in every effort to set this world going Godward.

The work of bringing the unsaved to Christ demands our best, whether we preach or whether we sing.

I consider GREAT REVIVAL HYMNS the best Gospel song book that has been published for years. It is the only one I have ever endorsed with a written statement.

"If any little word of mine can make a heart the lighter,
If any little song of mine can make a life the brighter,
God help me speak that little word and do my bit of singing,
And drop them down in some lonely vale and set the echoes ringing."



Great Revival Hymns.

No. 1. Repent!

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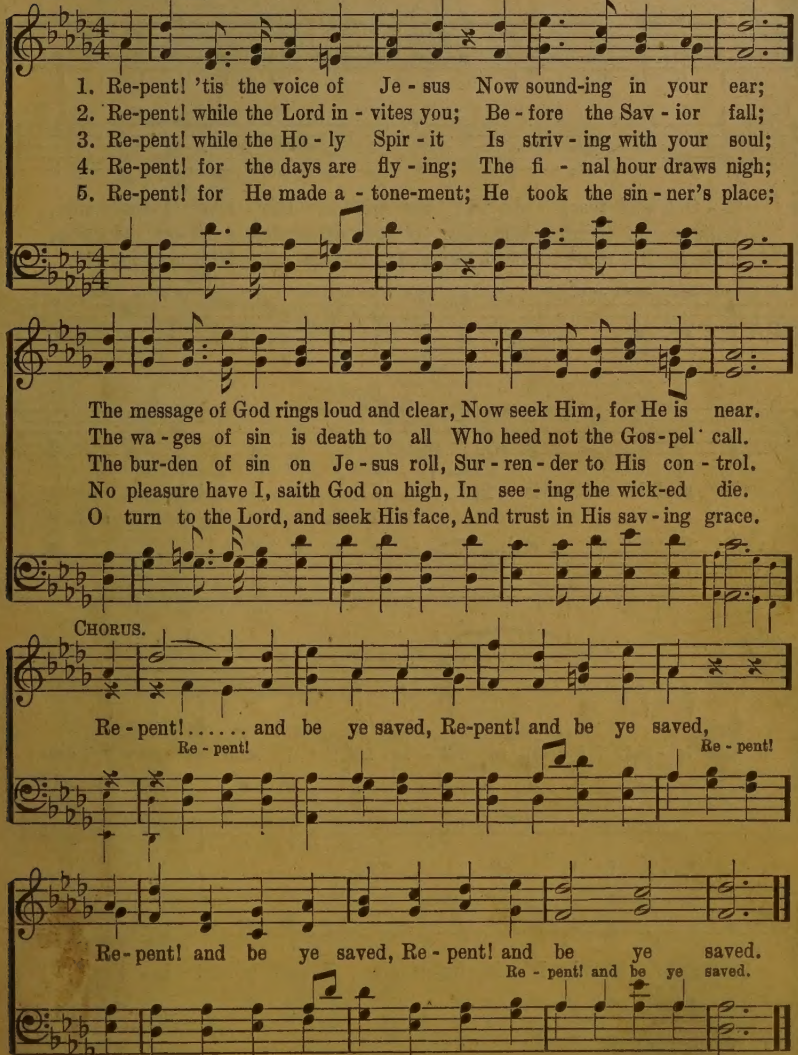
Rev. A. H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.


1. Re-pent! 'tis the voice of Je - sus Now sound-ing in your ear;
2. Re-pent! while the Lord in - vites you; Be - fore the Sav - ior fall;
3. Re-pent! while the Ho - ly Spir - it Is striv - ing with your soul;
4. Re-pent! for the days are fly - ing; The fi - nal hour draws nigh;
5. Re-pent! for He made a - tone-ment; He took the sin - ner's place;
The message of God rings loud and clear, Now seek Him, for He is near.
The wa - ges of sin is death to all Who heed not the Gos - pel call.
The bur-den of sin on Je - sus roll, Sur - ren - der to His con - trol.
No pleasure have I, saith God on high, In see - ing the wick-ed die.
O turn to the Lord, and seek His face, And trust in His sav - ing grace.
CHORUS.
Re - pent! . . . . . and be ye saved, Re-pent! and be ye saved,
Re - pent!
Re - pent!
Re - pent! and be ye saved, Re - pent! and be ye saved.
Re - pent! and be ye saved.

No. 2. Satisfied.

A. H. Ackley. WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY B. D. ACKLEY.
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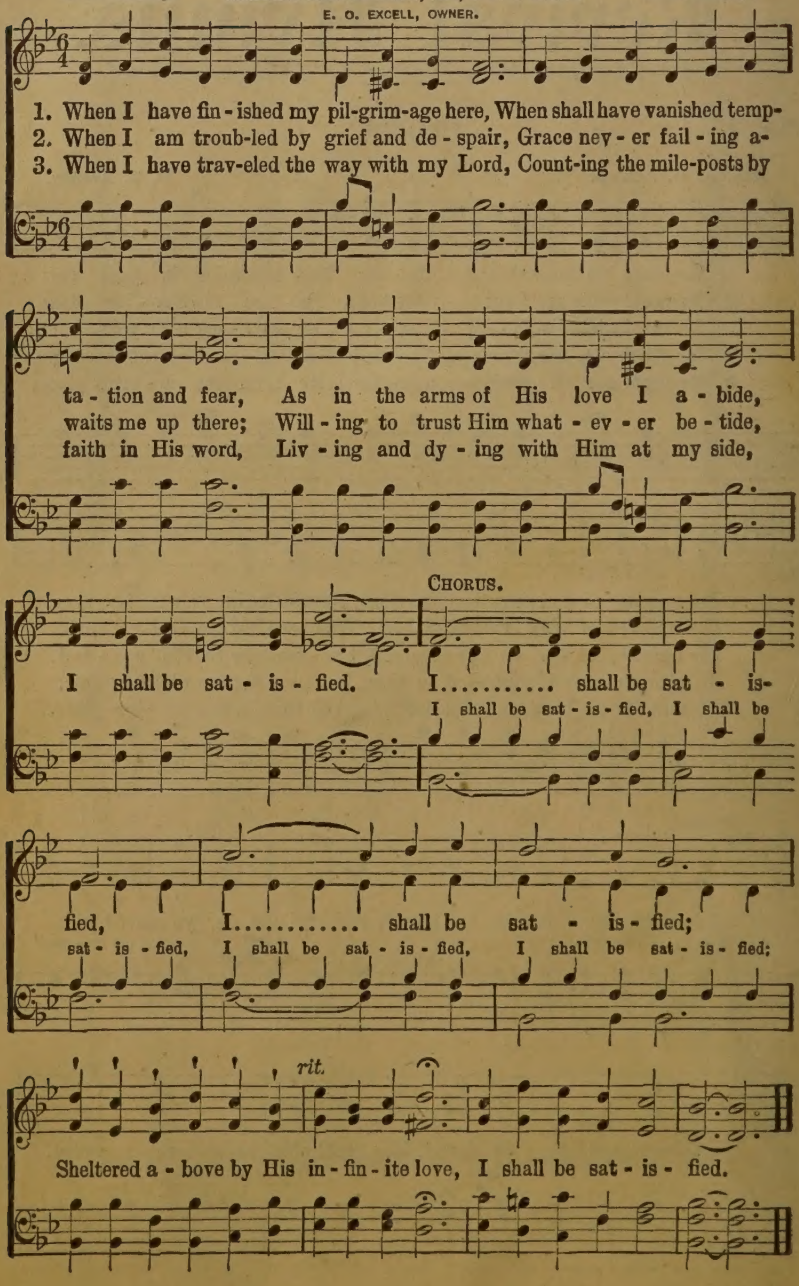
1. When I have fin - ished my pil-grim-age here, When shall have vanished temp-
2. When I am troub-led by grief and de - spair, Grace nev - er fail - ing a-
3. When I have trav-eled the way with my Lord, Count-ing the mile-posts by
ta - tion and fear, As in the arms of His love I a - bide,
waits me up there; Will - ing to trust Him what - ev - er be - tide,
faith in His word, Liv - ing and dy - ing with Him at my side,
CHORUS.
I shall be sat - is - fied. I..... shall be sat - is-
I shall be sat - is - fied, I shall be
fied, I..... shall be sat - is - fied;
sat - is - fied, I shall be sat - is - fied, I shall be sat - is - fied;
rit.
Sheltered a - bove by His in - fin - ite love, I shall be sat - is - fied.

No. 3. Thy Kingdom Come!

Rev. C. McKibbin.

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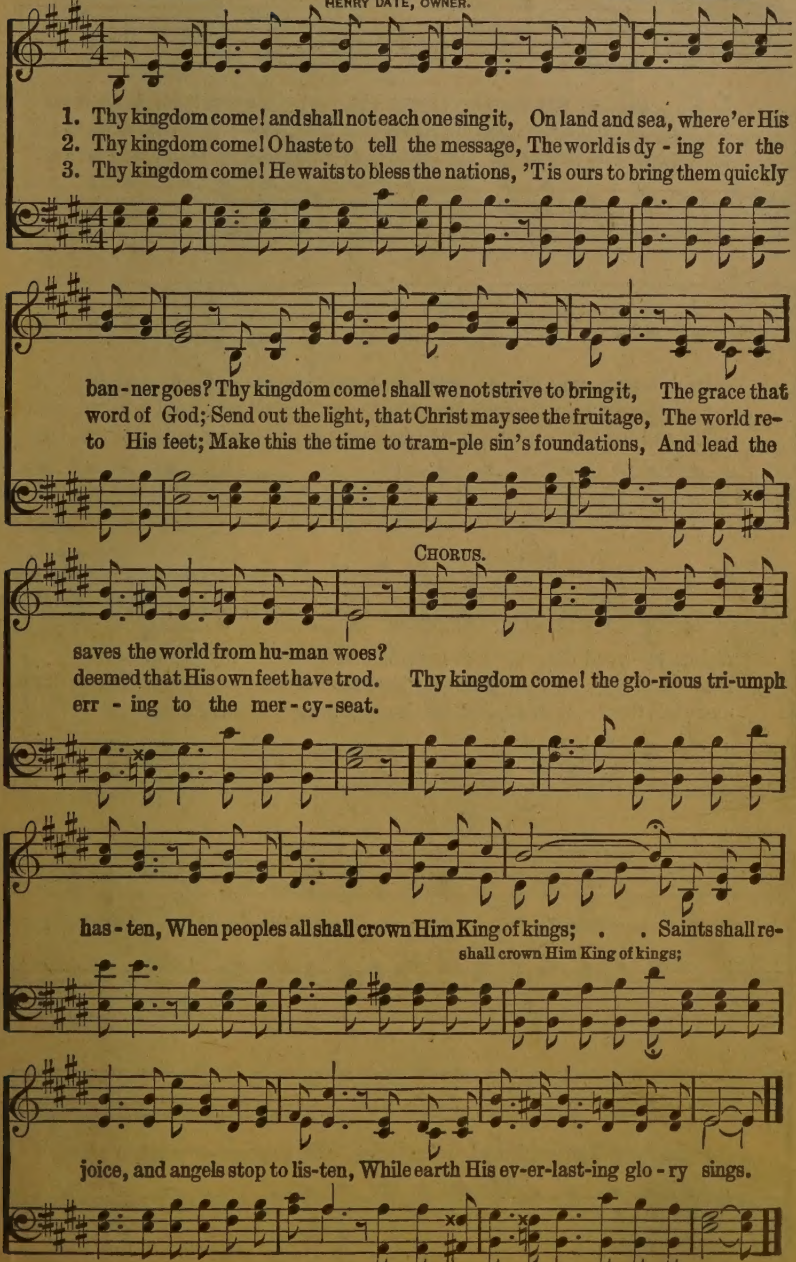
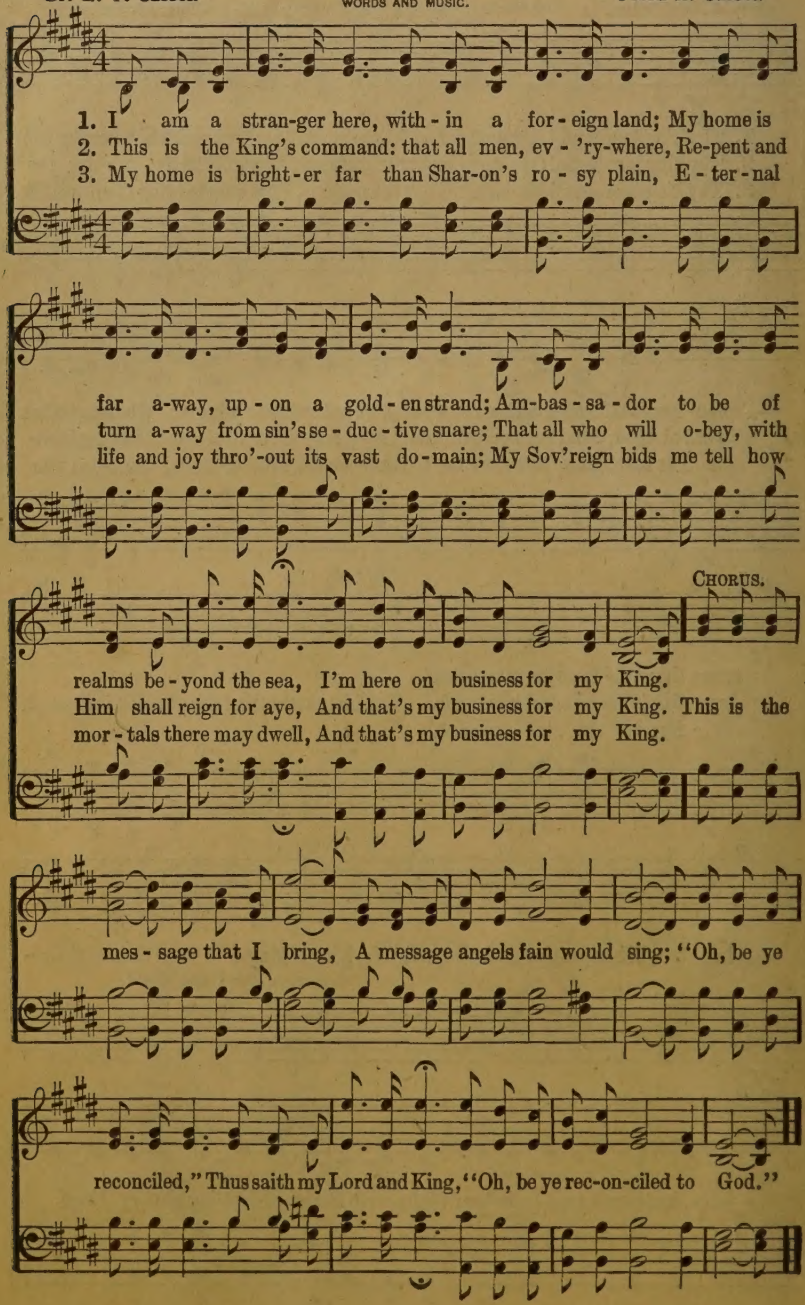
Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Thy kingdom come! and shall not each one sing it, On land and sea, where'er His
2. Thy kingdom come! O haste to tell the message, The world is dy - ing for the
3. Thy kingdom come! He waits to bless the nations, 'T is ours to bring them quickly
ban - ner goes? Thy kingdom come! shall we not strive to bring it, The grace that
word of God; Send out the light, that Christ may see the fruitage, The world re-
to His feet; Make this the time to tram-ple sin's foundations, And lead the
CHORUS.
saves the world from hu-man woes?
deemed that His own feet have trod. Thy kingdom come! the glo-rious tri-umph
err - ing to the mer - cy-seat.
has - ten, When peoples all shall crown Him King of kings; . . Saints shall re-
shall crown Him King of kings;
joice, and angels stop to lis-ten, While earth His ev-er-last-ing glo - ry sings.

No. 4. The King's Business.

Dr. E. T. Cassel. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL. Flora H. Cassel.
WORDS AND MUSIC.


1. I am a stran-ger here, with-in a for-eign land; My home is
2. This is the King's command: that all men, ev-'ry-where, Re-pent and
3. My home is bright-er far than Shar-on's ro-sy plain, E-ter-nal
far a-way, up-on a gold-en strand; Am-bas-sa-dor to be of
turn a-way from sin's se-duc-tive snare; That all who will o-bey, with
life and joy thro'-out its vast do-main; My Sov'reign bids me tell how
CHORUS.
realms be-yond the sea, I'm here on business for my King.
Him shall reign for aye, And that's my business for my King. This is the
mor-tals there may dwell, And that's my business for my King.
mes-sage that I bring, A message angels fain would sing; "Oh, be ye
reconciled," Thus saith my Lord and King, "Oh, be ye rec-on-ciled to God."

No. 5. True-Hearted, Whole-Hearted.

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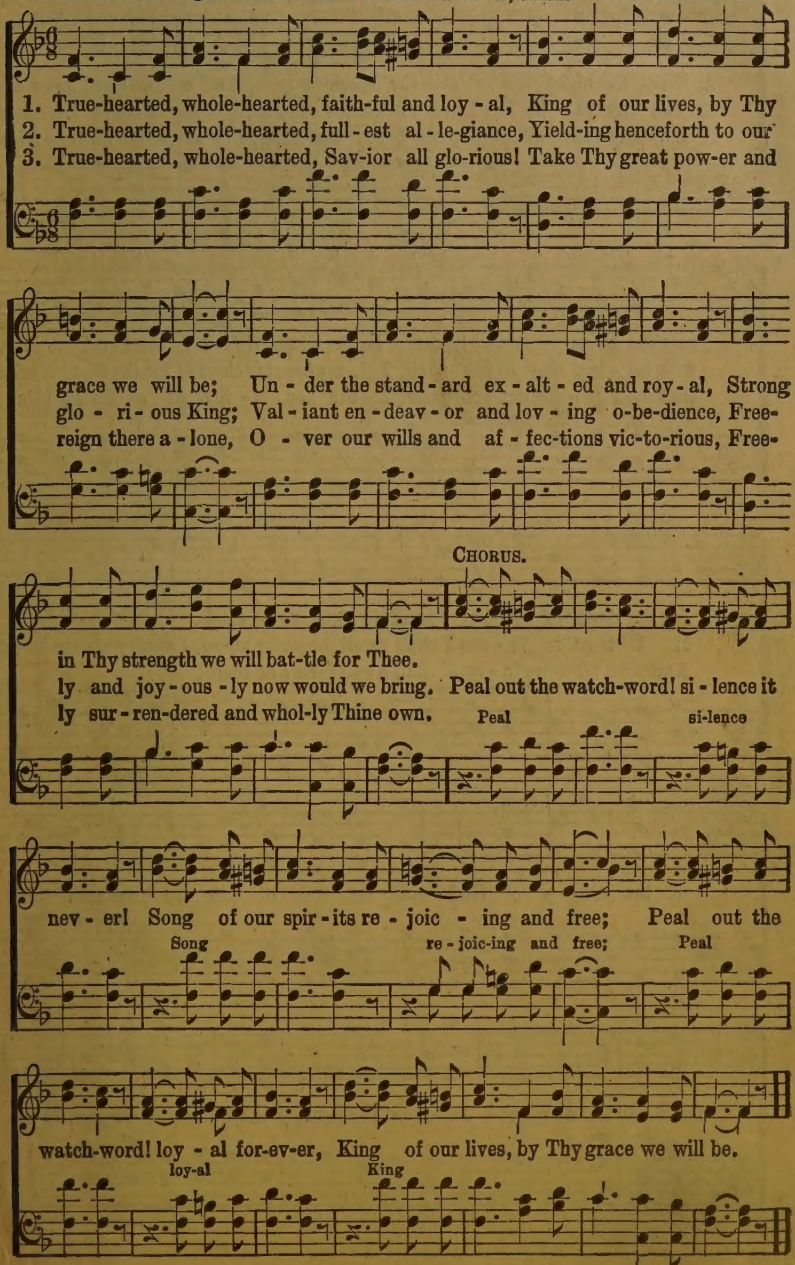
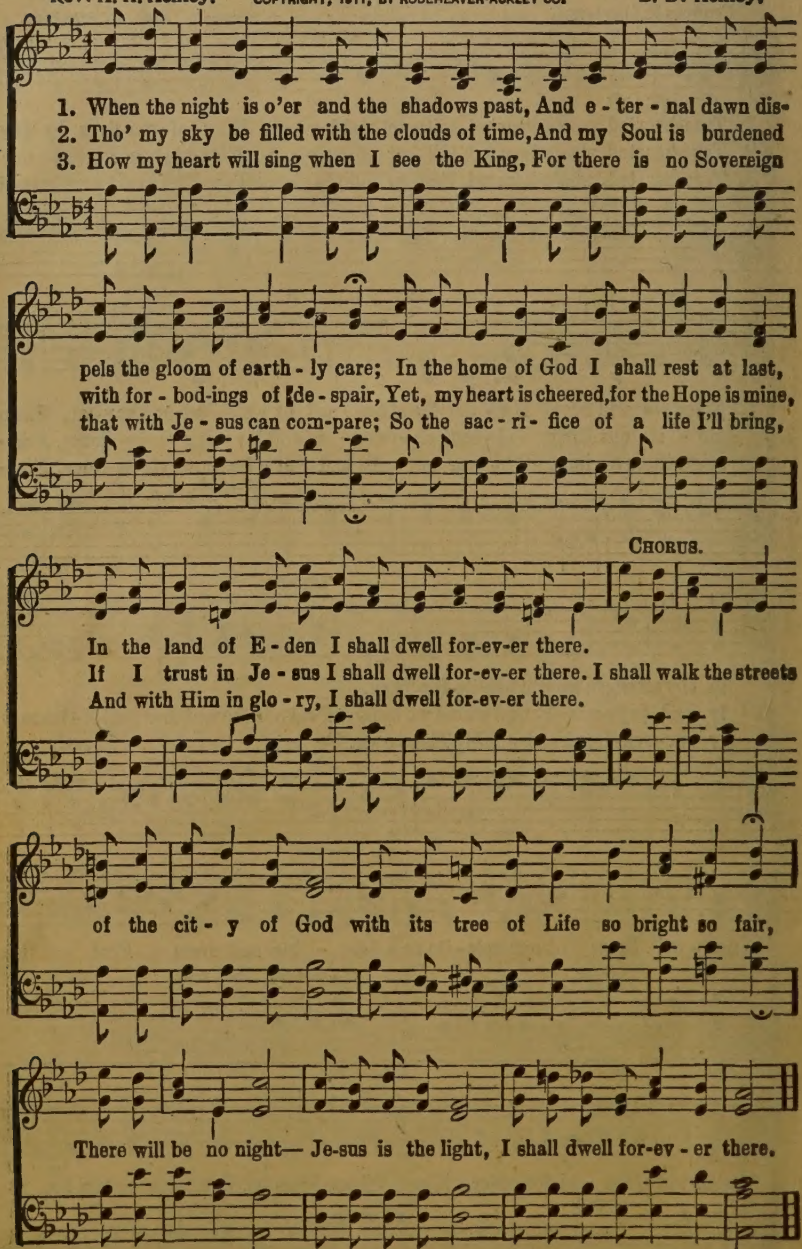
Frances R. Havergal, USED BY PER. OF THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO, OWNERS. Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. True-hearted, whole-hearted, faith-ful and loy - al, King of our lives, by Thy
2. True-hearted, whole-hearted, full - est al - le-giance, Yield-ing henceforth to our
3. True-hearted, whole-hearted, Sav-ior all glo-rious! Take Thy great pow-er and
grace we will be; Un - der the stand - ard ex - alt - ed and roy - al, Strong
glo - ri - ous King; Val - iant en - deav - or and lov - ing o-be-dience, Free-
reign there a - lone, O - ver our wills and af - fec-tions vic-to-rious, Free-
CHORUS.
in Thy strength we will bat-tle for Thee.
ly and joy - ous - ly now would we bring. Peal out the watch-word! si - lence it
ly sur - ren-dered and whol-ly Thine own.
Peal
si-lence
nev - er! Song of our spir - its re - joic - ing and free; Peal out the
Song
re - joic-ing and free;
Peal
watch-word! loy - al for-ev-er, King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be.
loy-al
King

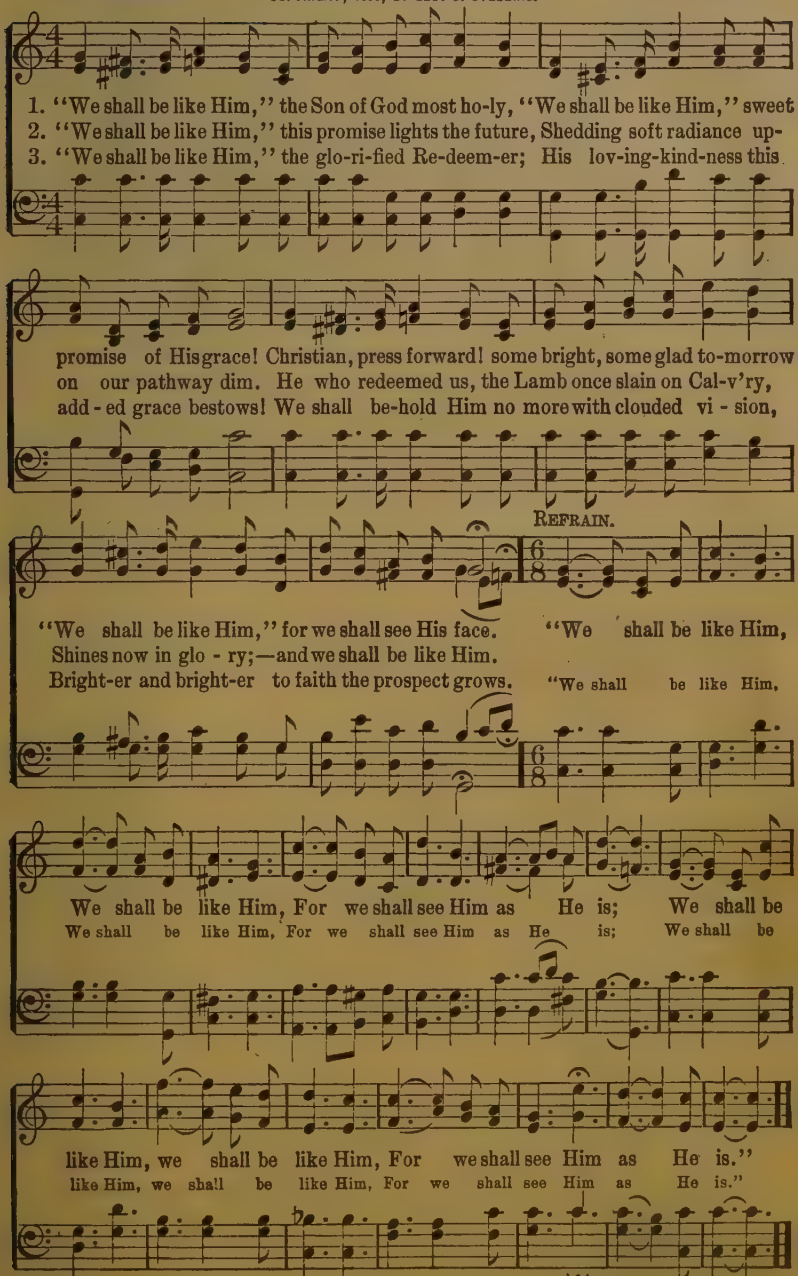
No. 6. I Shall Dwell Forever There.

Rev. A. H. Ackley. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO. B. D. Ackley.


1. When the night is o'er and the shadows past, And e - ter - nal dawn dis-
2. Tho' my sky be filled with the clouds of time, And my Soul is burdened
3. How my heart will sing when I see the King, For there is no Sovereign
pels the gloom of earth - ly care; In the home of God I shall rest at last,
with for - bod-ings of de - spair, Yet, my heart is cheered, for the Hope is mine,
that with Je - sus can com-pare; So the sac - ri - fice of a life I'll bring,
Chorus.
In the land of E - den I shall dwell for-ev-er there.
If I trust in Je - sus I shall dwell for-ev-er there. I shall walk the streets
And with Him in glo - ry, I shall dwell for-ev-er there.
of the cit - y of God with its tree of Life so bright so fair,
There will be no night— Je-sus is the light, I shall dwell for-ev - er there.

No. 7. "We Shall Be Like Him."

Flora Kirkland. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS. Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. "We shall be like Him," the Son of God most ho-ly, "We shall be like Him," sweet
2. "We shall be like Him," this promise lights the future, Shedding soft radiance up-
3. "We shall be like Him," the glo-ri-fied Re-deem-er; His lov-ing-kind-ness this
promise of His grace! Christian, press forward! some bright, some glad to-morrow
on our pathway dim. He who redeemed us, the Lamb once slain on Cal-v'ry,
add - ed grace bestows! We shall be-hold Him no more with clouded vi - sion,
REFRAIN.
"We shall be like Him," for we shall see His face. "We shall be like Him,
Shines now in glo - ry;—and we shall be like Him.
Bright-er and bright-er to faith the prospect grows. "We shall be like Him,
We shall be like Him, For we shall see Him as He is; We shall be
We shall be like Him, For we shall see Him as He is; We shall be
like Him, we shall be like Him, For we shall see Him as He is."
like Him, we shall be like Him, For we shall see Him as He is."

No. 8. A Sinner Made Whole.

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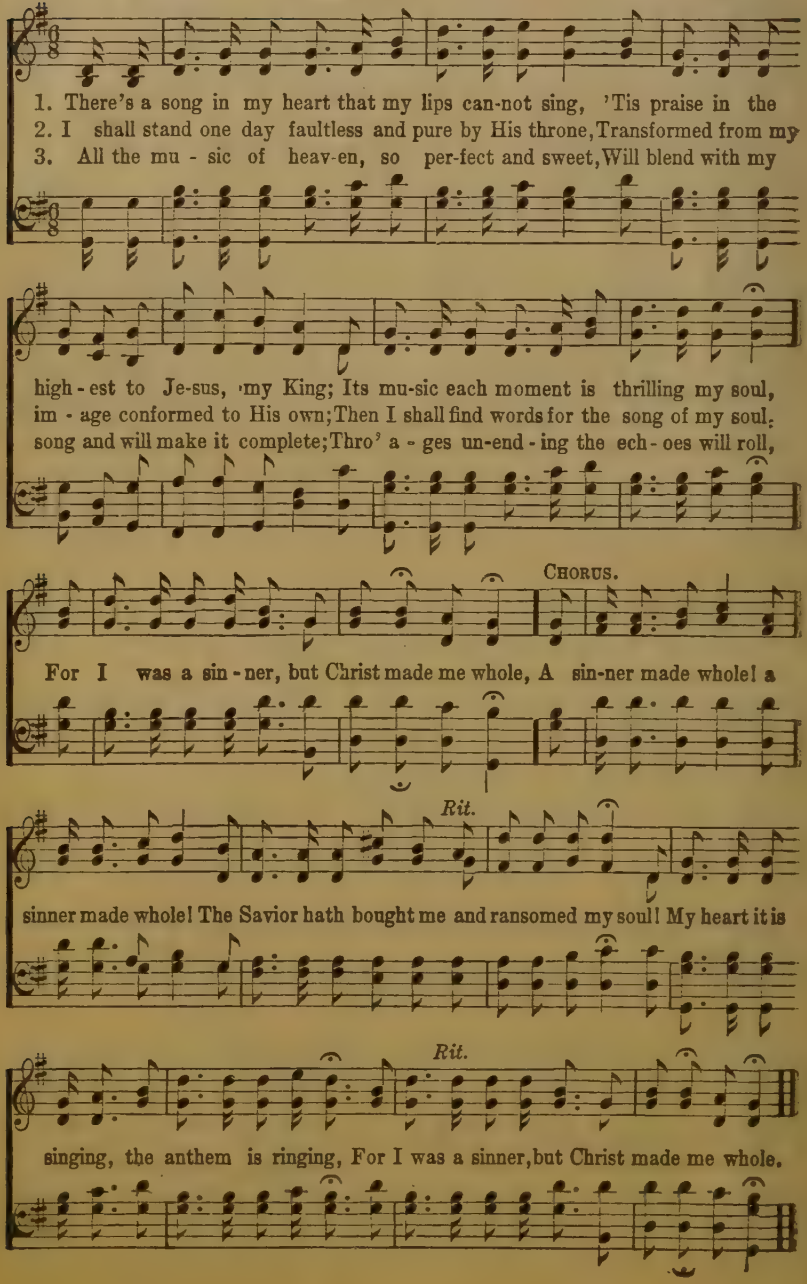
1. There's a song in my heart that my lips can-not sing, 'Tis praise in the
2. I shall stand one day faultless and pure by His throne, Transformed from my
3. All the mu - sic of heav-en, so per-fect and sweet, Will blend with my
high - est to Je-sus, my King; Its mu-sic each moment is thrilling my soul,
im - age conformed to His own; Then I shall find words for the song of my soul,
song and will make it complete; Thro' a - ges un-end - ing the ech - oes will roll,
Chorus.
For I was a sin - ner, but Christ made me whole, A sin-ner made whole! a
Rit.
sinner made whole! The Savior hath bought me and ransomed my soul! My heart it is
Rit.
singing, the anthem is ringing, For I was a sinner, but Christ made me whole.

No. 9. Keep on the Sunny Side of Life.

Ada Blenkhorn.

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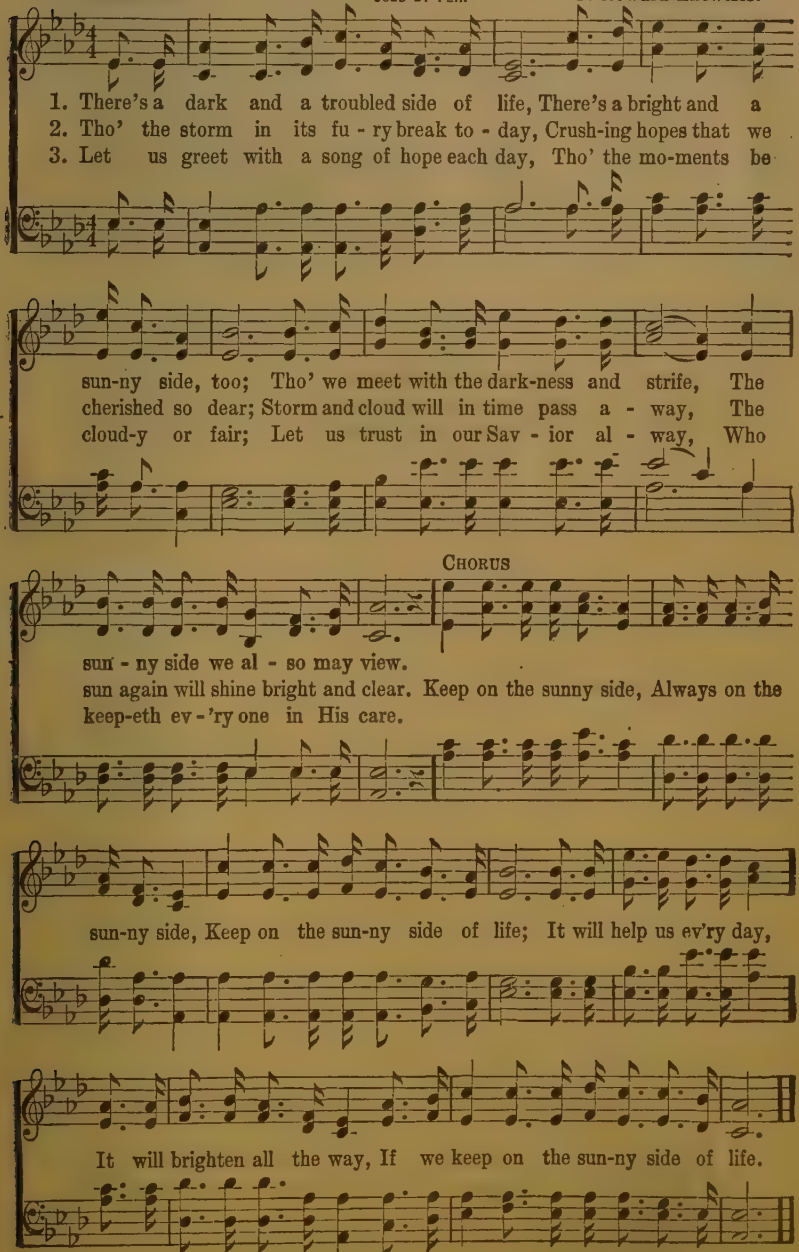
1. There's a dark and a troubled side of life, There's a bright and a
2. Tho' the storm in its fu - ry break to - day, Crush-ing hopes that we
3. Let us greet with a song of hope each day, Tho' the mo-ments be
sun-ny side, too; Tho' we meet with the dark-ness and strife, The
cherished so dear; Storm and cloud will in time pass a - way, The
cloud-y or fair; Let us trust in our Sav - ior al - way, Who
Chorus
sun - ny side we al - so may view.
sun again will shine bright and clear. Keep on the sunny side, Always on the
keep-eth ev - 'ry one in His care.
sun-ny side, Keep on the sun-ny side of life; It will help us ev'ry day,
It will brighten all the way, If we keep on the sun-ny side of life.

No. 10. Will There be any Stars?

E. E. Hewitt.

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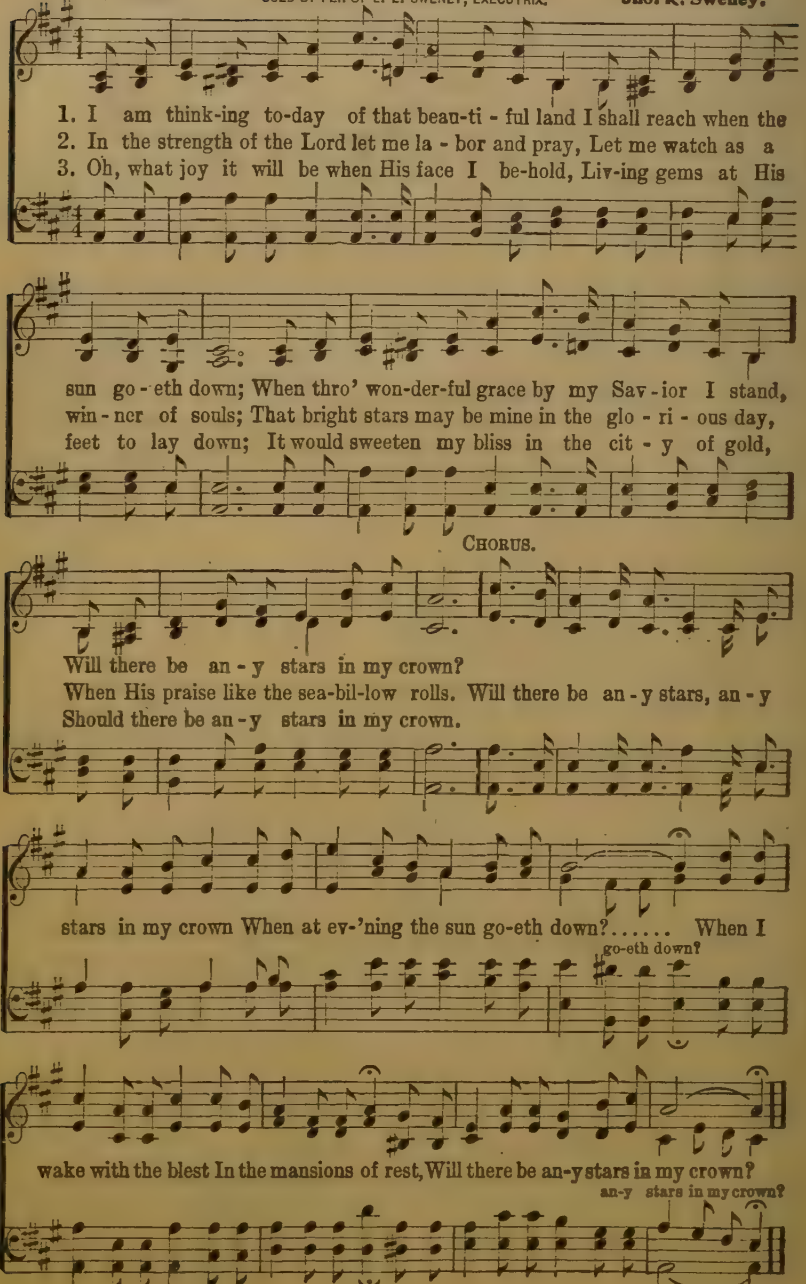
Jno. R. Sweney.


1. I am think-ing to-day of that beau-ti - ful land I shall reach when the sun go - eth down; When thro' won-der-ful grace by my Sav - ior I stand,
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la - bor and pray, Let me watch as a win - ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glo - ri - ous day,
3. Oh, what joy it will be when His face I be-hold, Liv-ing gems at His feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the cit - y of gold,
CHORUS.
Will there be an - y stars in my crown?
When His praise like the sea-bil-low rolls. Will there be an - y stars, an - y
Should there be an - y stars in my crown.
stars in my crown When at ev-'ning the sun go-eth down?..... When I
go-eth down?
wake with the blest In the mansions of rest, Will there be an-y stars in my crown?
an-y stars in my crown?

No. 11. The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

Jessie Brown Pounds. COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
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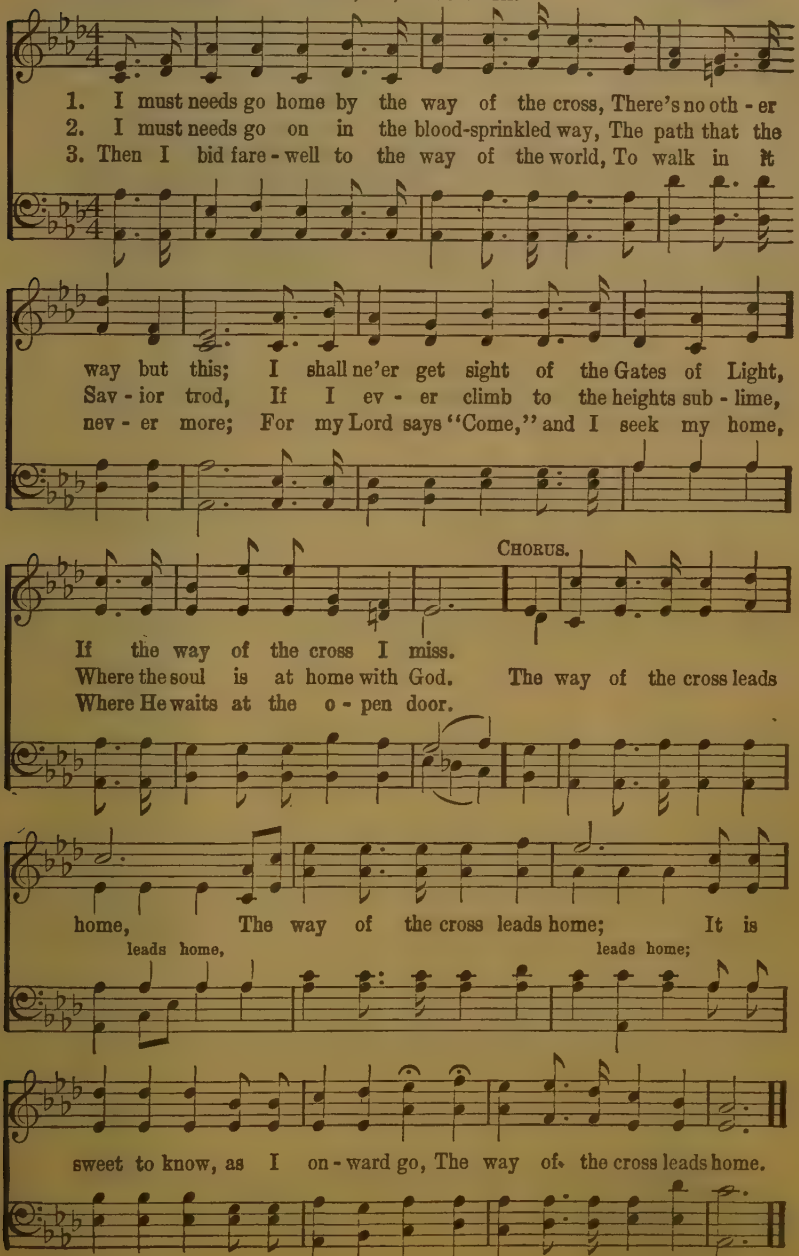
1. I must needs go home by the way of the cross, There's no oth - er
2. I must needs go on in the blood-sprinkled way, The path that the
3. Then I bid fare - well to the way of the world, To walk in it
way but this; I shall ne'er get sight of the Gates of Light,
Sav - ior trod, If I ev - er climb to the heights sub - lime,
nev - er more; For my Lord says "Come," and I seek my home,
CHORUS.
If the way of the cross I miss.
Where the soul is at home with God. The way of the cross leads
Where He waits at the o - pen door.
home, The way of the cross leads home; It is
leads home, leads home;
sweet to know, as I on - ward go, The way of the cross leads home.

No. 12. God Will Take Care of You.

Dedicated to my wife, Mrs. John A. Davis.

C. D. Martin.

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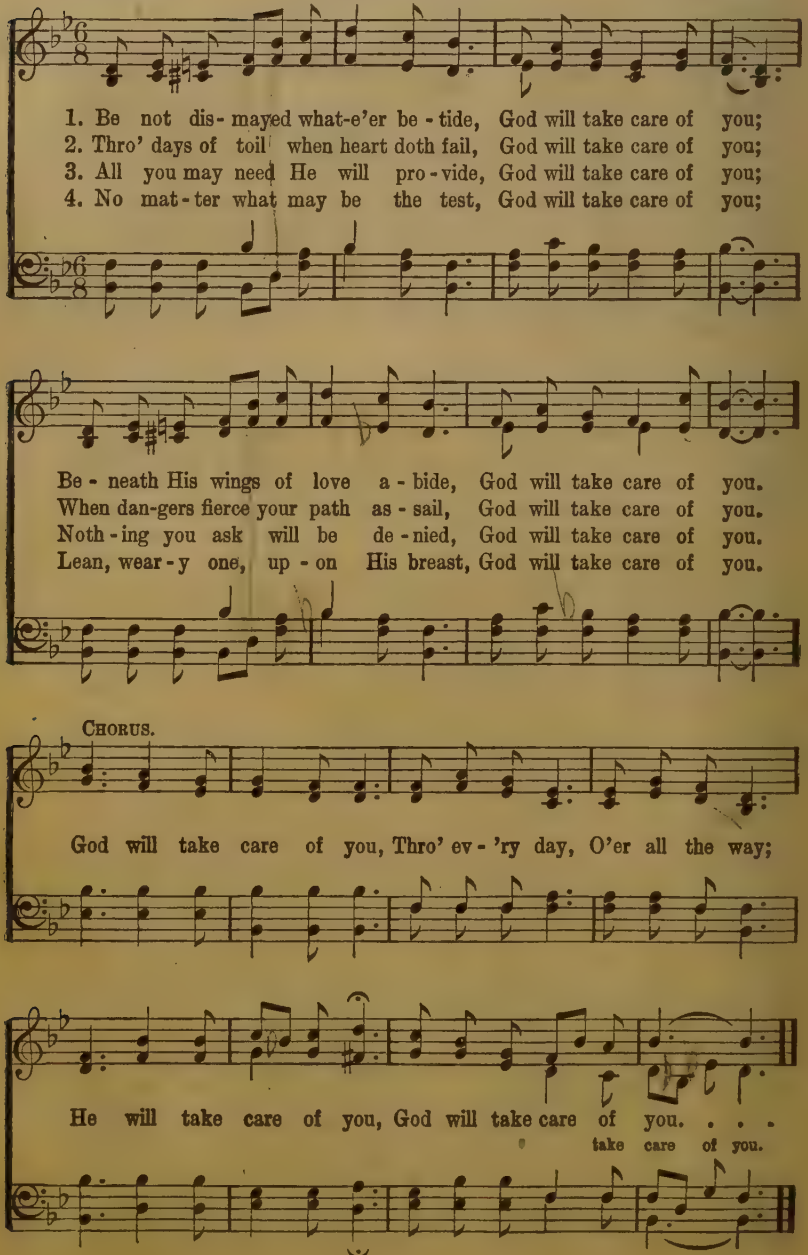
W. S. Martin.


1. Be not dis- mayed what-e'er be - tide, God will take care of you;
2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;
3. All you may need He will pro - vide, God will take care of you;
4. No mat - ter what may be the test, God will take care of you;
Be - neath His wings of love a - bide, God will take care of you.
When dan-gers fierce your path as - sail, God will take care of you.
Noth - ing you ask will be de - nied, God will take care of you.
Lean, wear - y one, up - on His breast, God will take care of you.
Chorus.
God will take care of you, Thro' ev - 'ry day, O'er all the way;
He will take care of you, God will take care of you. . . .
take care of you.

No. 13. Help Somebody To-day.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

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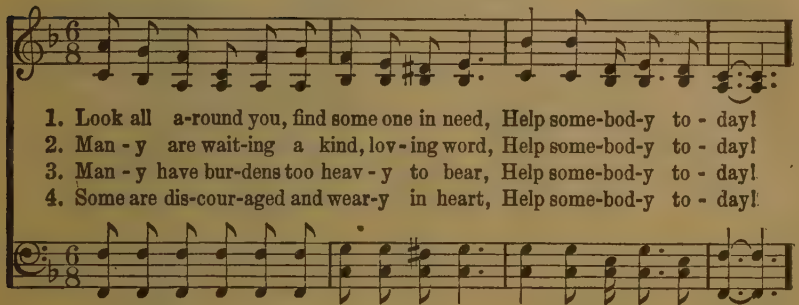
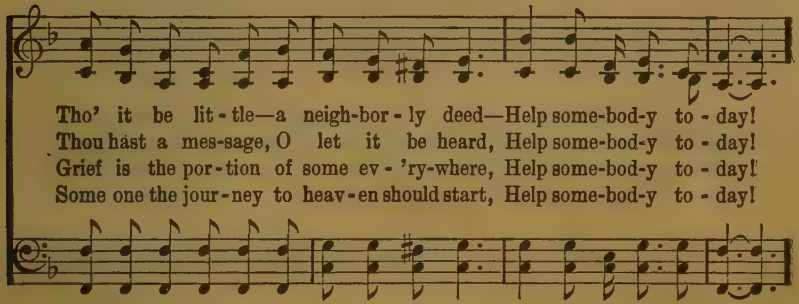
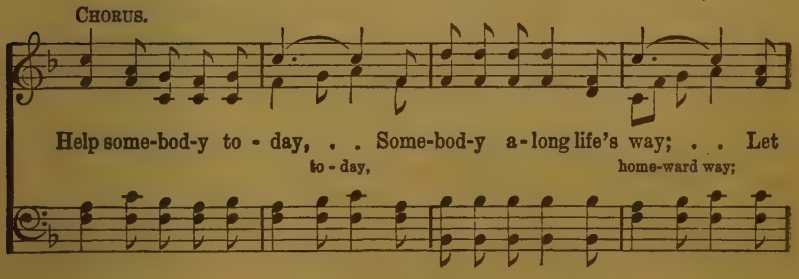
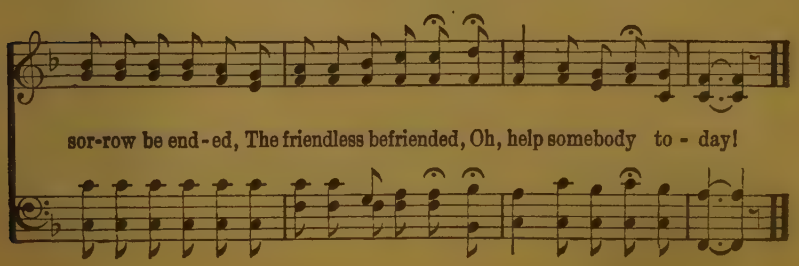

1. Look all a-round you, find some one in need, Help some-bod-y to - day!
2. Man - y are wait-ing a kind, lov - ing word, Help some-bod-y to - day!
3. Man - y have bur-dens too heav - y to bear, Help some-bod-y to - day!
4. Some are dis-cour-aged and wear-y in heart, Help some-bod-y to - day!


Tho' it be lit - tle—a neigh-bor - ly deed—Help some-bod-y to - day!
Thou hast a mes-sage, O let it be heard, Help some-bod-y to - day!
Grief is the por-tion of some ev - 'ry-where, Help some-bod-y to - day!
Some one the jour-ney to heav-en should start, Help some-bod-y to - day!





No. 14. Somebody Cares.

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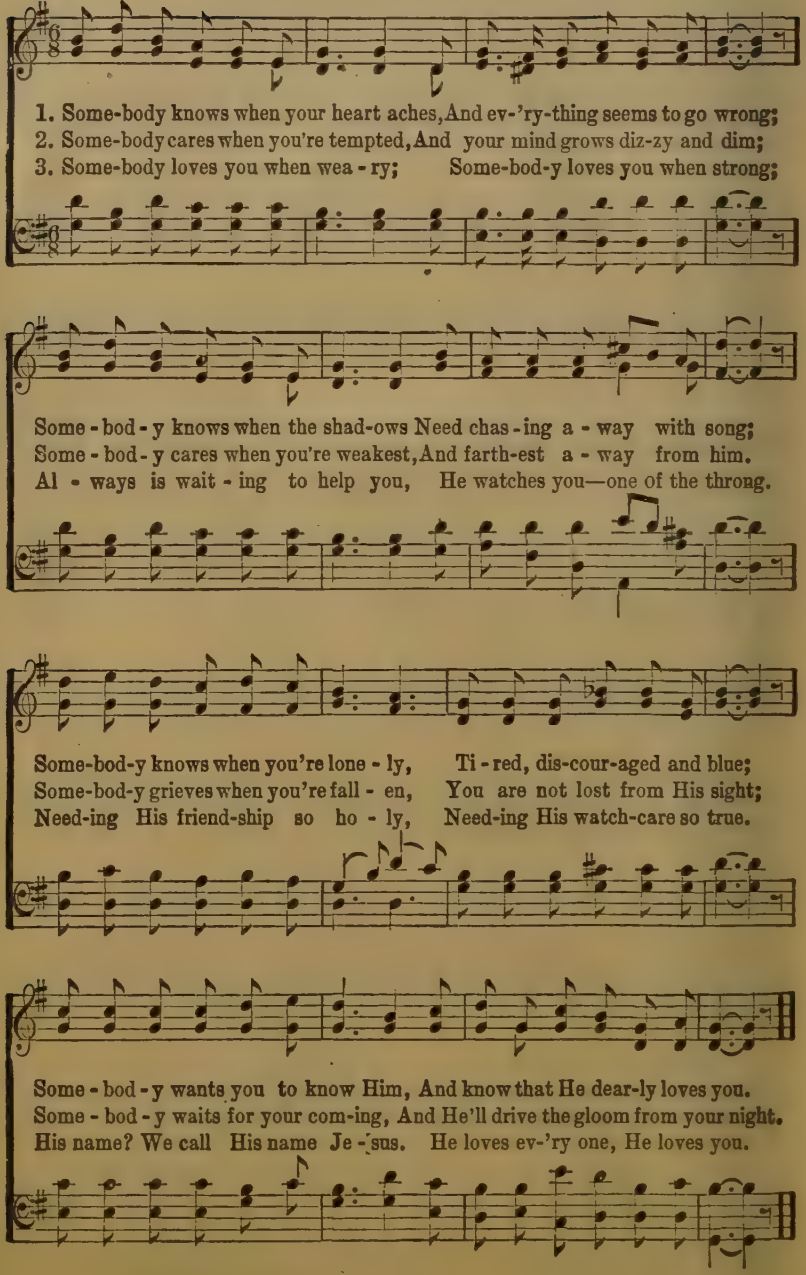
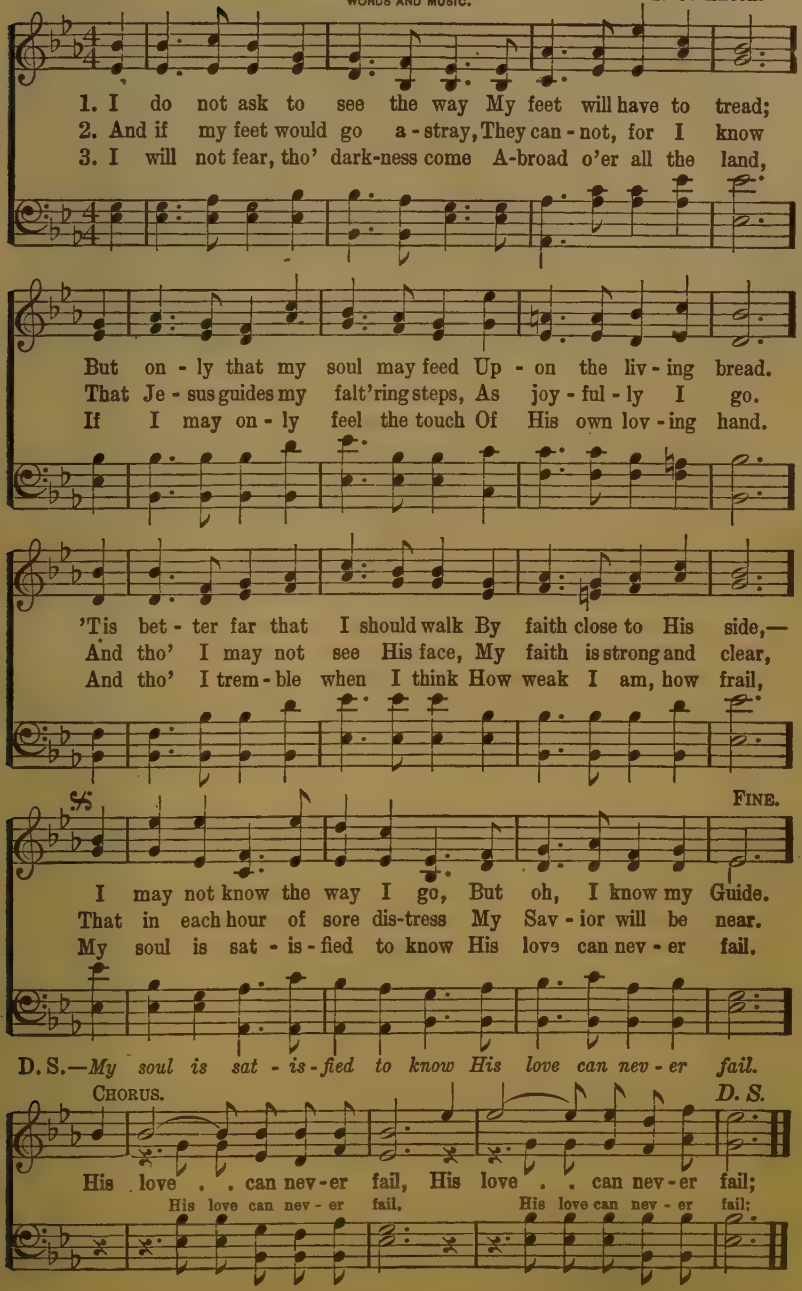

1. Some-body knows when your heart aches, And ev-'ry-thing seems to go wrong;
2. Some-body cares when you're tempted, And your mind grows diz-zy and dim;
3. Some-body loves you when wea - ry; Some-bod-y loves you when strong;
Some - bod - y knows when the shad-ows Need chas - ing a - way with song;
Some - bod - y cares when you're weakest, And farth-est a - way from him.
Al - ways is wait - ing to help you, He watches you—one of the throng.
Some-bod-y knows when you're lone - ly, Ti - red, dis-cour-aged and blue;
Some-bod-y grieves when you're fall - en, You are not lost from His sight;
Need-ing His friend-ship so ho - ly, Need-ing His watch-care so true.
Some - bod - y wants you to know Him, And know that He dear-ly loves you.
Some - bod - y waits for your com-ing, And He'll drive the gloom from your night.
His name? We call His name Je - sus. He loves ev-'ry one, He loves you.

No. 15. His Love Can Never Fail.

E. S. Hall. COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.
WORDS AND MUSIC.


1. I do not ask to see the way My feet will have to tread;
2. And if my feet would go a-stray, They can-not, for I know
3. I will not fear, tho' dark-ness come A-broad o'er all the land,
But on-ly that my soul may feed Up-on the liv-ing bread.
That Je-sus guides my falt'ring steps, As joy-ful-ly I go.
If I may on-ly feel the touch Of His own lov-ing hand.
'Tis bet-ter far that I should walk By faith close to His side,—
And tho' I may not see His face, My faith is strong and clear,
And tho' I trem-ble when I think How weak I am, how frail,
FINE.
I may not know the way I go, But oh, I know my Guide.
That in each hour of sore dis-tress My Sav-ior will be near.
My soul is sat-is-fied to know His love can nev-er fail.
D. S.—My soul is sat-is-fied to know His love can nev-er fail.
CHORUS.
D. S.
His love . . can nev-er fail, His love . . can nev-er fail;
His love can nev-er fail. His love can nev-er fail;

No. 16. Just When I Need Him Most.

Rev. Wm. Pool.

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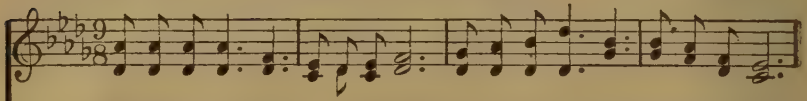
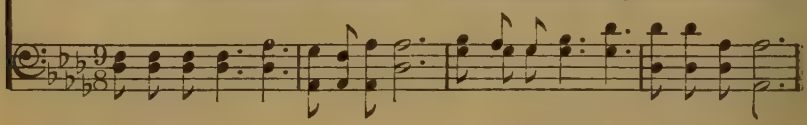
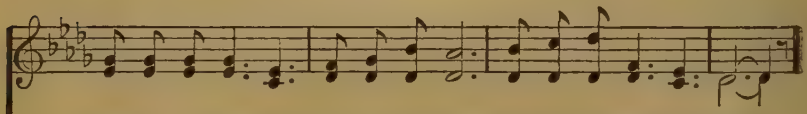
Chas. H. Gabriel.

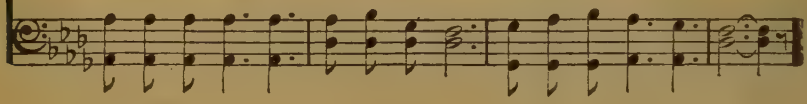


1. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is near, Just when I fal-ter, just when I fear;
2. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is true, Nev-er for-sak-ing all the way thro';
3. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is strong, Bearing my bur-dens all the day long;
4. Just when I need Him, He is my all, An-swer-ing when up-on Him I call;

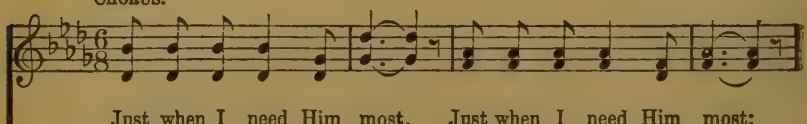




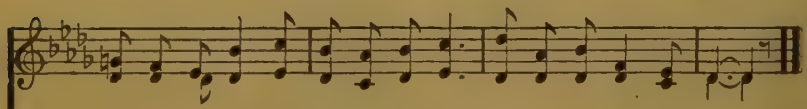
Read-y to help me, read-y to cheer, Just when I need Him most.
Giv-ing for bur-dens pleasures a-new, Just when I need Him most.
For all my sor-row giv-ing a song, Just when I need Him most.
Ten-der-ly watch-ing lest I should fall, Just when I need Him most.



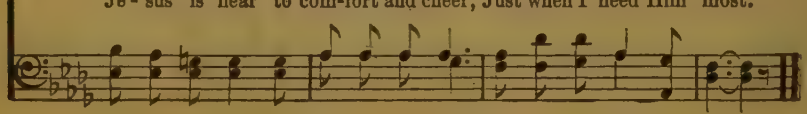
CHORUS.



Just when I need Him most, Just when I need Him most;



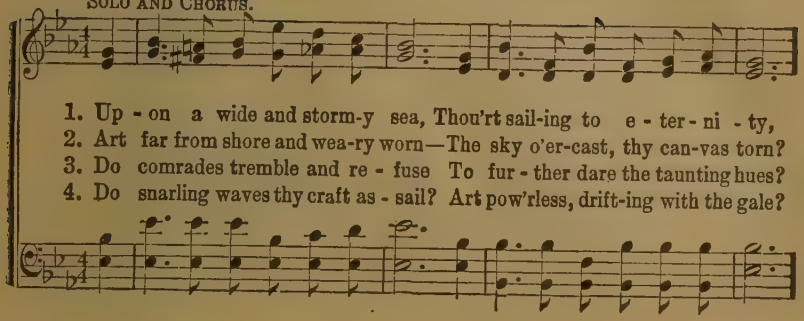
Je-sus is near to com-fort and cheer, Just when I need Him most.

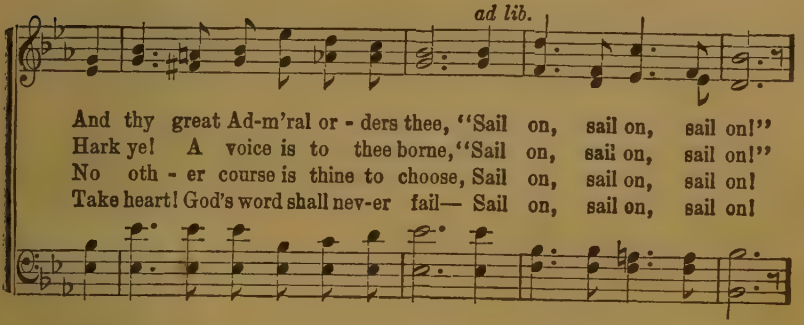


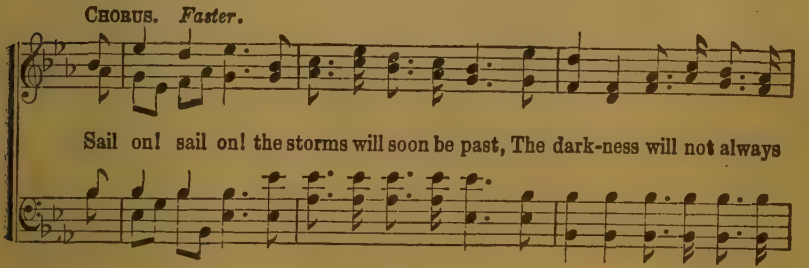
No. 17. Sail On!

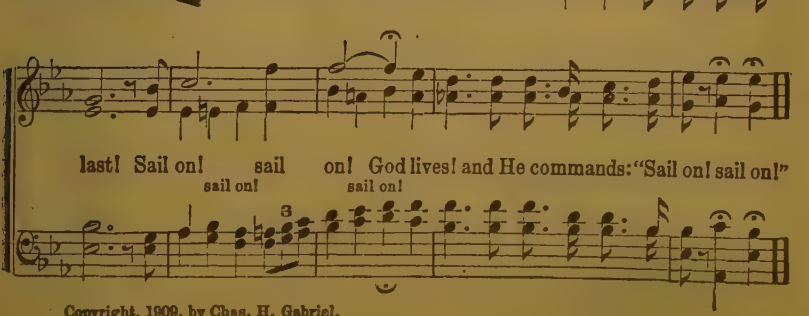
C. H. G. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Chas. H. Gabriel.

SOLO AND CHORUS.


1. Up - on a wide and storm-y sea, Thou'rt sail-ing to e - ter - ni - ty,
2. Art far from shore and wea-ry worn—The sky o'er-cast, thy can-vas torn?
3. Do comrades tremble and re - fuse To fur - ther dare the taunting hues?
4. Do snarling waves thy craft as - sail? Art pow'rless, drift-ing with the gale?


ad lib.
And thy great Ad-m'ral or - ders thee, "Sail on, sail on, sail on!"
Hark ye! A voice is to thee borne, "Sail on, sail on, sail on!"
No oth - er course is thine to choose, Sail on, sail on, sail on!
Take heart! God's word shall nev-er fail— Sail on, sail on, sail on!





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No. 18. Roll the Stone Away.

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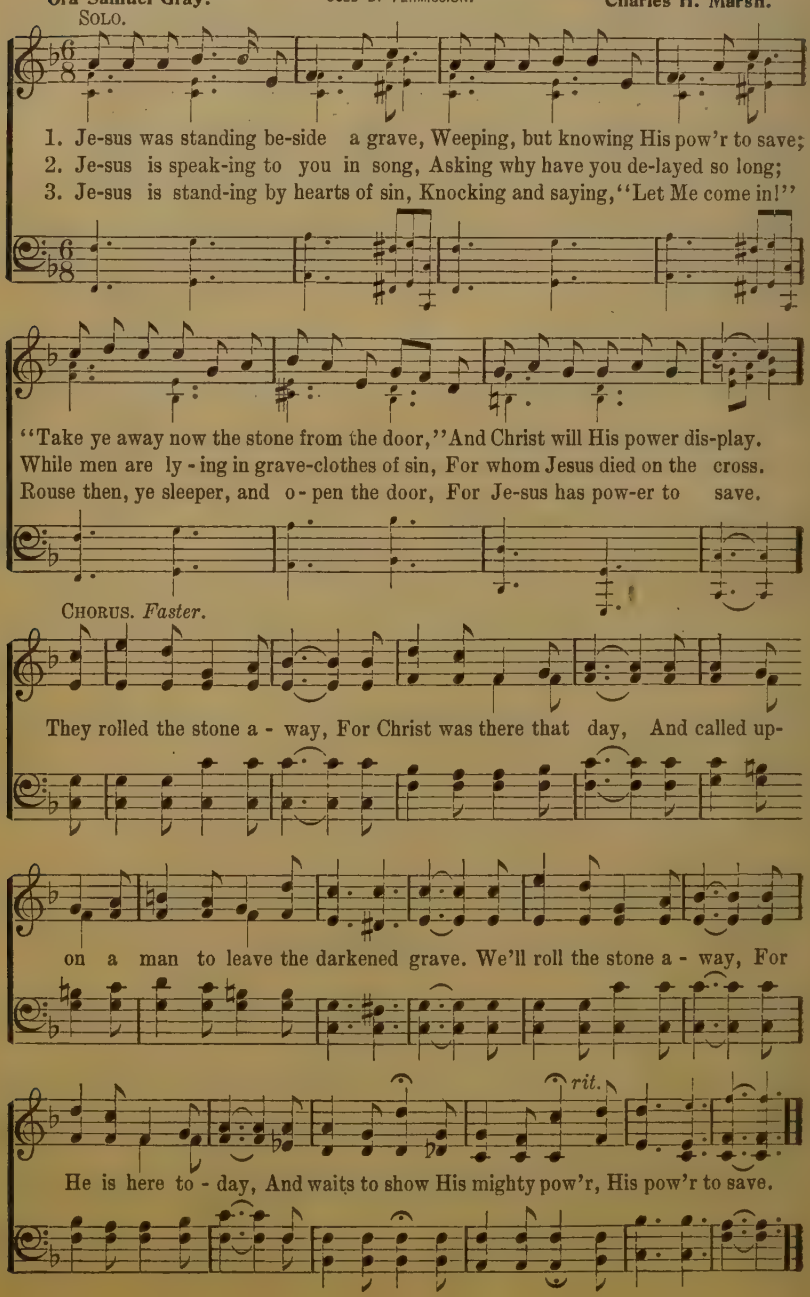
Ora Samuel Gray. Charles H. Marsh.


SOLO.
1. Je-sus was standing be-side a grave, Weeping, but knowing His pow'r to save;
2. Je-sus is speak-ing to you in song, Asking why have you de-layed so long;
3. Je-sus is stand-ing by hearts of sin, Knocking and saying, "Let Me come in!"
"Take ye away now the stone from the door," And Christ will His power dis-play.
While men are ly - ing in grave-clothes of sin, For whom Jesus died on the cross.
Rouse then, ye sleeper, and o - pen the door, For Je-sus has pow-er to save.
CHORUS. *Faster.*
They rolled the stone a - way, For Christ was there that day, And called up-
on a man to leave the darkened grave. We'll roll the stone a - way, For
rit.
He is here to - day, And waits to show His mighty pow'r, His pow'r to save.

No. 19. How Sweet is His Love.

James Rowe.

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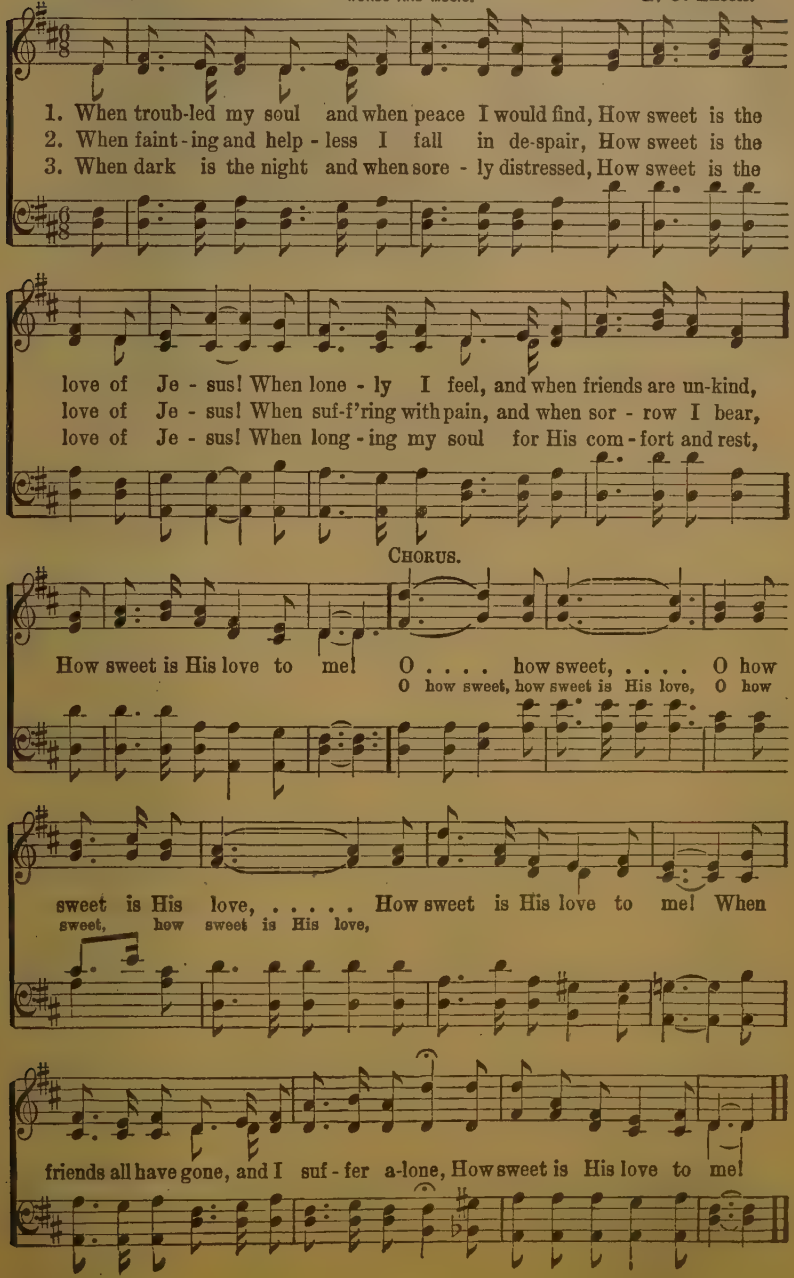
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.


1. When troub-led my soul and when peace I would find, How sweet is the
2. When faint-ing and help-less I fall in de-spair, How sweet is the
3. When dark is the night and when sore-ly distressed, How sweet is the
love of Je-sus! When lone-ly I feel, and when friends are un-kind,
love of Je-sus! When suf-f'ring with pain, and when sor-row I bear,
love of Je-sus! When long-ing my soul for His com-fort and rest,
CHORUS.
How sweet is His love to me! O . . . . how sweet, ... O how
O how sweet, how sweet is His love, O how
sweet is His love, ... How sweet is His love to me! When
sweet, how sweet is His love,
friends all have gone, and I suf-fer a-lone, How sweet is His love to me!

No. 20. Because I Love Jesus.

James Rowe.

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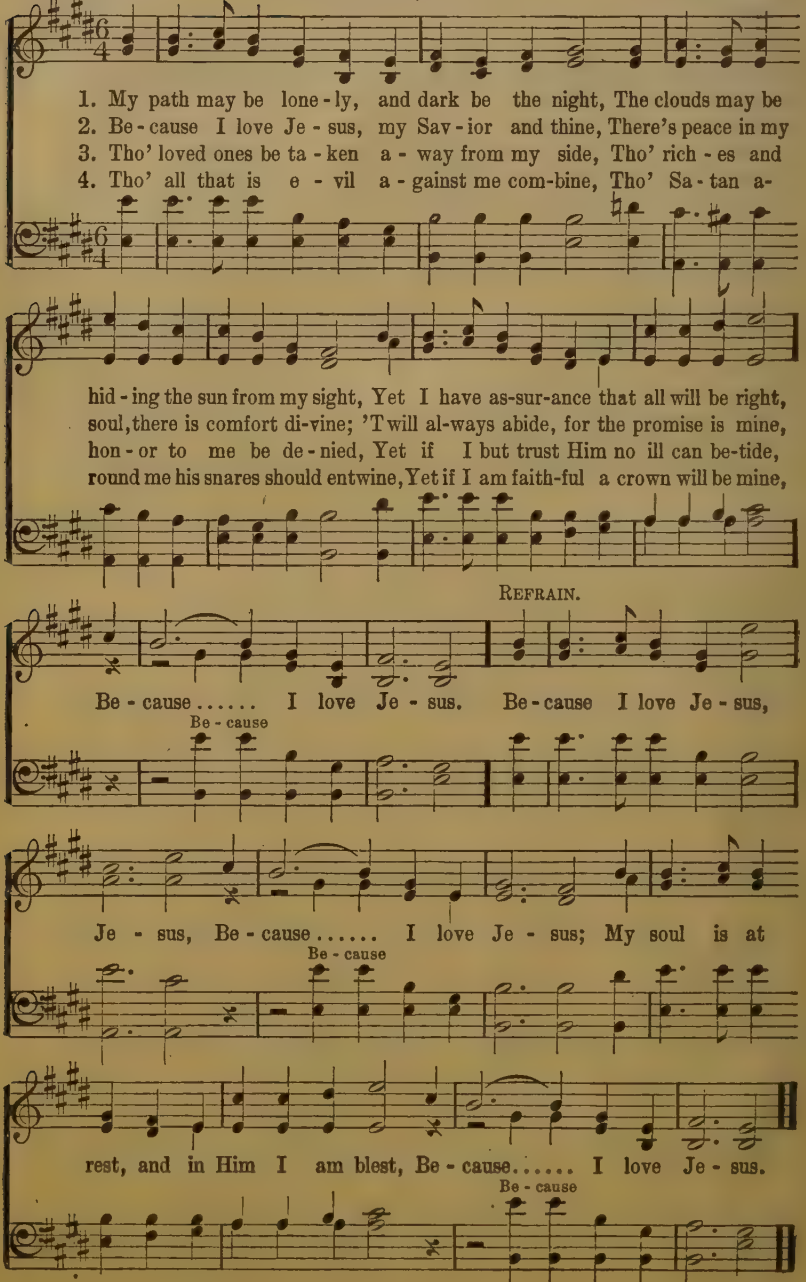
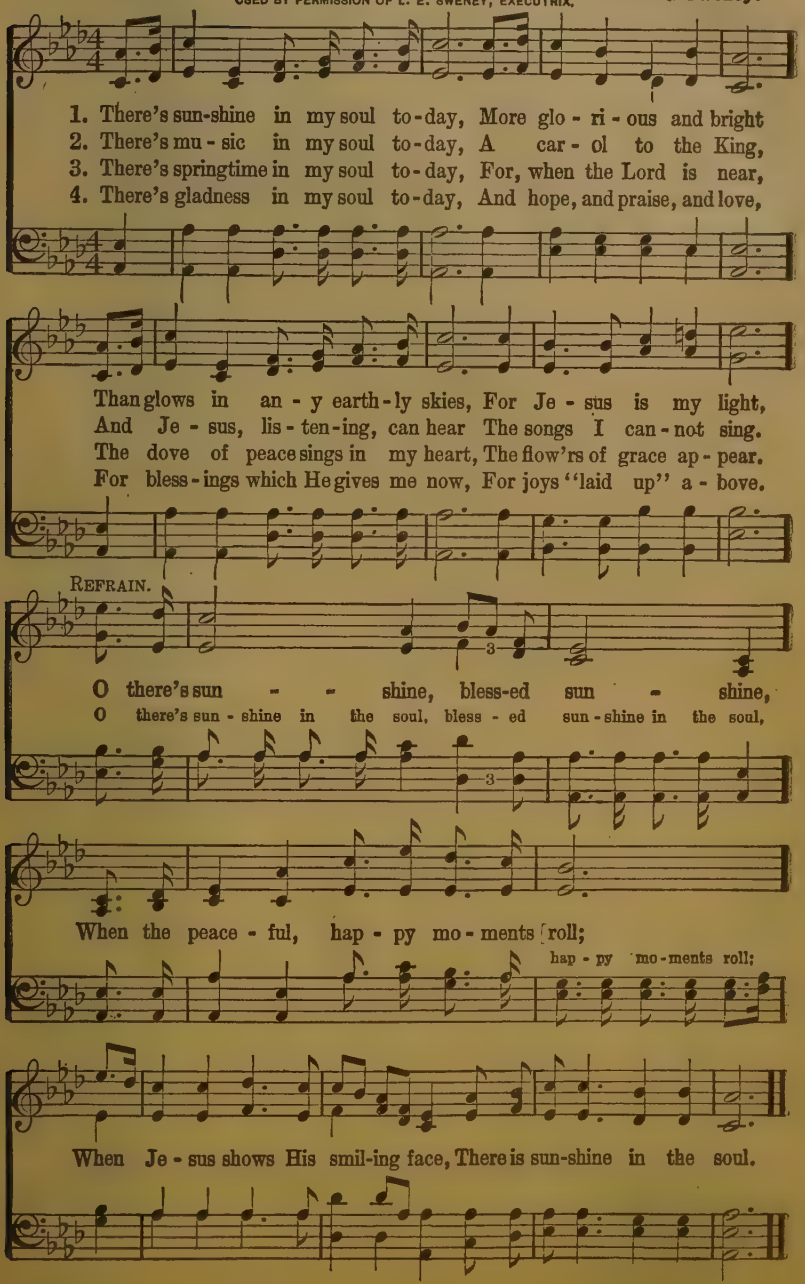
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

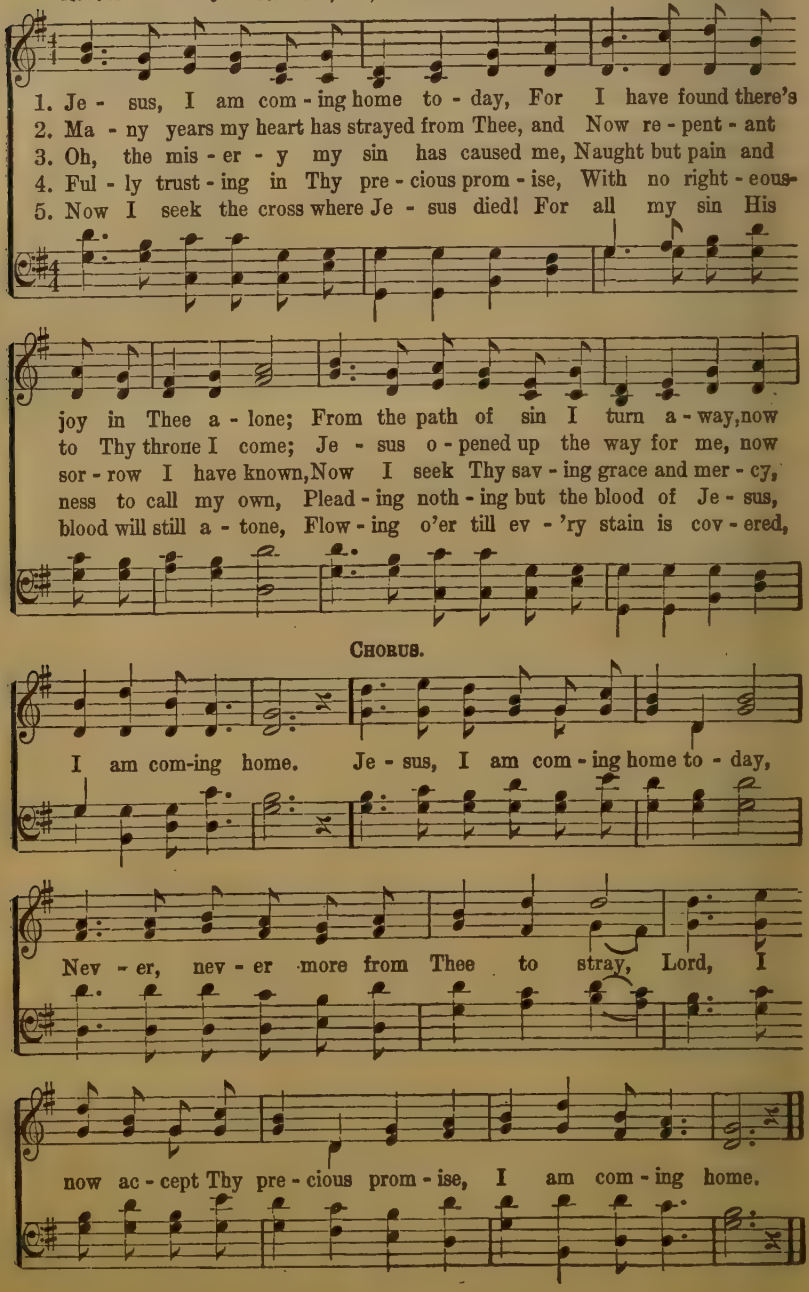

1. My path may be lone-ly, and dark be the night, The clouds may be
2. Be-cause I love Je-sus, my Sav-ior and thine, There's peace in my
3. Tho' loved ones be ta-ken a-way from my side, Tho' rich-es and
4. Tho' all that is e-vil a-gainst me com-bine, Tho' Sa-tan a-
hid-ing the sun from my sight, Yet I have as-sur-ance that all will be right,
soul, there is comfort di-vine; 'T will al-ways abide, for the promise is mine,
hon-or to me be de-nied, Yet if I but trust Him no ill can be-tide,
round me his snares should entwine, Yet if I am faith-ful a crown will be mine,
REFRAIN.
Be-cause..... I love Je-sus. Be-cause I love Je-sus,
Be-cause
Je-sus, Be-cause..... I love Je-sus; My soul is at
Be-cause
rest, and in Him I am blest, Be-cause..... I love Je-sus.
Be-cause

No. 21. Sunshine in the Soul.

E. E. Hewitt. COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.
USED BY PERMISSION OF L. E. SWENEY, EXECUTRIX. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. There's sun-shine in my soul to-day, More glo - ri - ous and bright
2. There's mu - sic in my soul to-day, A car - ol to the King,
3. There's springtime in my soul to-day, For, when the Lord is near,
4. There's gladness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love,
Than glows in an - y earth-ly skies, For Je - sus is my light,
And Je - sus, lis - ten-ing, can hear The songs I can - not sing.
The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap - pear.
For bless - ings which He gives me now, For joys "laid up" a - bove.
REFRAIN.
O there's sun - - - shine, bless-ed sun - shine,
O there's sun - shine in the soul, bless - ed sun - shine in the soul,
When the peace - ful, hap - py mo - ments roll;
hap - py mo - ments roll;
When Je - sus shows His smil-ing face, There is sun-shine in the soul.

No. 22. I Am Coming Home.

Rev. A. H. Ackley. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO. B. D. Ackley.


1. Je - sus, I am com - ing home to - day, For I have found there's joy in Thee a - lone; From the path of sin I turn a - way, now
2. Ma - ny years my heart has strayed from Thee, and Now re - pent - ant to Thy throne I come; Je - sus o - pened up the way for me, now
3. Oh, the mis - er - y my sin has caused me, Naught but pain and sor - row I have known, Now I seek Thy sav - ing grace and mer - cy,
4. Ful - ly trust - ing in Thy pre - cious prom - ise, With no right - eous- ness to call my own, Plead - ing noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus,
5. Now I seek the cross where Je - sus died! For all my sin His blood will still a - tone, Flow - ing o'er till ev - 'ry stain is cov - ered,
CHORUS.
I am com-ing home. Je - sus, I am com - ing home to - day,
Nev - er, nev - er more from Thee to stray, Lord, I
now ac - cept Thy pre - cious prom - ise, I am com - ing home.

No. 23. Saved to the Uttermost.

COPYRIGHT, 1875 AND 1903, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
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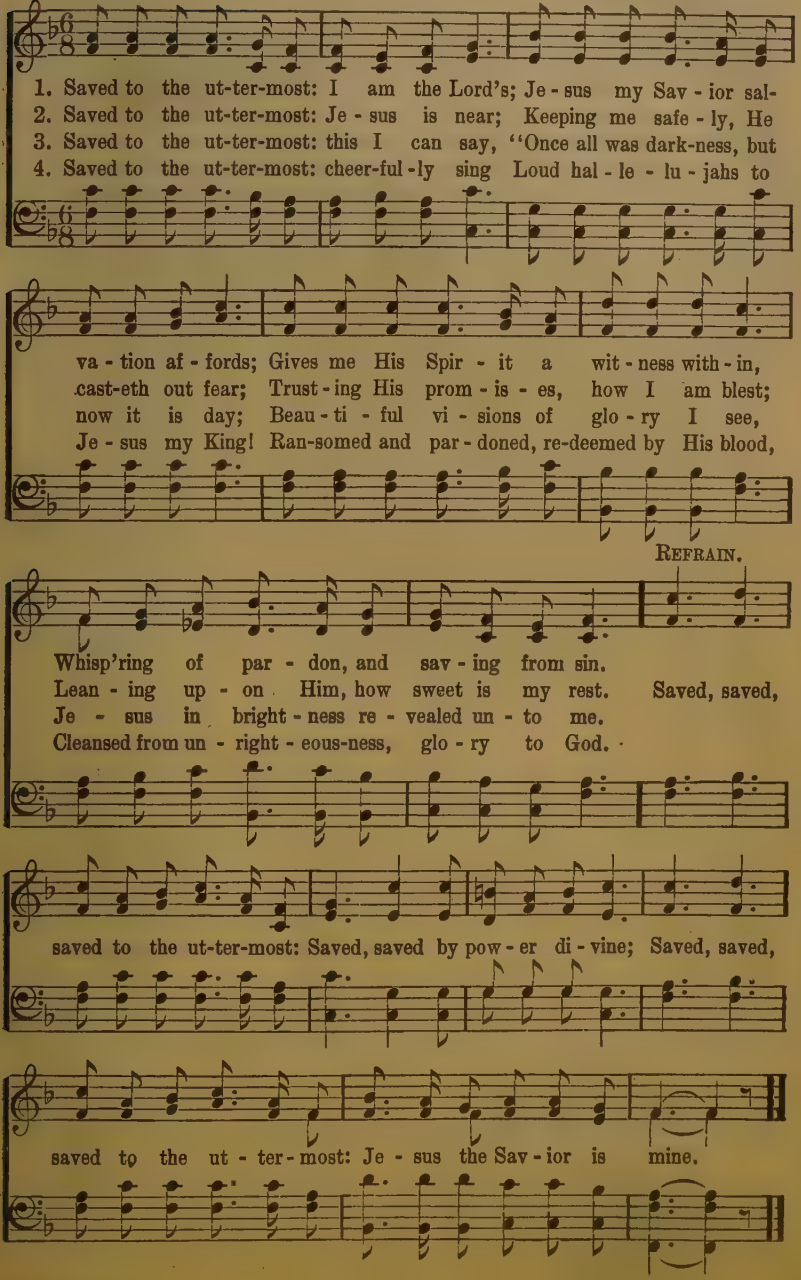
W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Saved to the ut-ter-most: I am the Lord's; Je - sus my Sav - ior sal-
2. Saved to the ut-ter-most: Je - sus is near; Keeping me safe - ly, He
3. Saved to the ut-ter-most: this I can say, "Once all was dark-ness, but
4. Saved to the ut-ter-most: cheer-ful - ly sing Loud hal - le - lu - jahs to
va - tion af - fords; Gives me His Spir - it a wit - ness with - in,
cast-eth out fear; Trust - ing His prom - is - es, how I am blest;
now it is day; Beau - ti - ful vi - sions of glo - ry I see,
Je - sus my King! Ran-somed and par - doned, re-deemed by His blood,
REFRAIN.
Whisp'ring of par - don, and sav - ing from sin.
Lean - ing up - on Him, how sweet is my rest. Saved, saved,
Je - sus in bright - ness re - vealed un - to me.
Cleansed from un - right - eous-ness, glo - ry to God.
saved to the ut-ter-most: Saved, saved by pow - er di - vine; Saved, saved,
saved to the ut - ter - most: Je - sus the Sav - ior is mine.

No. 24. Growing Dearer Each Day.

C. H. G.

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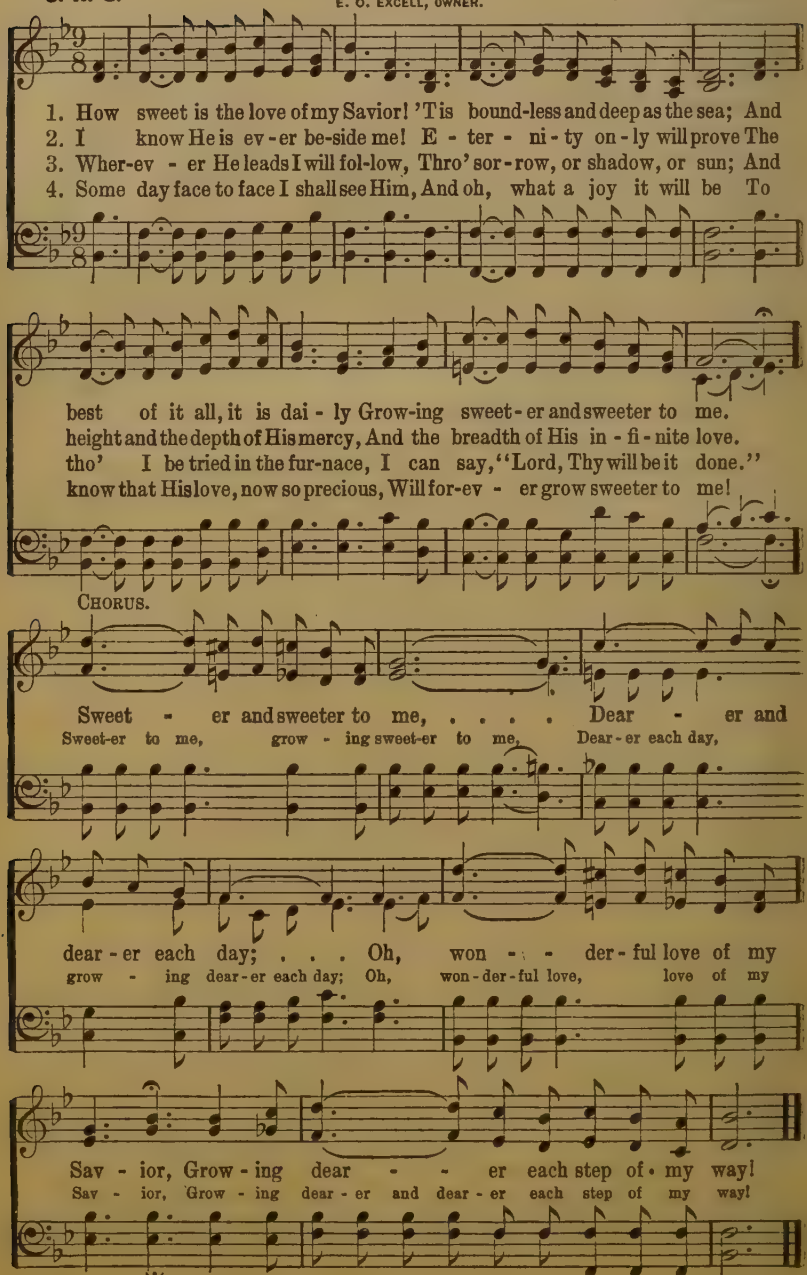
Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. How sweet is the love of my Savior! 'Tis bound-less and deep as the sea; And
2. I know He is ev-er be-side me! E - ter - ni - ty on - ly will prove The
3. Wher-ev - er He leads I will fol-low, Thro' sor-row, or shadow, or sun; And
4. Some day face to face I shall see Him, And oh, what a joy it will be To
best of it all, it is dai - ly Grow-ing sweet-er and sweeter to me.
height and the depth of His mercy, And the breadth of His in - fi - nite love.
tho' I be tried in the fur-nace, I can say, "Lord, Thy will be it done."
know that His love, now so precious, Will for-ev - er grow sweeter to me!
CHORUS.
Sweet - er and sweeter to me, ... Dear - er and
Sweet-er to me, grow - ing sweet-er to me, Dear-er each day,
dear - er each day; . . . Oh, won - - der - ful love of my
grow - ing dear-er each day; Oh, won-der-ful love, love of my
Sav - ior, Grow - ing dear - - er each step of my way!
Sav - ior, Grow - ing dear - er and dear - er each step of my way!

No. 25. "Suffer the Children to Come Unto Me."

Anon.

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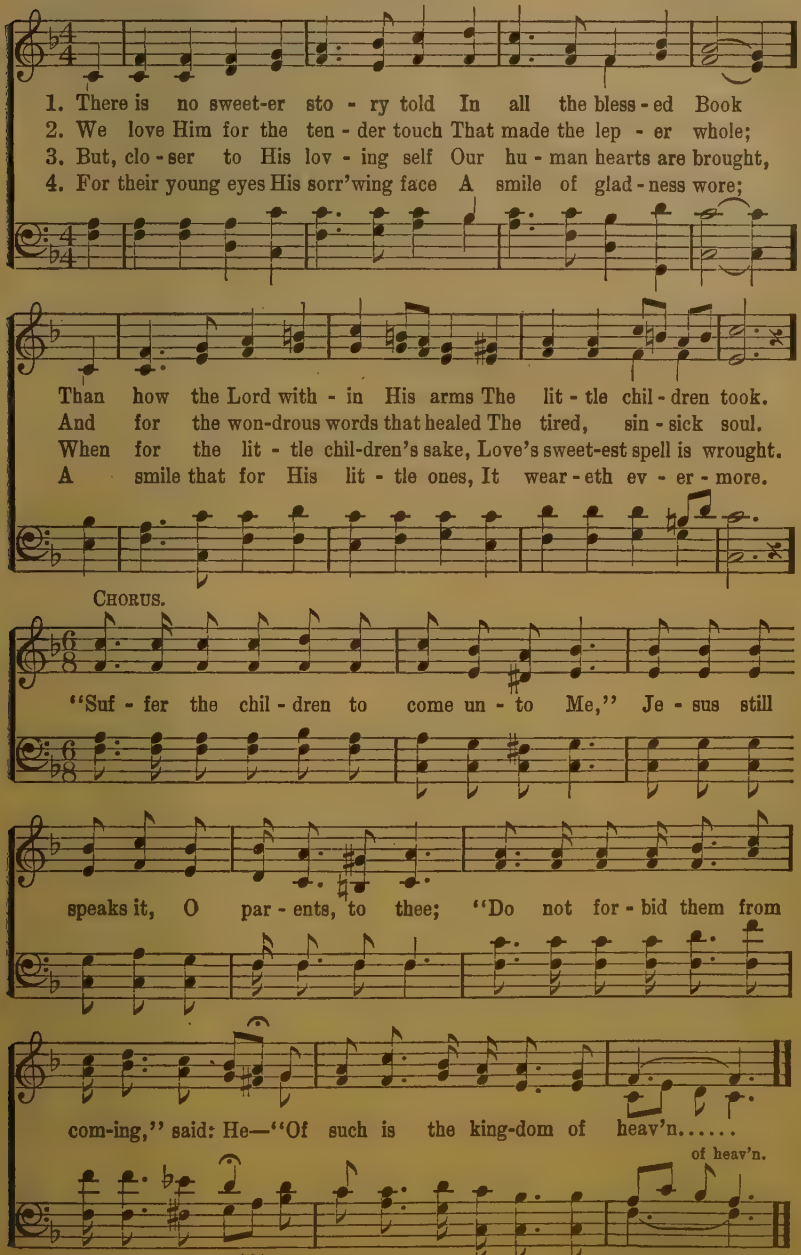
A. W. Roper.


1. There is no sweet-er sto - ry told In all the bless - ed Book
2. We love Him for the ten - der touch That made the lep - er whole;
3. But, clo - ser to His lov - ing self Our hu - man hearts are brought,
4. For their young eyes His sorr'wing face A smile of glad - ness wore;
Than how the Lord with - in His arms The lit - tle chil - dren took.
And for the won-drous words that healed The tired, sin - sick soul.
When for the lit - tle chil-dren's sake, Love's sweet-est spell is wrought.
A smile that for His lit - tle ones, It wear - eth ev - er - more.
CHORUS.
"Suf - fer the chil - dren to come un - to Me," Je - sus still
speaks it, O par - ents, to thee; "Do not for - bid them from
com-ing," said: He—"Of such is the king-dom of heav'n.....
of heav'n.

No. 26. When We All Get to Heaven.

E. E. Hewitt.

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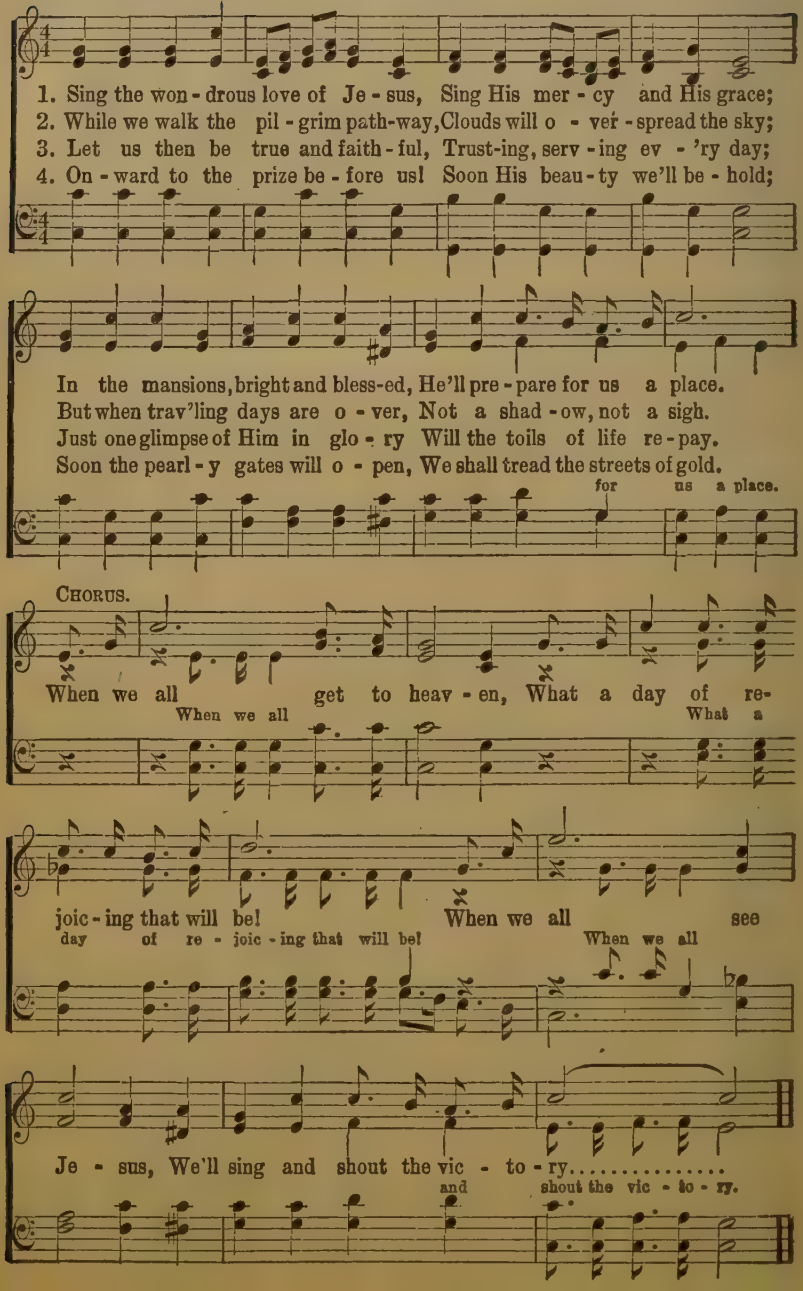
Mrs. J. G. Wilson.


1. Sing the won - drous love of Je - sus, Sing His mer - cy and His grace;
2. While we walk the pil - grim path-way, Clouds will o - ver - spread the sky;
3. Let us then be true and faith - ful, Trust-ing, serv - ing ev - 'ry day;
4. On - ward to the prize be - fore us! Soon His beau - ty we'll be - hold;
In the mansions, bright and bless-ed, He'll pre - pare for us a place.
But when trav'ling days are o - ver, Not a shad - ow, not a sigh.
Just one glimpse of Him in glo - ry Will the toils of life re - pay.
Soon the pearl - y gates will o - pen, We shall tread the streets of gold.
for us a place.
CHORUS.
When we all get to heav - en, What a day of re-
When we all
What a
joic - ing that will be!
When we all see
day of re - joic - ing that will be!
When we all
Je - sus, We'll sing and shout the vic - to - ry.....
and shout the vic - to - ry.

No. 27. There is Glory in My Soul.

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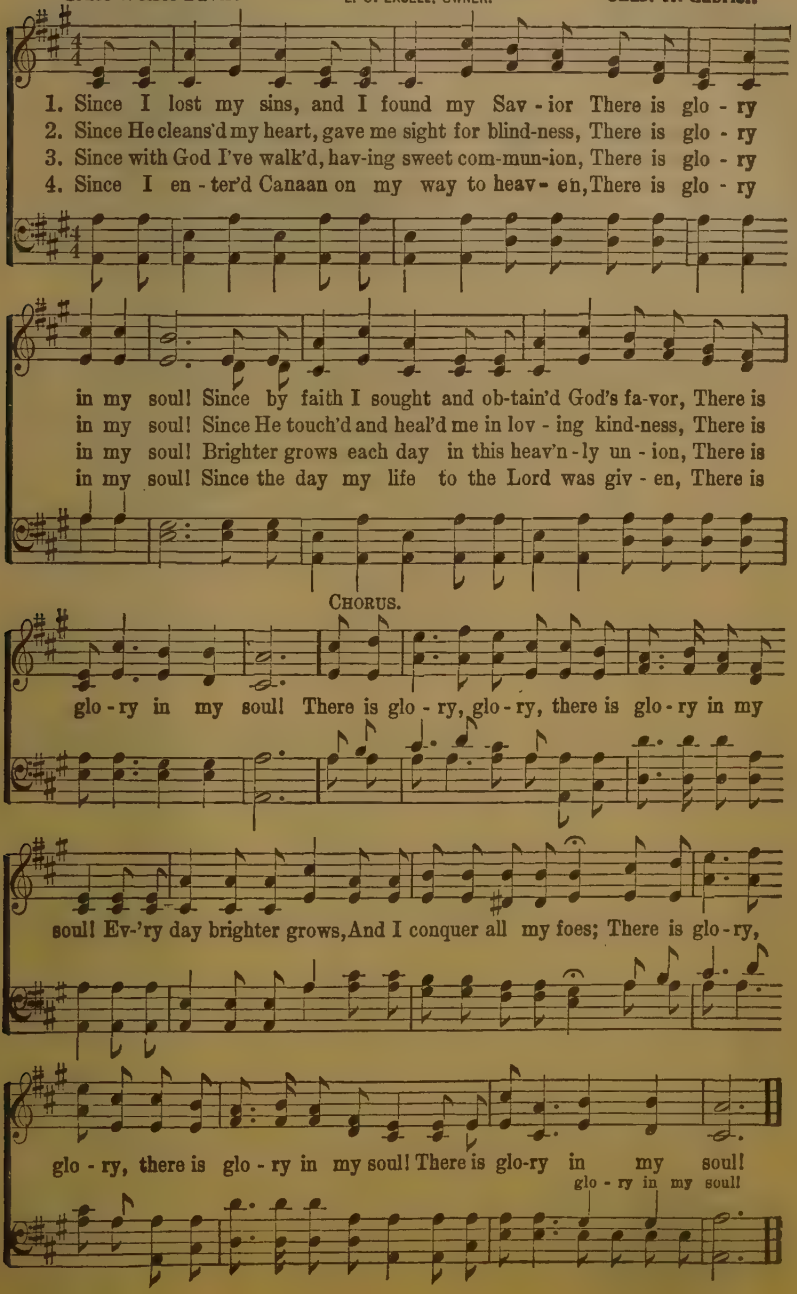
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Grace Weiser Davis. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Since I lost my sins, and I found my Sav - ior There is glo - ry
2. Since He cleans'd my heart, gave me sight for blind-ness, There is glo - ry
3. Since with God I've walk'd, hav-ing sweet com-mun-ion, There is glo - ry
4. Since I en - ter'd Canaan on my way to heav - en, There is glo - ry
in my soul! Since by faith I sought and ob-tain'd God's fa-vor, There is
in my soul! Since He touch'd and heal'd me in lov - ing kind-ness, There is
in my soul! Brighter grows each day in this heav'n - ly un - ion, There is
in my soul! Since the day my life to the Lord was giv - en, There is
CHORUS.
glo - ry in my soul! There is glo - ry, glo - ry, there is glo - ry in my
soul! Ev-'ry day brighter grows, And I conquer all my foes; There is glo - ry,
glo - ry, there is glo - ry in my soul! There is glo-ry in my soul!
glo - ry in my soul!

No. 28. Whom, Having Not Seen, I Love.

Maud Frazer.

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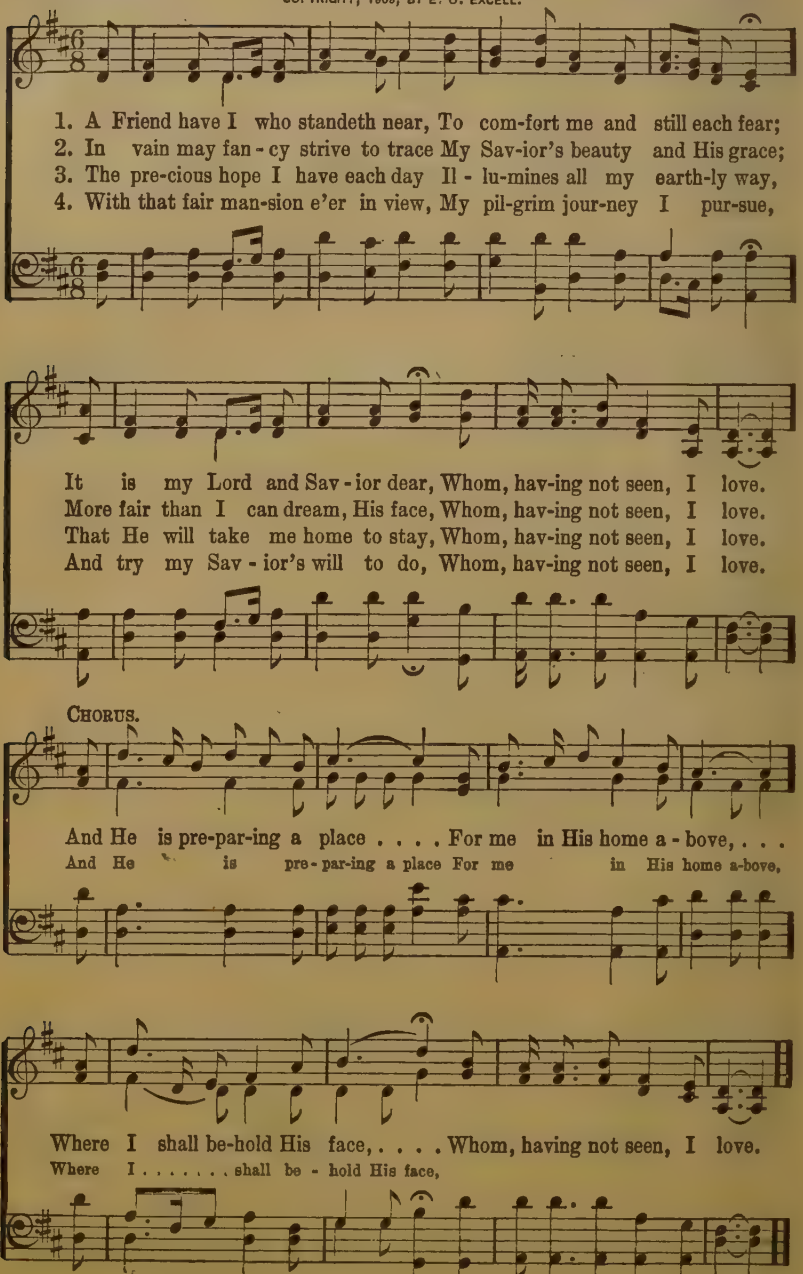
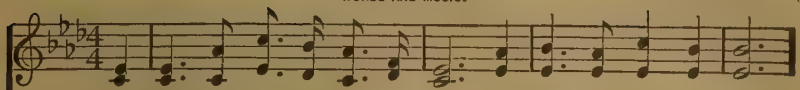
Chas. H. Gabriel.

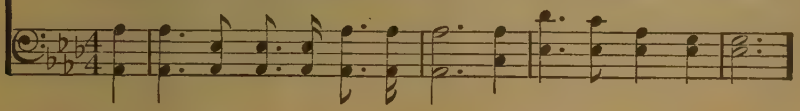

1. A Friend have I who standeth near, To com-fort me and still each fear;
2. In vain may fan-cy strive to trace My Sav-ior's beauty and His grace;
3. The pre-cious hope I have each day Il-lu-mines all my earth-ly way,
4. With that fair man-sion e'er in view, My pil-grim jour-ney I pur-sue,
It is my Lord and Sav-ior dear, Whom, hav-ing not seen, I love.
More fair than I can dream, His face, Whom, hav-ing not seen, I love.
That He will take me home to stay, Whom, hav-ing not seen, I love.
And try my Sav-ior's will to do, Whom, hav-ing not seen, I love.
CHORUS.
And He is pre-par-ing a place . . . . For me in His home a-bove, . . .
And He is pre-par-ing a place For me in His home a-bove,
Where I shall be-hold His face, ... Whom, having not seen, I love.
Where I . . . . . shall be-hold His face,

No. 29. The Gifts of God.

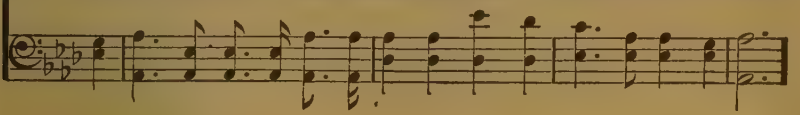
Jessie Brown Pounds. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

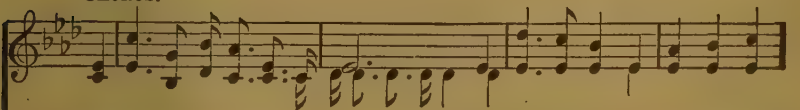


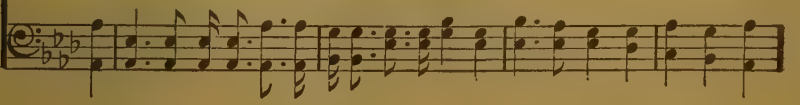
1. His gifts are great - er than my dreams, The gifts of God to me;
2. I ask a part, He gives the whole—Him-self, and all be - side;
3. "His ways are ways of pleas-ant - ness, His paths are paths of peace;"
4. With - in my heart He shall have place To rule and reign su - preme;

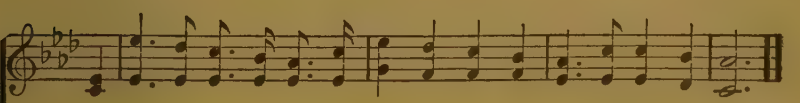


As count - less as the sun-set's gold-en beams, As bound-less as the sea.
His lov - ing-kind-ness o - ver-flows my soul, In - rush - ing as the tide.
His hand is ev - er reaching out to bless; He bids each sor - row cease.
My voice will ev - er praise Him for the grace Of which I ne'er could dream.

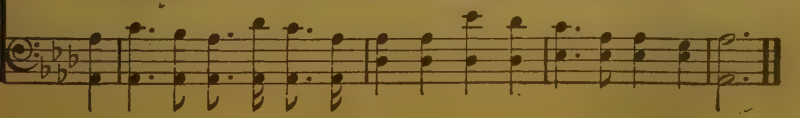


CHORUS.

His gifts are greater than my dreams, The gifts of Him who set me free;
His gifts are great-er, they are greater than my dreams.





And more and more a - bun-dant dai - ly seems The grace of God to me.



No. 30. Jesus Is the Best Friend to Me.

C. S. N.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY CYRUS S. NUSBAUM.
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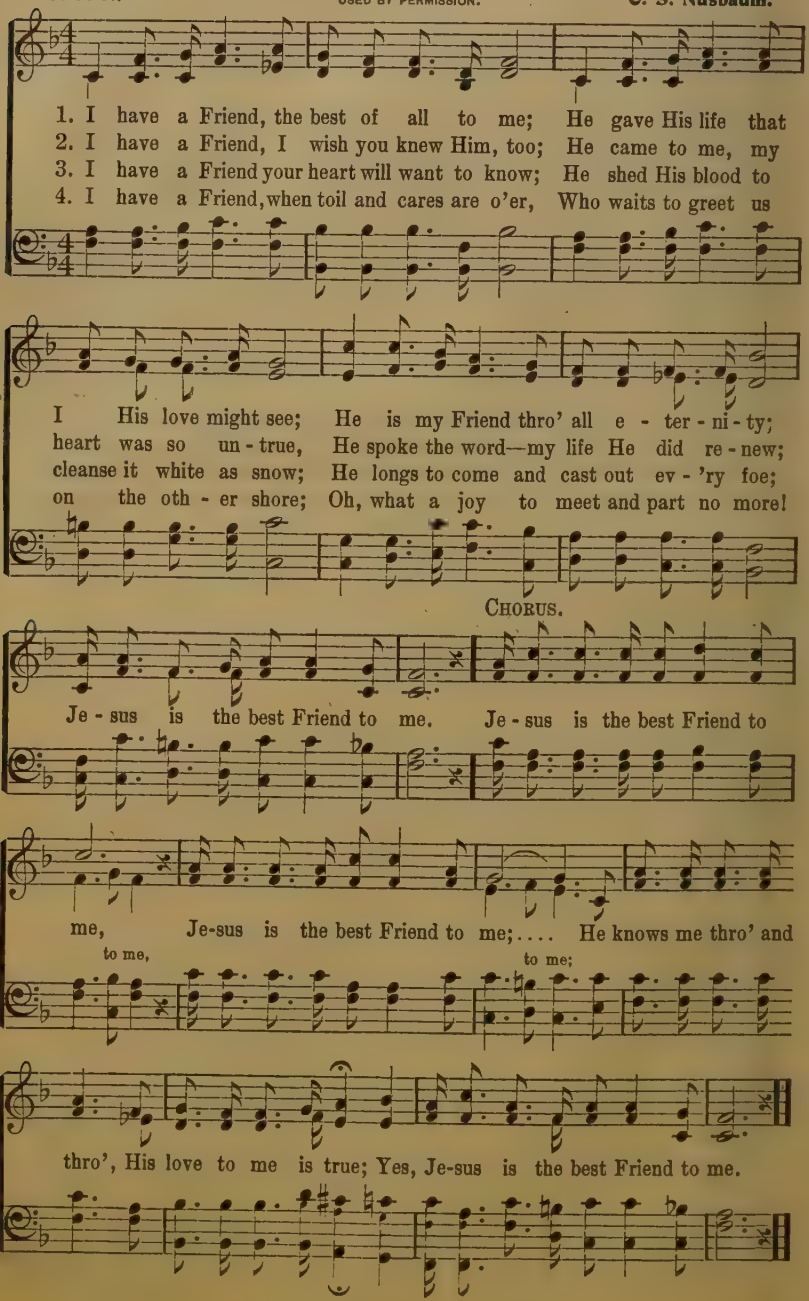
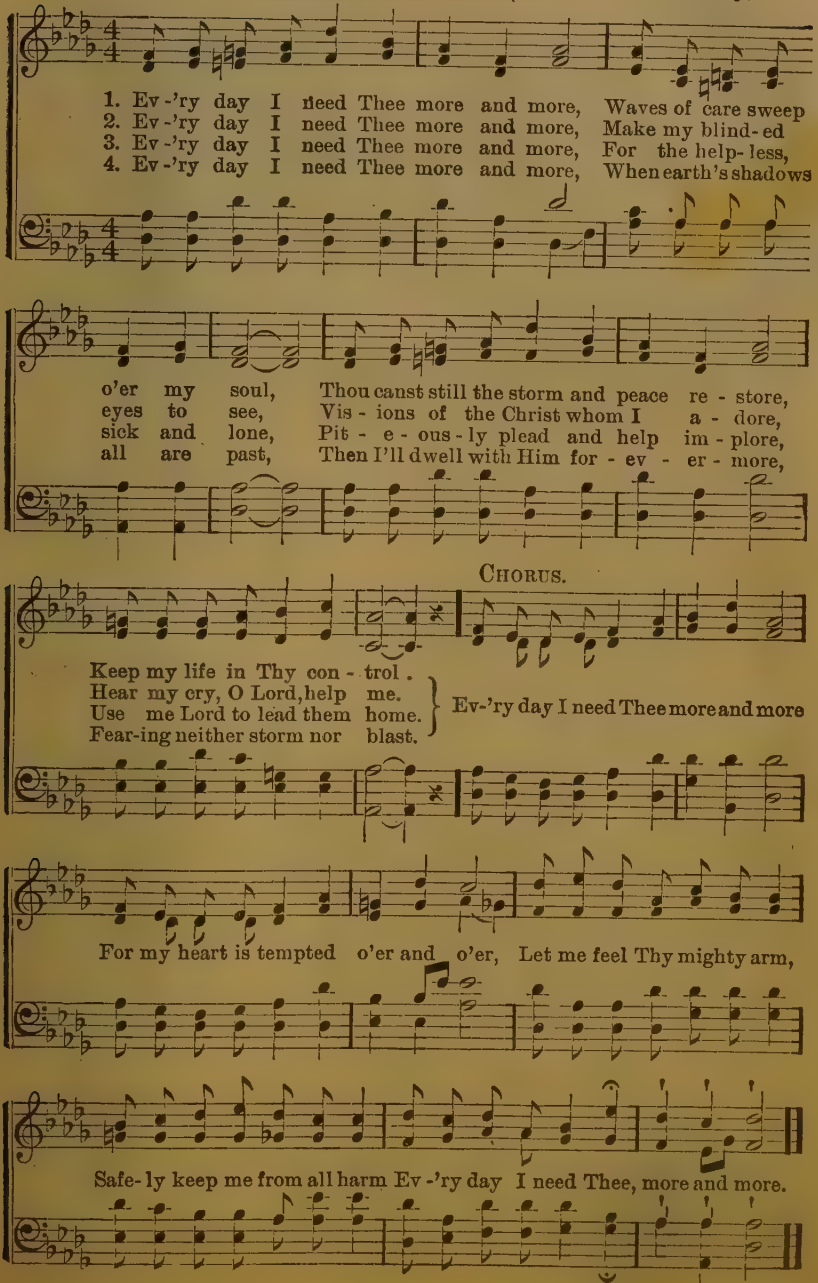
C. S. Nusbaum.


1. I have a Friend, the best of all to me; He gave His life that
2. I have a Friend, I wish you knew Him, too; He came to me, my
3. I have a Friend your heart will want to know; He shed His blood to
4. I have a Friend, when toil and cares are o'er, Who waits to greet us
I His love might see; He is my Friend thro' all e - ter - ni - ty;
heart was so un - true, He spoke the word—my life He did re - new;
cleanse it white as snow; He longs to come and cast out ev - 'ry foe;
on the oth - er shore; Oh, what a joy to meet and part no more!
CHORUS.
Je - sus is the best Friend to me. Je - sus is the best Friend to
me, Je-sus is the best Friend to me;.... He knows me thro' and
to me,
to me;
thro', His love to me is true; Yes, Je-sus is the best Friend to me.

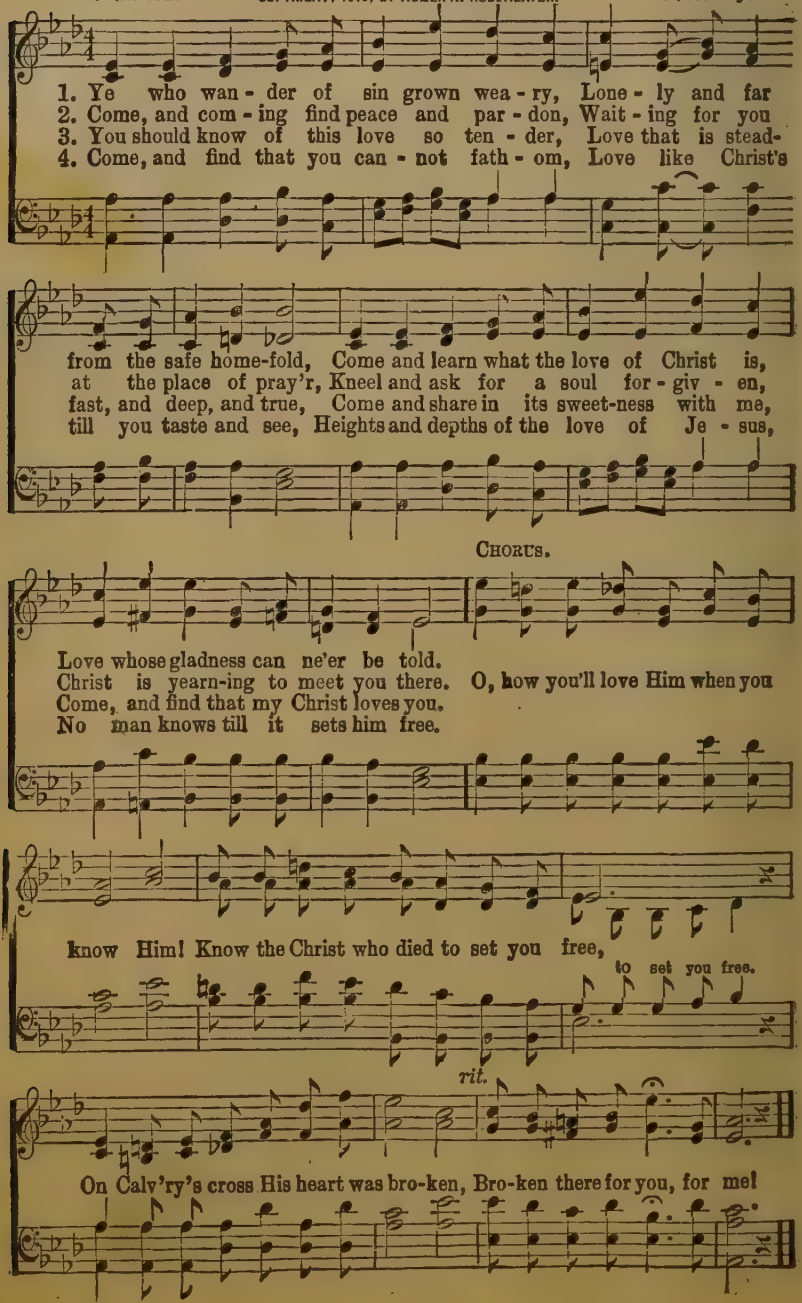
No. 31. Every Day I Need Thee More.

A. H. A. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO. Rev. A. H. Ackley.


1. Ev-'ry day I need Thee more and more, Waves of care sweep
2. Ev-'ry day I need Thee more and more, Make my blind-ed
3. Ev-'ry day I need Thee more and more, For the help-less,
4. Ev-'ry day I need Thee more and more, When earth's shadows
o'er my soul, Thou canst still the storm and peace re-store,
eyes to see, Vis-ions of the Christ whom I a-dore,
sick and lone, Pit-e-ous-ly plead and help im-plore,
all are past, Then I'll dwell with Him for-ev-er-more,
CHORUS.
Keep my life in Thy con-trol.
Hear my cry, O Lord, help me.
Use me Lord to lead them home.
Fear-ing neither storm nor blast.
Ev-'ry day I need Thee more and more
For my heart is tempted o'er and o'er, Let me feel Thy mighty arm,
Safe-ly keep me from all harm Ev-'ry day I need Thee, more and more.

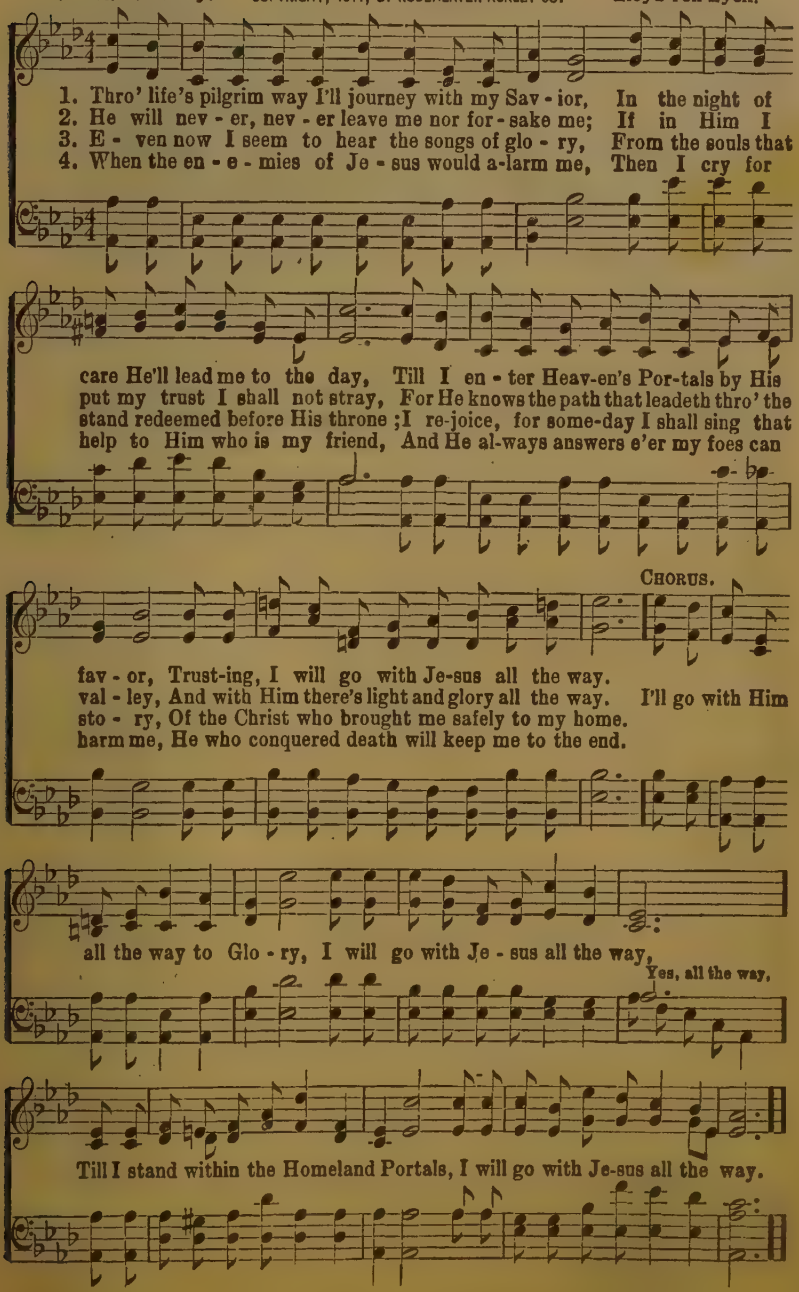
No. 32. How You Will Love Him!

E. E. Rexford. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. B. D. Ackley.


1. Ye who wan - der of sin grown wea - ry, Lone - ly and far
2. Come, and com - ing find peace and par - don, Wait - ing for you
3. You should know of this love so ten - der, Love that is stead-
4. Come, and find that you can - not fath - om, Love like Christ's
from the safe home-fold, Come and learn what the love of Christ is,
at the place of pray'r, Kneel and ask for a soul for - giv - en,
fast, and deep, and true, Come and share in its sweet-ness with me,
till you taste and see, Heights and depths of the love of Je - sus,
CHORUS.
Love whose gladness can ne'er be told.
Christ is yearn-ing to meet you there.
Come, and find that my Christ loves you.
No man knows till it sets him free.
O, how you'll love Him when you
know Him! Know the Christ who died to set you free,
to set you free.
rit.
On Calv'ry's cross His heart was bro-ken, Bro-ken there for you, for me!

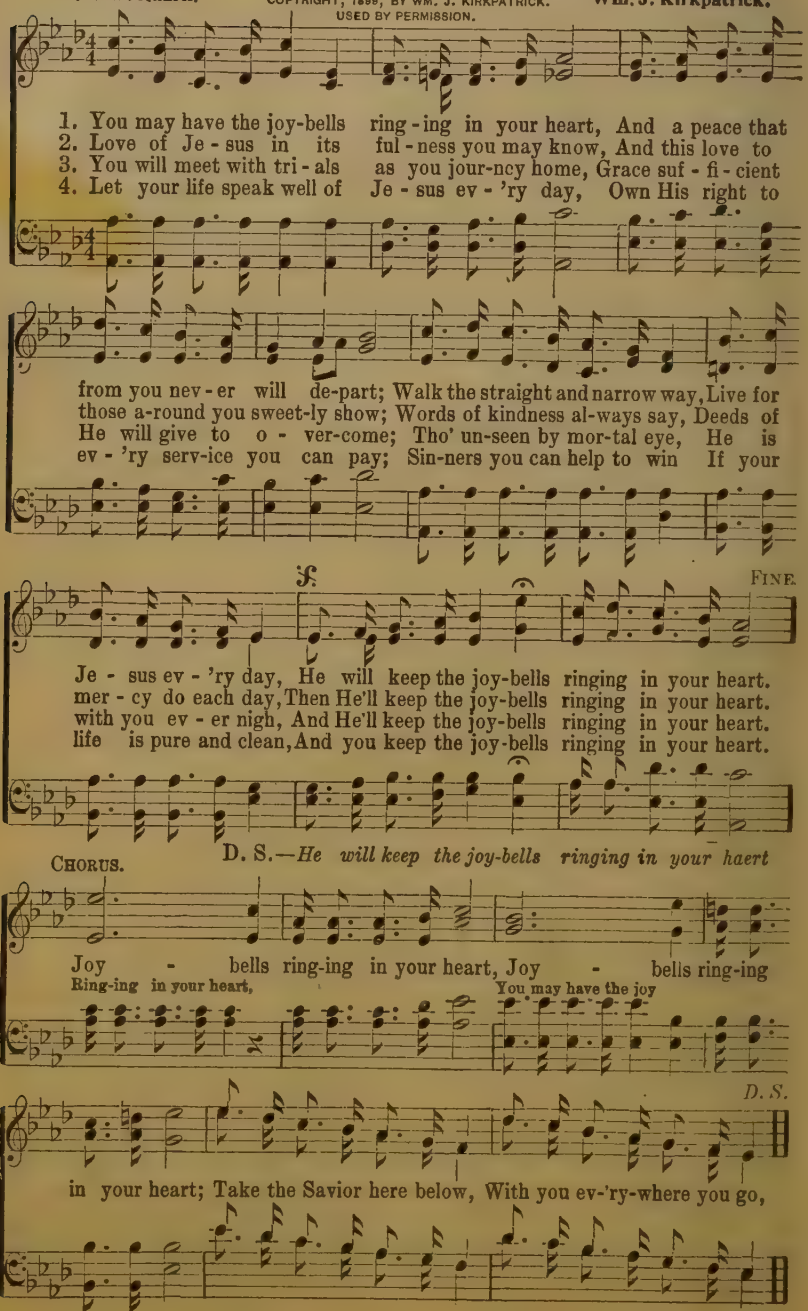
No. 33. All the Way With Jesus.

Rev. A. H. Ackley. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO. Lloyd Ten Eyck.


1. Thro' life's pilgrim way I'll journey with my Sav - ior, In the night of
2. He will nev - er, nev - er leave me nor for - sake me; If in Him I
3. E - ven now I seem to hear the songs of glo - ry, From the souls that
4. When the en - e - mies of Je - sus would a-larm me, Then I cry for
care He'll lead me to the day, Till I en - ter Heav-en's Por-tals by His
put my trust I shall not stray, For He knows the path that leadeth thro' the
stand redeemed before His throne ;I re-joice, for some-day I shall sing that
help to Him who is my friend, And He al-ways answers e'er my foes can
CHORUS.
fav - or, Trust-ing, I will go with Je-sus all the way.
val - ley, And with Him there's light and glory all the way. I'll go with Him
sto - ry, Of the Christ who brought me safely to my home.
harm me, He who conquered death will keep me to the end.
all the way to Glo - ry, I will go with Je - sus all the way,
Yes, all the way,
Till I stand within the Homeland Portals, I will go with Je-sus all the way.

No. 34. You May Have the Joybells.

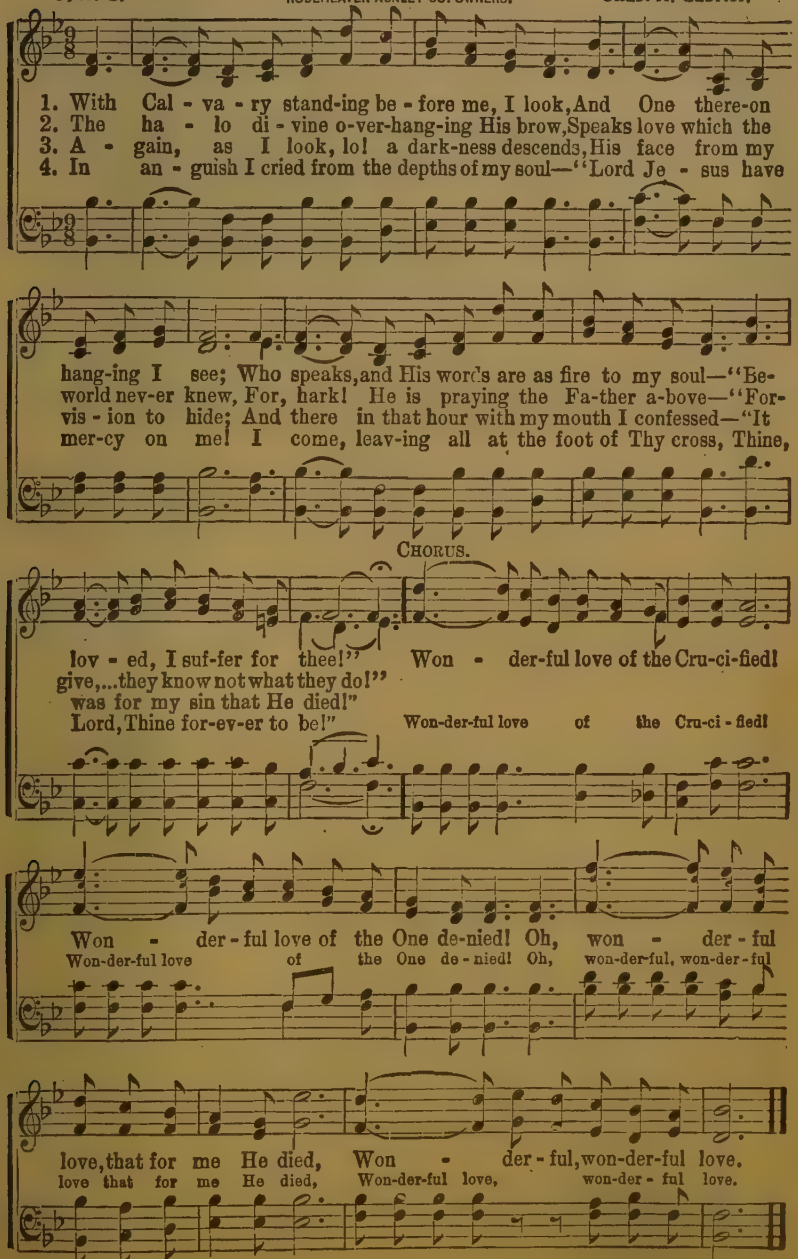
J. Edw. Ruark. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. USED BY PERMISSION. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. You may have the joy-bells ring-ing in your heart, And a peace that
2. Love of Je-sus in its ful-ness you may know, And this love to
3. You will meet with tri-als as you jour-ney home, Grace suf-fi-cient
4. Let your life speak well of Je-sus ev-'ry day, Own His right to
from you nev-er will de-part; Walk the straight and narrow way, Live for
those a-round you sweet-ly show; Words of kindness al-ways say, Deeds of
He will give to o-ver-come; Tho' un-seen by mor-tal eye, He is
ev-'ry serv-ice you can pay; Sin-ners you can help to win If your
f.
FINE.
Je-sus ev-'ry day, He will keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart.
mer-cy do each day, Then He'll keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart.
with you ev-er nigh, And He'll keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart.
life is pure and clean, And you keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart.
CHORUS.
D. S.—He will keep the joy-bells ringing in your haert
Joy - bells ring-ing in your heart, Joy - bells ring-ing
Ring-ing in your heart, You may have the joy
D. S.
in your heart; Take the Savior here below, With you ev-'ry-where you go,

No. 35. Wonderful Love.

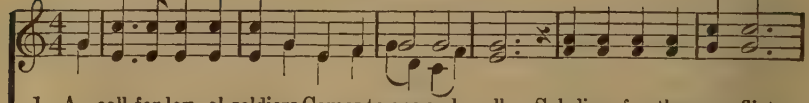
COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO. OWNERS.

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

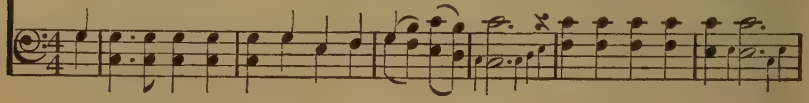

1. With Cal - va - ry stand-ing be - fore me, I look, And One there-on
2. The ha - lo di - vine o-ver-hang-ing His brow, Speaks love which the
3. A - gain, as I look, lo! a dark-ness descends, His face from my
4. In an - guish I cried from the depths of my soul—"Lord Je - sus have
hang-ing I see; Who speaks, and His words are as fire to my soul—"Be-
world nev-er knew, For, hark! He is praying the Fa-ther a-bove—"For-
vis - ion to hide; And there in that hour with my mouth I confessed—"It
mer-cy on me! I come, leav-ing all at the foot of Thy cross, Thine,
CHORUS.
lov - ed, I suf-fer for thee!" Won - der-ful love of the Cru-ci-fied!
give,...they know not what they do!"
was for my sin that He died!"
Lord, Thine for-ev-er to be!"
Won-der-ful love of the Cru-ci - fied!
Won - der - ful love of the One de-nied! Oh, won - der - ful
Won-der-ful love of the One de - nied! Oh, won-der-ful, won-der-ful
love, that for me He died, Won - der - ful, won-der-ful love.
love that for me He died, Won-der-ful love, won-der - ful love.

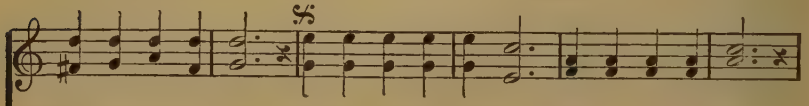
No. 36. As a Volunteer.

W. S. Brown. COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. E. O. EXCELL, OWNER. Chas. H. Gabriel.

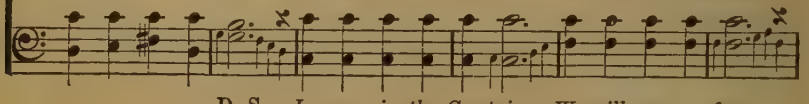


1. A call for loy - al soldiers Comes to one and all; Sol-diers for the con - flict,
2. Yes, Jesus calls for soldiers Who are filled with pow'r, Soldiers who will serve Him
3. He calls you, for He loves you With a heart most kind, He whose heart was broken,
4. And when the war is o-ver, And the vic - t'ry won, When the true and faith-ful



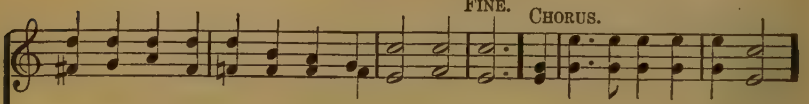


Will you heed the call? Will you an-swer quick-ly, With a read - y cheer,
Ev - 'ry day and hour; He will not for - sake you, He is ev - er near;
Bro-ken for man-kind; Now, just now He calls you, Calls in ac-cents clear,
Gath-er one by one, He will crown with glo - ry All who there ap-pear;

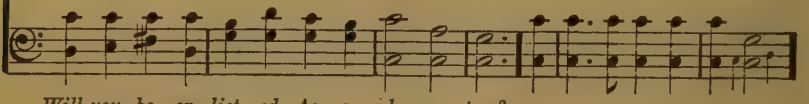


D. S.—*Je - sus is the Cap-tain, We will nev - er fear;*

FINE. CHORUS.



Will you be en - list - ed As a vol - un - teer? A vol - un-teer for Je - sus,



Will you be en - list - ed As a vol - un - teer?

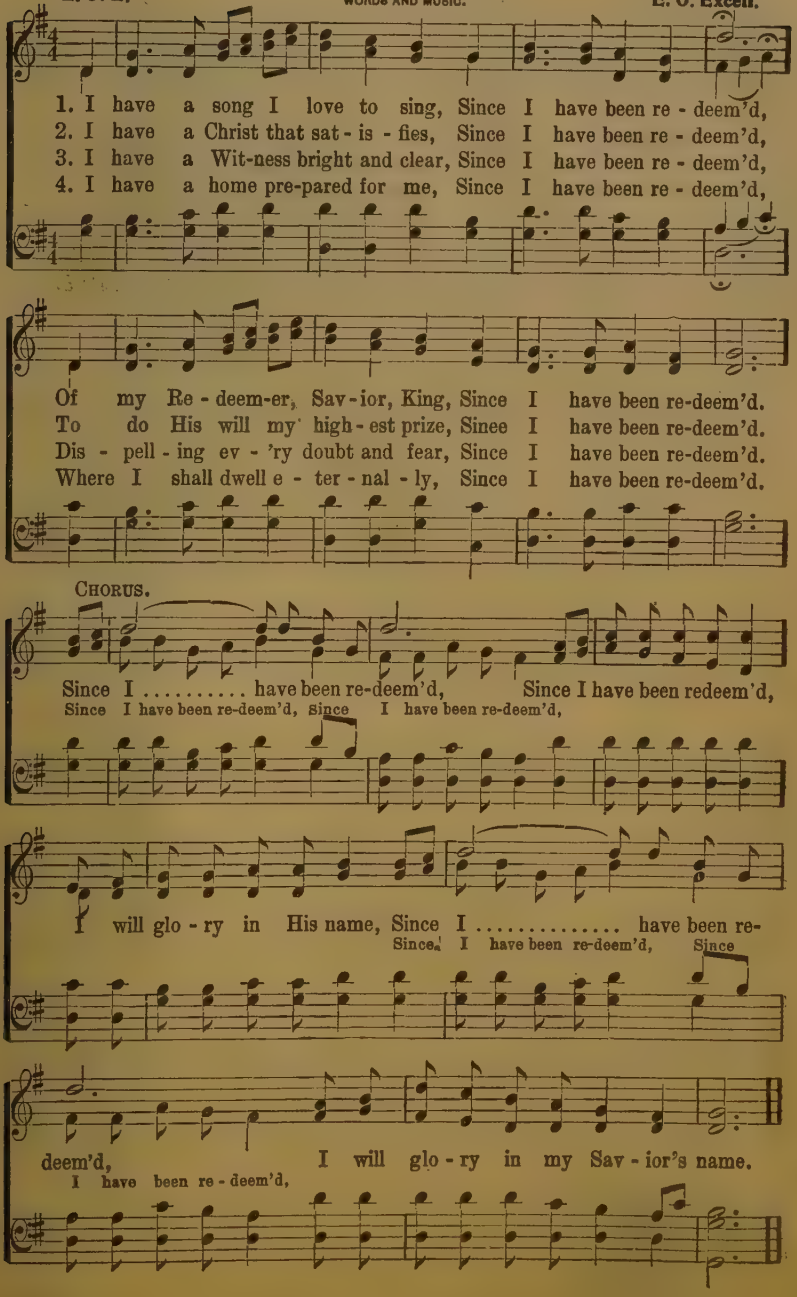
D. S.

A sol - dier true! Oth - ers have en - list - ed, Why not you?

Oh, why not?

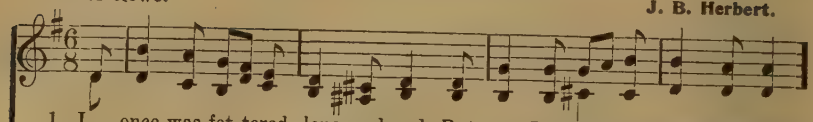
No. 37. Since I Have Been Redeemed.

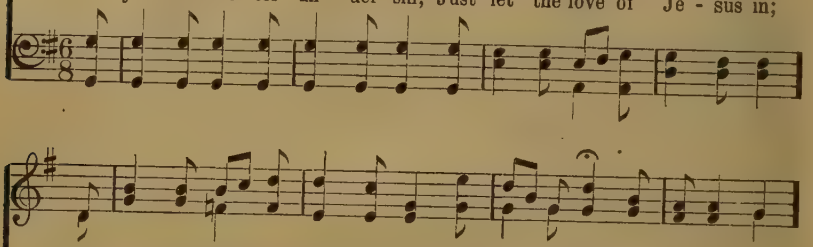
COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY E. O. EXCELL.

E. O. E. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.

1. I have a song I love to sing, Since I have been re - deem'd,
2. I have a Christ that sat - is - fies, Since I have been re - deem'd,
3. I have a Wit-ness bright and clear, Since I have been re - deem'd,
4. I have a home pre-pared for me, Since I have been re - deem'd,
Of my Re - deem-er, Sav - ior, King, Since I have been re-deem'd.
To do His will my high - est prize, Since I have been re-deem'd.
Dis - pell - ing ev - 'ry doubt and fear, Since I have been re-deem'd.
Where I shall dwell e - ter - nal - ly, Since I have been re-deem'd.
CHORUS.
Since I ..... have been re-deem'd, Since I have been redeem'd,
Since I have been re-deem'd, Since I have been re-deem'd,
I will glo - ry in His name, Since I ..... have been re-
Since I have been re-deem'd, Since
deem'd, I will glo - ry in my Sav - ior's name.
I have been re - deem'd,

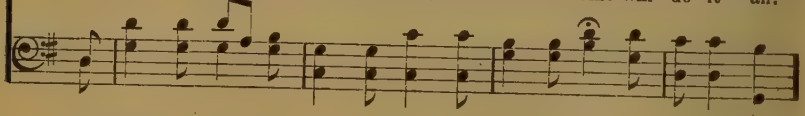
No. 38. Grace Divine Has Done It All.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY RODEHEAVER AND HERBERT.

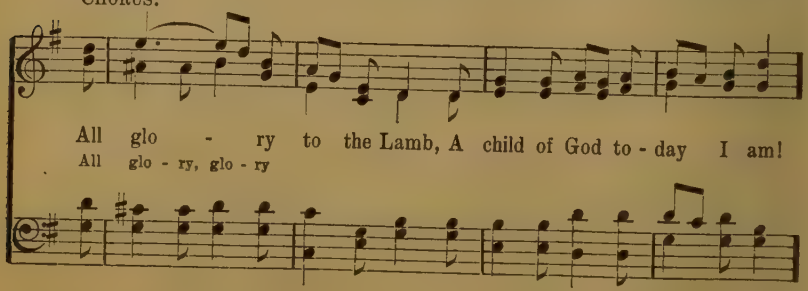
James Rowe. J. B. Herbert.

1. I once was fet-tered, lone and sad, But now I'm free and whole and glad;
2. The Sav - ior found me deep in night, And led me to the plains of light;
3. The love that Christ has shown for me, My sweet-est song will ev - er be;
4. O ye who tot - ter un - der sin, Just let the love of Je - sus in;



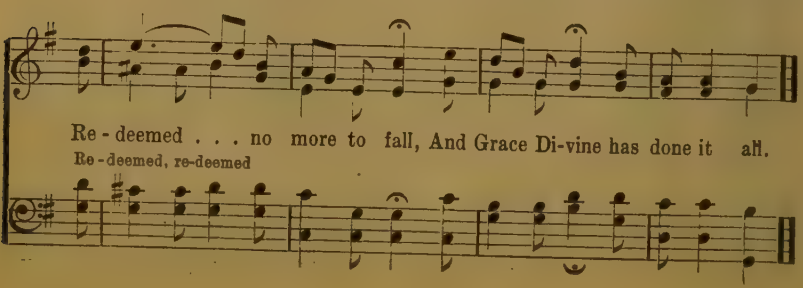
No lon - ger pleas-ures vain en-thrall, And Grace Di-vine has done it all.
No more in vain for help I call, And Grace Di-vine has done it all.
My great-est tri - als now are small, And Grace Di-vine has done it all.
Your souls will sing, your bur-dens fall, And Grace Di-vine will do it all.



CHORUS.



All glo - ry to the Lamb, A child of God to - day I am!
All glo - ry, glo - ry



Re - deemed . . . no more to fall, And Grace Di-vine has done it all.
Re - deemed, re-deemed

No. 39. 'Tis so Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

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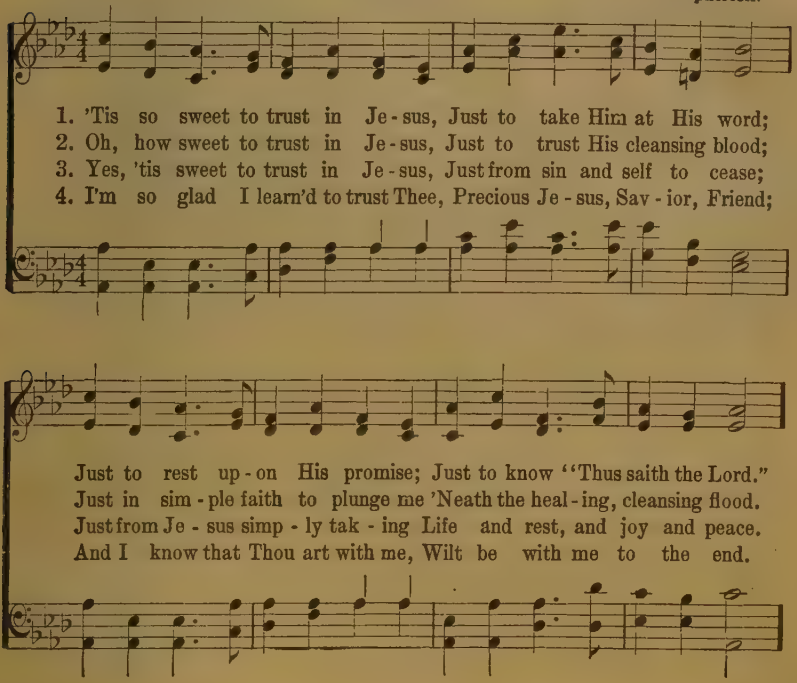
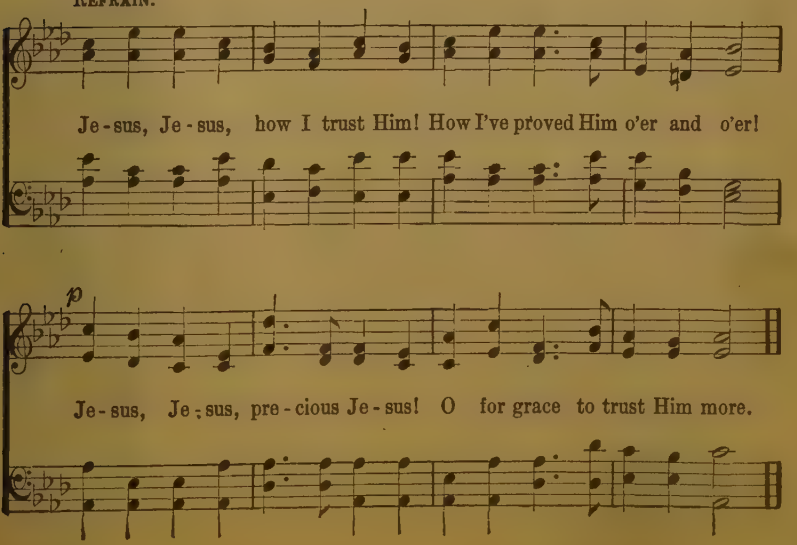
Mrs. Louisa M. R. Stead. USED BY PER. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take Him at His word;
2. Oh, how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust His cleansing blood;
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
4. I'm so glad I learn'd to trust Thee, Precious Je - sus, Sav - ior, Friend;
Just to rest up - on His promise; Just to know "Thus saith the Lord."
Just in sim - ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the heal - ing, cleansing flood.
Just from Je - sus simp - ly tak - ing Life and rest, and joy and peace.
And I know that Thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.

REFRAIN.



No. 40. Fight the Good Fight.

Habington.

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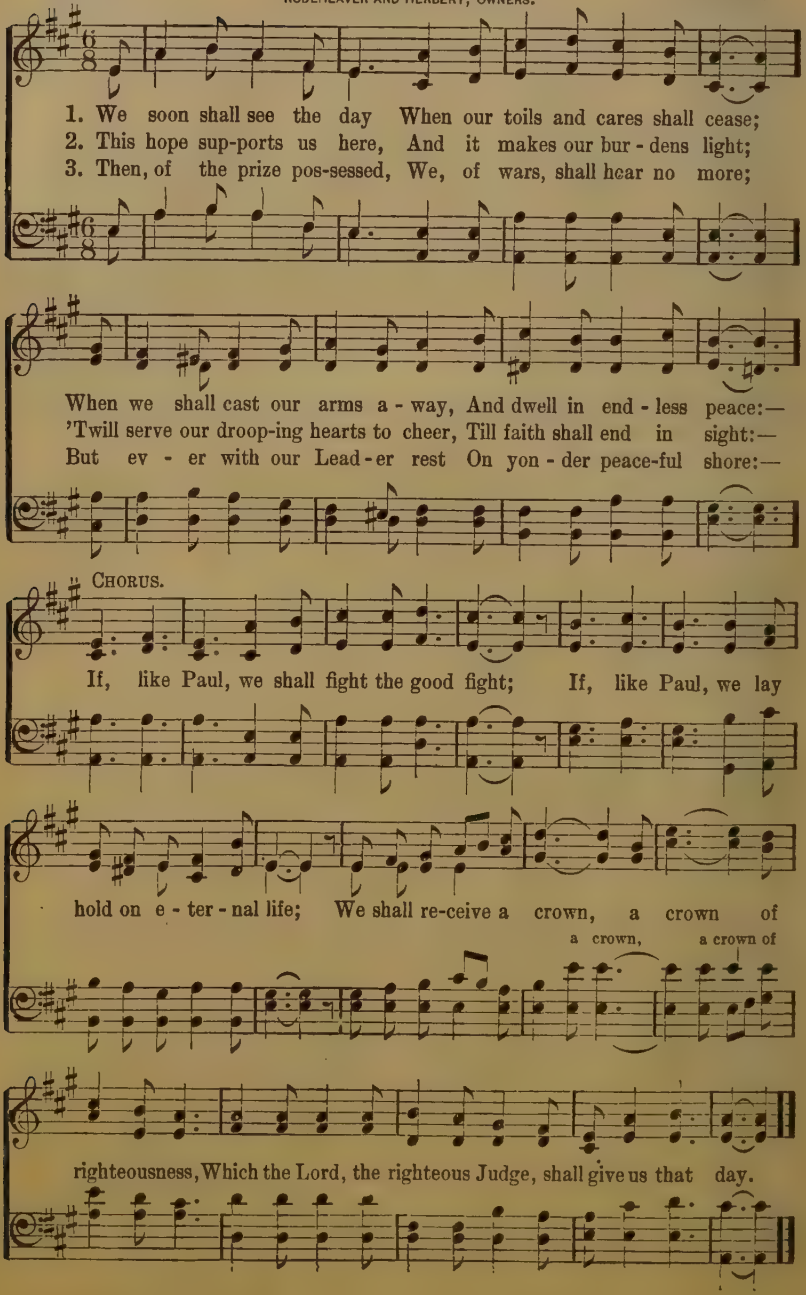
J. B. Herbert.


1. We soon shall see the day When our toils and cares shall cease;
2. This hope sup-ports us here, And it makes our bur - dens light;
3. Then, of the prize pos-sessed, We, of wars, shall hear no more;
When we shall cast our arms a - way, And dwell in end - less peace:—
'Twill serve our droop-ing hearts to cheer, Till faith shall end in sight:—
But ev - er with our Lead - er rest On yon - der peace-ful shore:—
CHORUS.
If, like Paul, we shall fight the good fight; If, like Paul, we lay
hold on e - ter - nal life; We shall re-ceive a crown, a crown of
a crown, a crown of
righteousness, Which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give us that day.

No. 41. O That Will Be Glory.

C. H. G.

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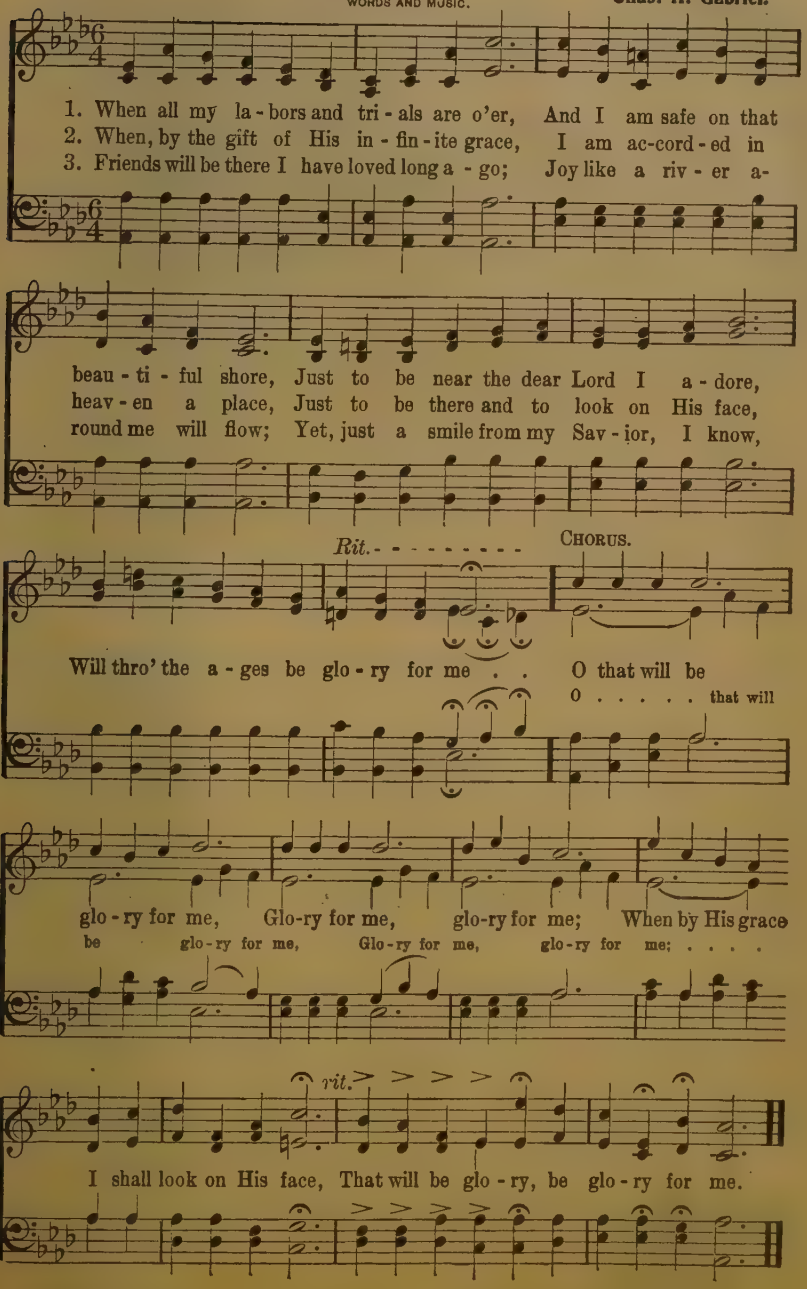
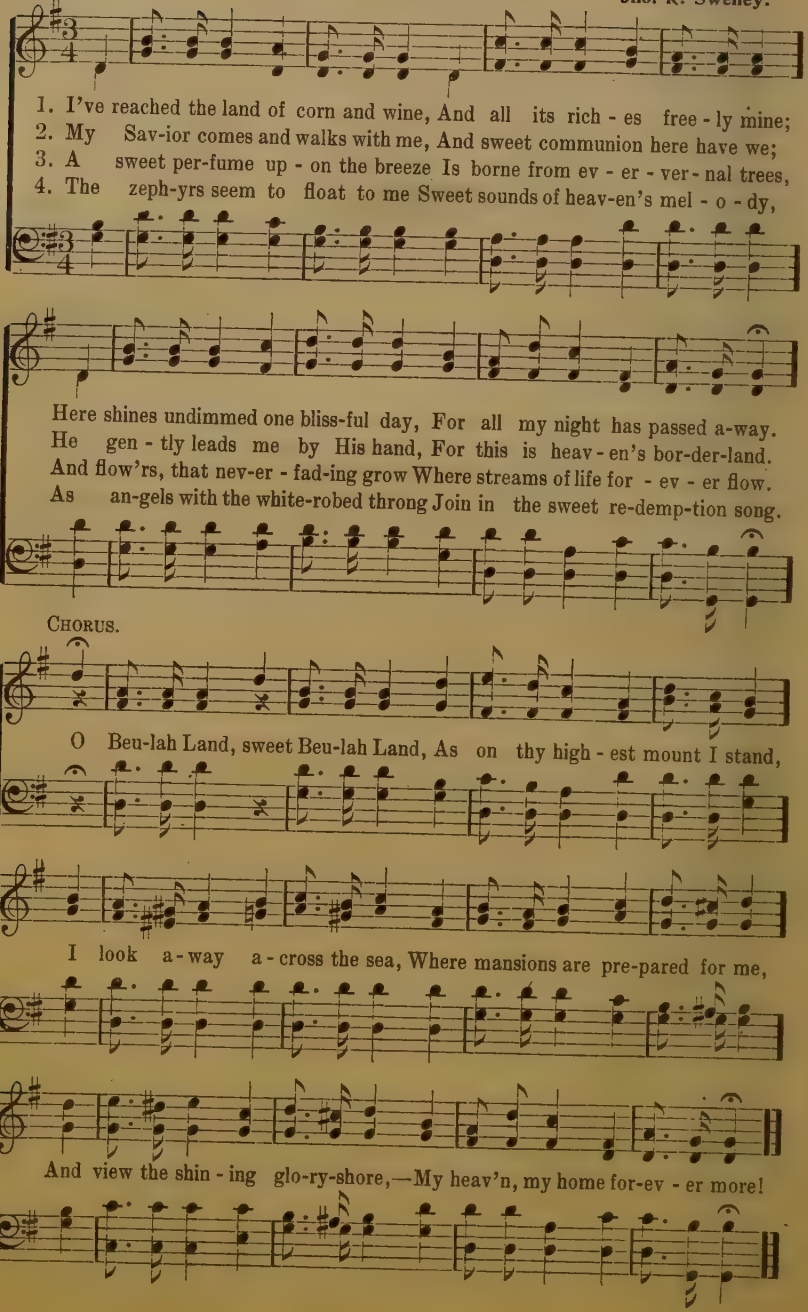
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. When all my la - bors and tri - als are o'er, And I am safe on that
2. When, by the gift of His in - fin - ite grace, I am ac-cord - ed in
3. Friends will be there I have loved long a - go; Joy like a riv - er a-
beau - ti - ful shore, Just to be near the dear Lord I a - dore,
heav - en a place, Just to be there and to look on His face,
round me will flow; Yet, just a smile from my Sav - ior, I know,
Rit.
CHORUS.
Will thro' the a - ges be glo - ry for me . . O that will be
O . . . . . that will
glo - ry for me, Glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me; When by His grace
be glo - ry for me, Glo - ry for me, glo - ry for me; . . . .
rit.
I shall look on His face, That will be glo - ry, be glo - ry for me.

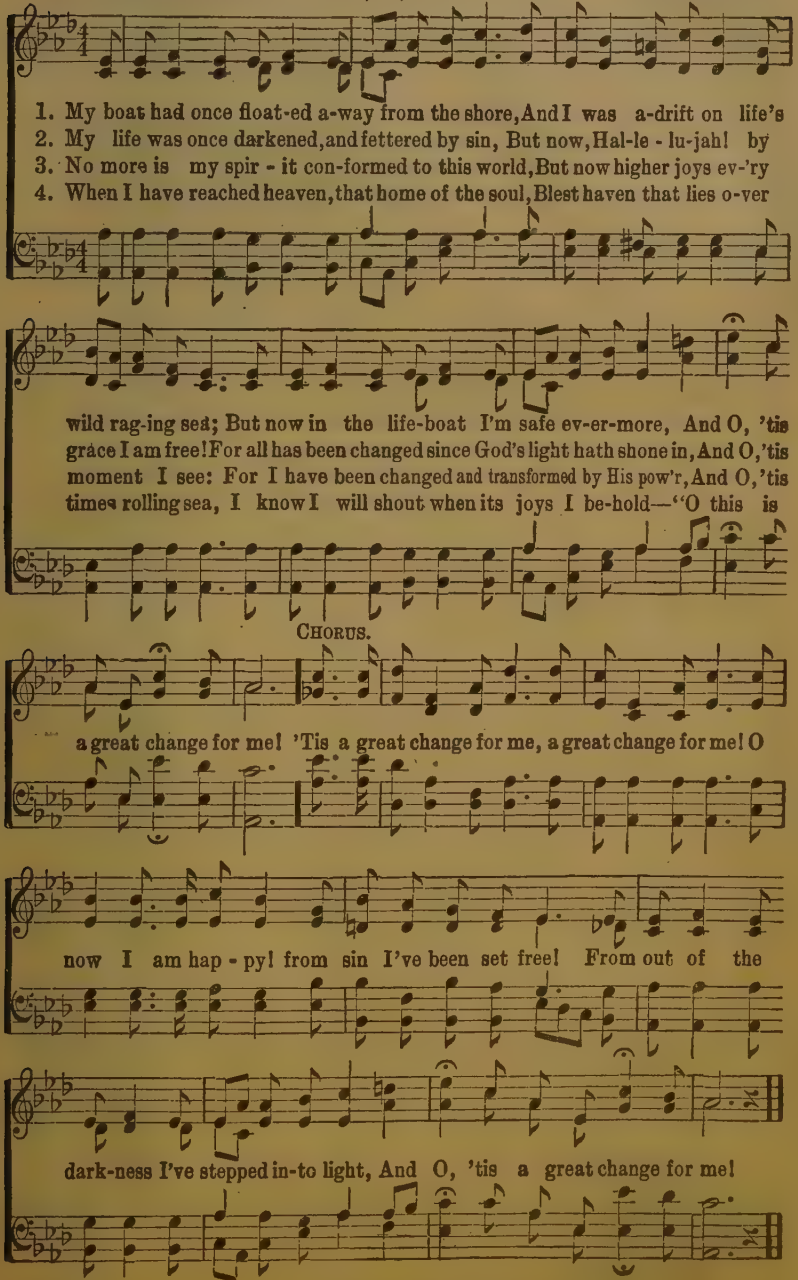
No. 42. Beulah Land.

Edgar Page. BY PERMISSION OF MRS. JNO. R. SWENEY. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. I've reached the land of corn and wine, And all its rich - es free - ly mine;
2. My Sav-ior comes and walks with me, And sweet communion here have we;
3. A sweet per-fume up - on the breeze Is borne from ev - er - ver - nal trees,
4. The zeph-yrs seem to float to me Sweet sounds of heav-en's mel - o - dy,
Here shines undimmed one bliss-ful day, For all my night has passed a-way.
He gen - tly leads me by His hand, For this is heav - en's bor-der-land.
And flow'rs, that nev-er - fad-ing grow Where streams of life for - ev - er flow.
As an-gels with the white-robed throng Join in the sweet re-demp-tion song.
CHORUS.
O Beu-lah Land, sweet Beu-lah Land, As on thy high - est mount I stand,
I look a - way a - cross the sea, Where mansions are pre-pared for me,
And view the shin - ing glo-ry-shore,—My heav'n, my home for-ev - er more!

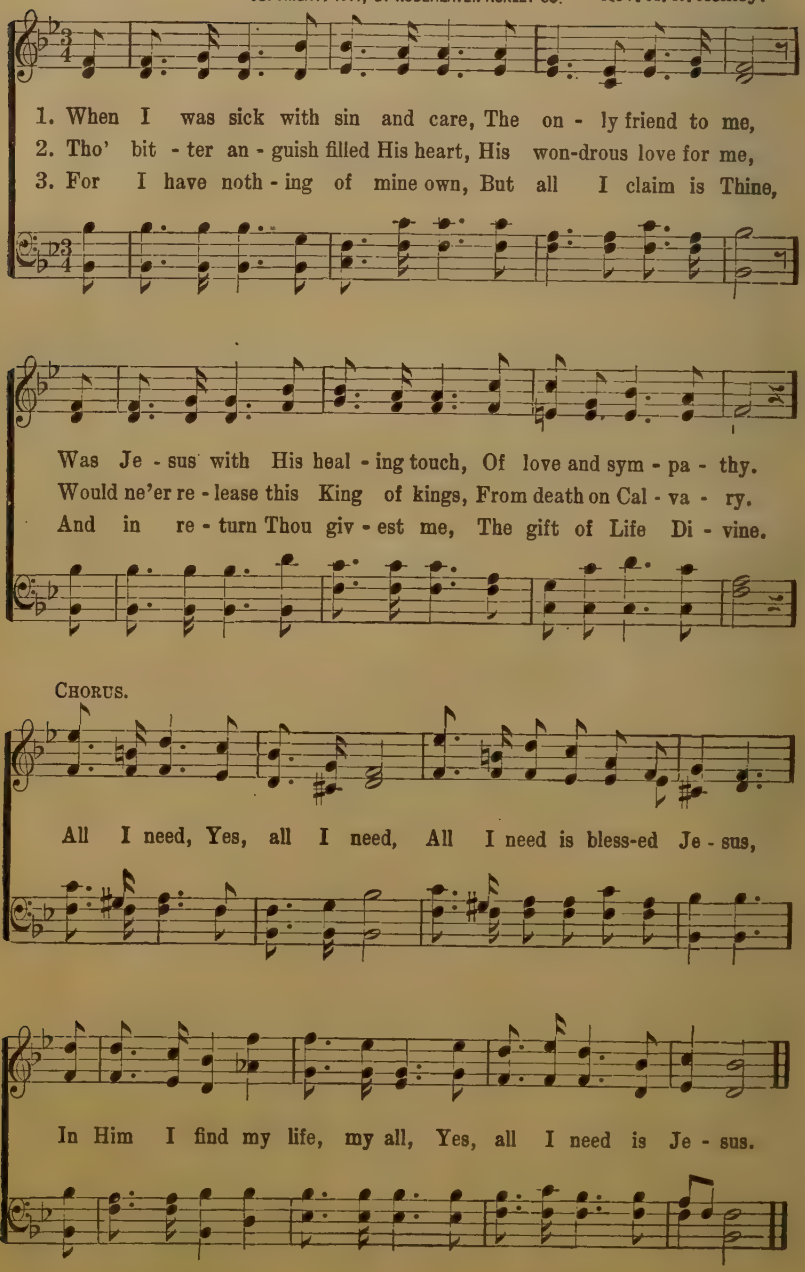
No. 43. O 'Tis a Great Change for Me.

Rev. Johnston Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY HOMER RODEHEAVER J. B. Herbert,


1. My boat had once float-ed a-way from the shore, And I was a-drift on life's
2. My life was once darkened, and fettered by sin, But now, Hal-le - lu-jah! by
3. No more is my spir - it con-formed to this world, But now higher joys ev-'ry
4. When I have reached heaven, that home of the soul, Blest haven that lies o-ver
wild rag-ing sea; But now in the life-boat I'm safe ev-er-more, And O, 'tis
grace I am free! For all has been changed since God's light hath shone in, And O, 'tis
moment I see: For I have been changed and transformed by His pow'r, And O, 'tis
times rolling sea, I know I will shout when its joys I be-hold—"O this is
CHORUS.
a great change for me! 'Tis a great change for me, a great change for me! O
now I am hap - py! from sin I've been set free! From out of the
dark-ness I've stepped in-to light, And O, 'tis a great change for me!

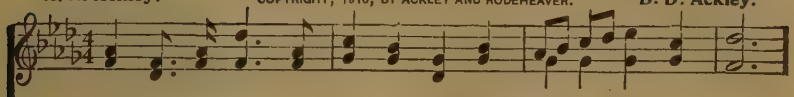
No. 44. "All I Need."

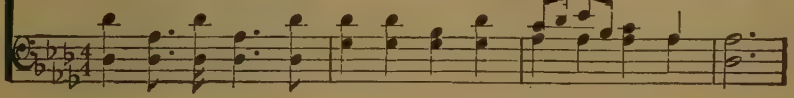
A. H. A. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO. Rev. A. H. Ackley.

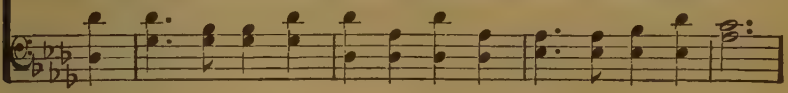

1. When I was sick with sin and care, The on - ly friend to me,
2. Tho' bit - ter an - guish filled His heart, His won-drous love for me,
3. For I have noth - ing of mine own, But all I claim is Thine,
Was Je - sus with His heal - ing touch, Of love and sym - pa - thy.
Would ne'er re - lease this King of kings, From death on Cal - va - ry.
And in re - turn Thou giv - est me, The gift of Life Di - vine.
CHORUS.
All I need, Yes, all I need, All I need is bless-ed Je - sus,
In Him I find my life, my all, Yes, all I need is Je - sus.

No. 45. To Arms! To Arms!

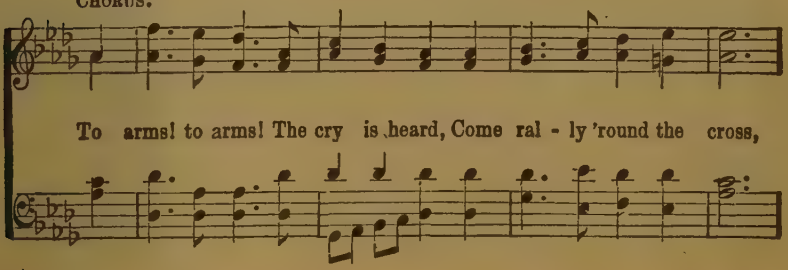
A. H. Ackley. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY ACKLEY AND RODEHEAVER. B. D. Ackley.



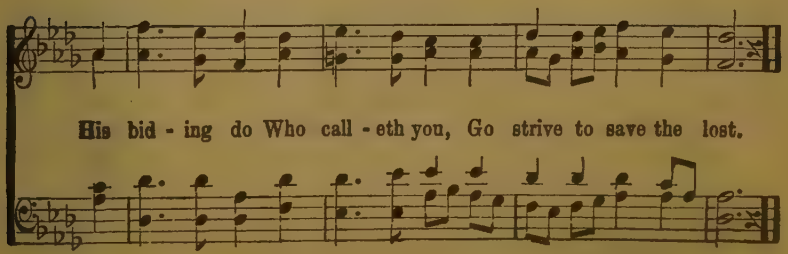
1. Forth from the King's e - ter - nal throne, There comes the cry for men,
2. Put on the ar - mour of your God, Gird on His might - y sword,
3. No com-pro - mise while sin re-mains, No flag of truce we give,

Who dare to fight for God and right, A - gainst the hosts of sin.
Then ral - ly 'round the cross and fight, Till peace shall be re - stored.
We fight that earth's re-mot - est bounds Shall bow to Him and live.



CHORUS.



To arms! to arms! The cry is heard, Come ral - ly 'round the cross,

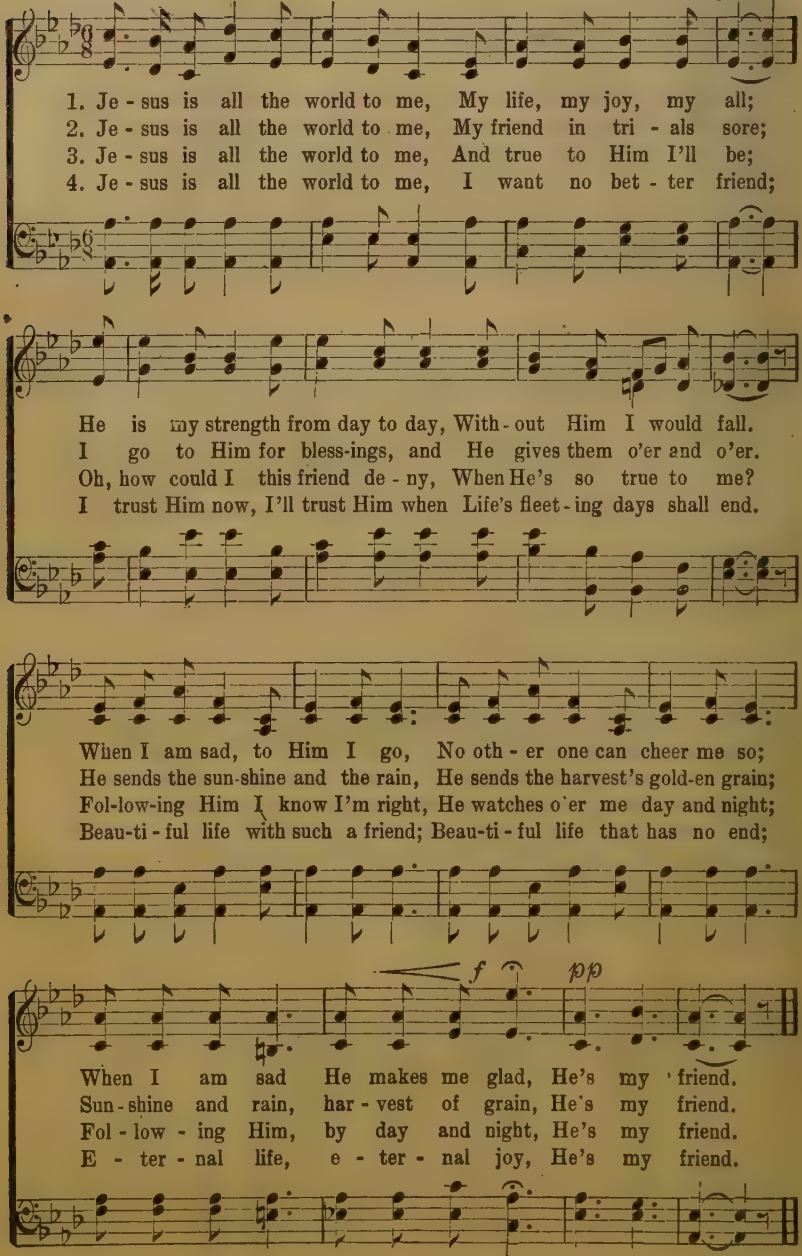


His bid - ing do Who call - eth you, Go strive to save the lost.

No. 46. Jesus is All the World to Me.

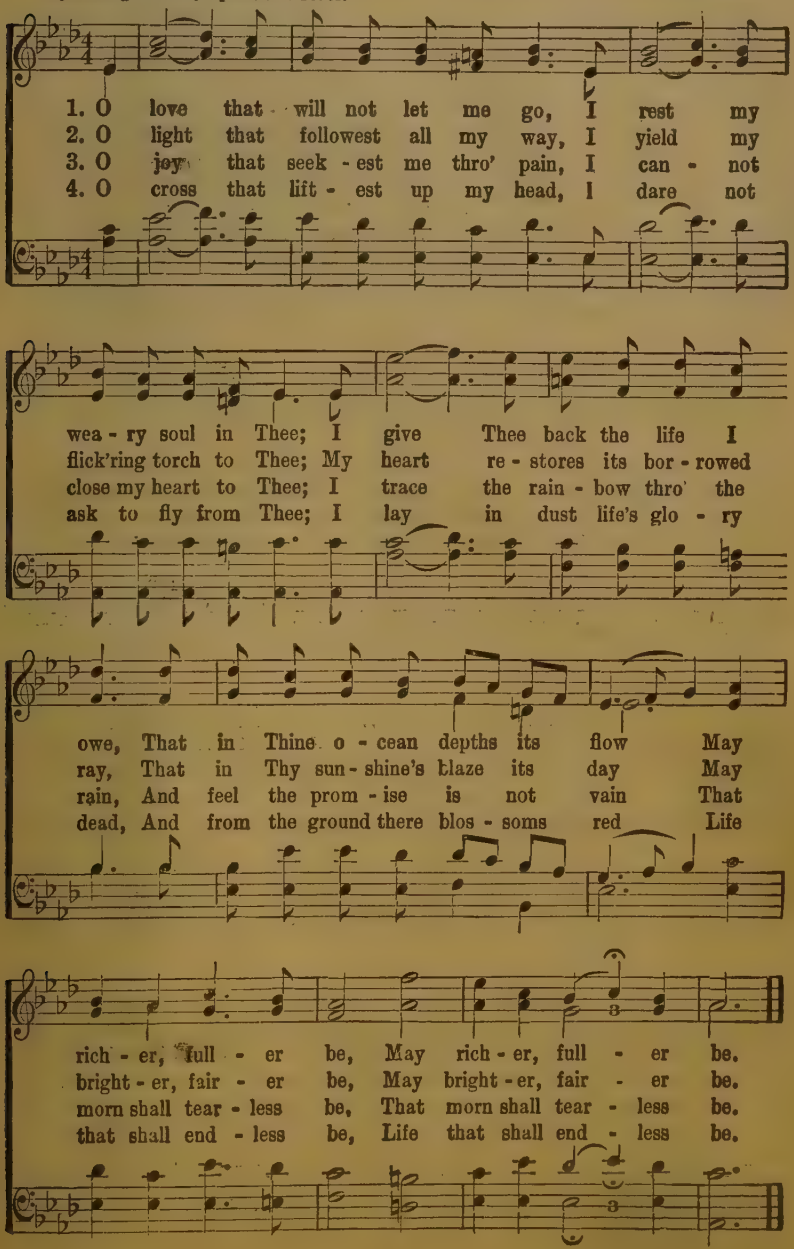
COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY WILL L THOMPSON, EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO.

W. L. T. Will L. Thompson.


1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all;
2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My friend in tri - als sore;
3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to Him I'll be;
4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter friend;
He is my strength from day to day, With - out Him I would fall.
I go to Him for bless-ings, and He gives them o'er and o'er.
Oh, how could I this friend de - ny, When He's so true to me?
I trust Him now, I'll trust Him when Life's fleet - ing days shall end.
When I am sad, to Him I go, No oth - er one can cheer me so;
He sends the sun-shine and the rain, He sends the harvest's gold-en grain;
Fol-low-ing Him I know I'm right, He watches o'er me day and night;
Beau-ti - ful life with such a friend; Beau-ti - ful life that has no end;
f
pp
When I am sad He makes me glad, He's my friend.
Sun - shine and rain, har - vest of grain, He's my friend.
Fol - low - ing Him, by day and night, He's my friend.
E - ter - nal life, e - ter - nal joy, He's my friend.

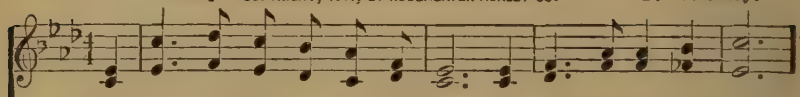
No. 47. O Love that Will not let Me Go.

Rev. George Matheson. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY HOMER RODEHEAVER. J. B. Herbert.

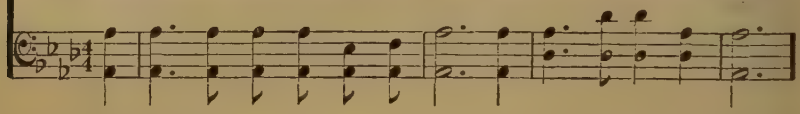
May be sung as Duet, Soprano and Tenor.

1. O love that will not let me go, I rest my
2. O light that followest all my way, I yield my
3. O joy that seek - est me thro' pain, I can - not
4. O cross that lift - est up my head, I dare not
wea - ry soul in Thee; I give Thee back the life I
flick'ring torch to Thee; My heart re - stores its bor - rowed
close my heart to Thee; I trace the rain - bow thro' the
ask to fly from Thee; I lay in dust life's glo - ry
owe, That in Thine o - cean depths its flow May
ray, That in Thy sun - shine's blaze its day May
rain, And feel the prom - ise is not vain That
dead, And from the ground there blos - soms red Life
rich - er, full - er be, May rich - er, full - er be.
bright - er, fair - er be, May bright - er, fair - er be.
morn shall tear - less be, That morn shall tear - less be.
that shall end - less be, Life that shall end - less be.

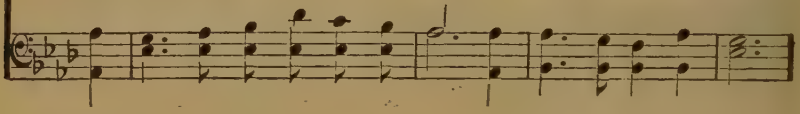
No. 48. He Took My Place.

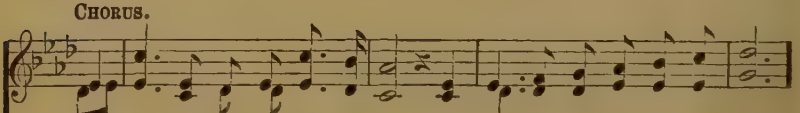
Rev. A. H. Ackley. COPYRIGHT, 1811, BY RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO. B. D. Ackley.



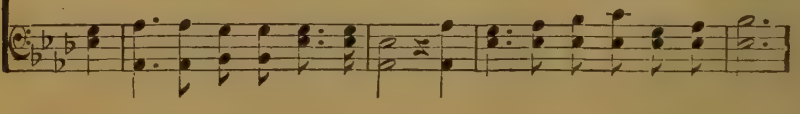
1. There was no one to take my place, Up - on the cru - el cross,
2. He saw the di - a - dem of thorns, He heard the rab - ble's plea,
3. He took my place up - on the tree, And shall my soul de - spise,
4. This guilt-less Lamb, once and for all, Was cru - ci - fied and rose

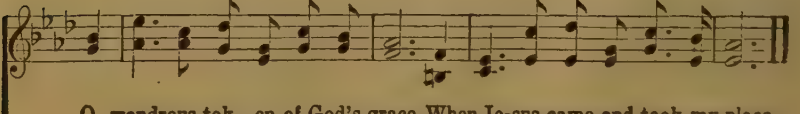


No Sav - ior but the Son of God, Could e'er re-store my loss.
Yet know - ing all he chose to die, And give Him-self for me.
The life that Je - sus of - fers me, In mer - cy's sac - ri - fice?
Tri - umph - ant o - ver sin and death, To save me from these foes.

CHORUS.

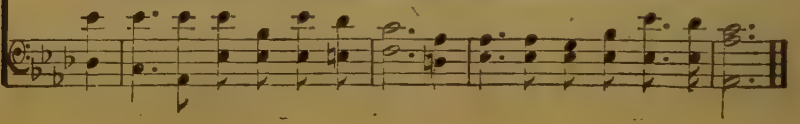


He took my place on Cal - va - ry, And there He bore my sins for me;





O wondrous tok - en of God's grace, When Je-sus came and took my place.

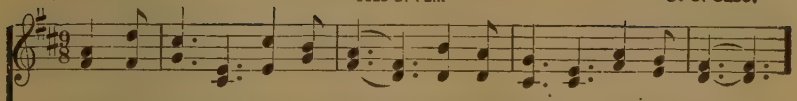


No. 49. Why Not Now?

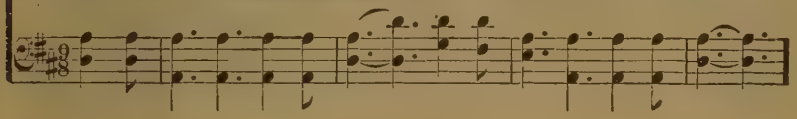
El Nathan.

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY C. C. CASE.
USED BY PER.

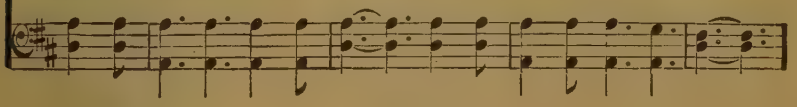
C. C. Case.



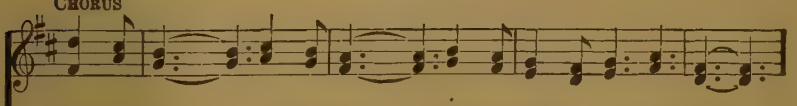
1. While we pray and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
2. You have wandered far a - way; Do not risk an - oth - er day;
3. In the world you've failed to find Aught of peace for troub - led mind;
4. Come to Christ, con - fes - sion make; Come to Christ, and par - don take;



While our Fa - ther calls you home, Will you not, my brother, come?
Do not turn from God your face, But to - day ac - cept His grace.
Come to Christ, on Him be - lieve, Peace and joy you shall re - ceive.
Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.

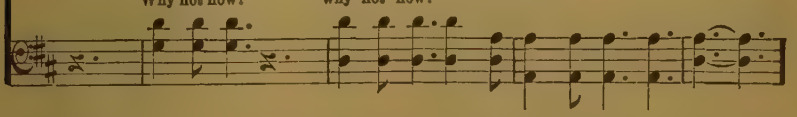


CHORUS



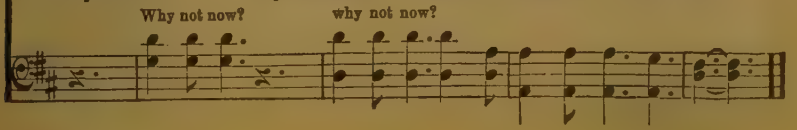
Why not now? . . . why not now? . . Why not come to Je - sus now?

Why not now? why not now?



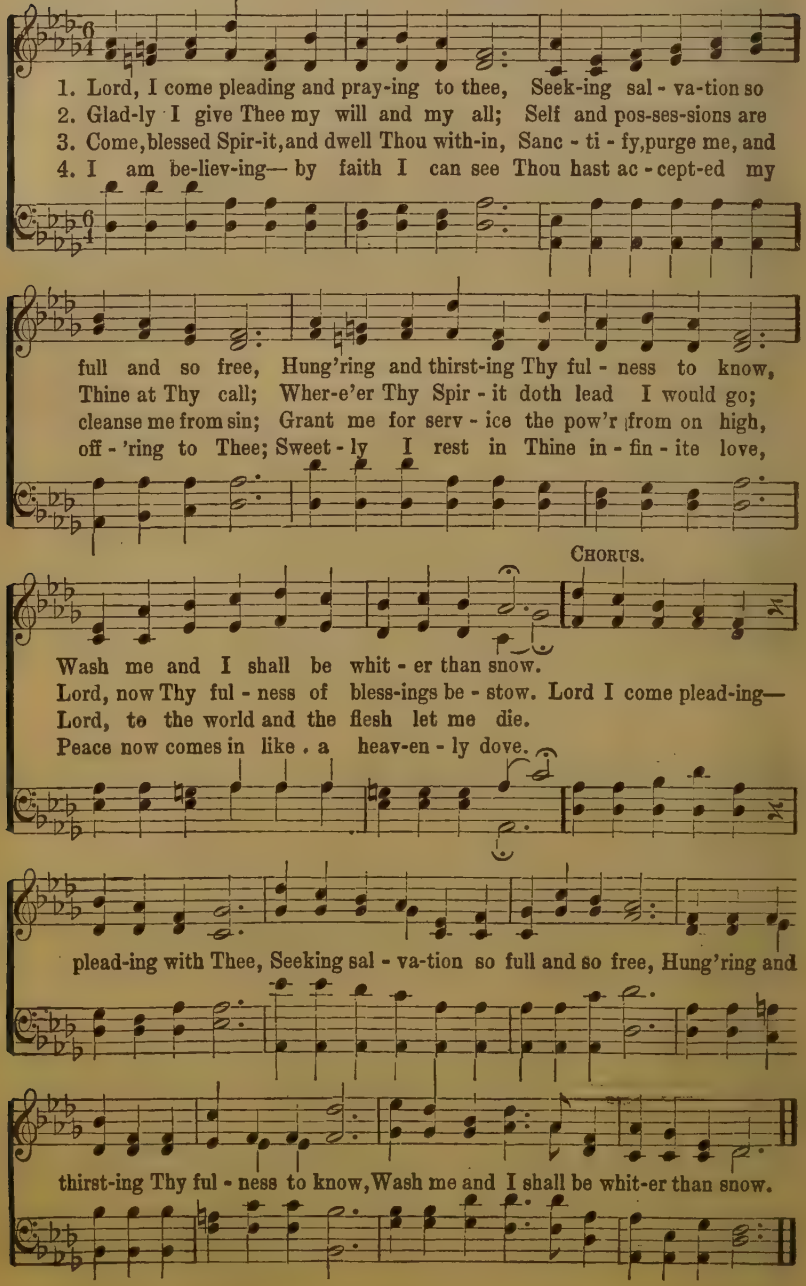
Why not now? . . why not now? . . Why not come to Je - sus now?

Why not now? why not now?



No. 50 Lord, I Come Pleading.

J. Gilchrist Lawson. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY ACKLEY AND RODEHEAVER. B. D. Ackley.

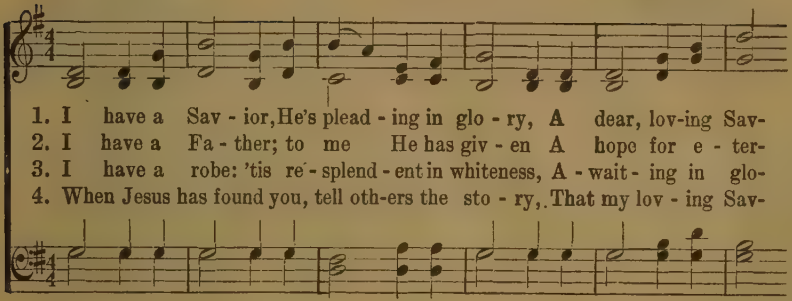

1. Lord, I come pleading and pray-ing to thee, Seek-ing sal - va-tion so
2. Glad-ly I give Thee my will and my all; Self and pos-ses-sions are
3. Come, blessed Spir-it, and dwell Thou with-in, Sanc - ti - fy, purge me, and
4. I am be-liev-ing— by faith I can see Thou hast ac - cept-ed my
full and so free, Hung'ring and thirst-ing Thy ful - ness to know,
Thine at Thy call; Wher-e'er Thy Spir - it doth lead I would go;
cleanse me from sin; Grant me for serv - ice the pow'r from on high,
off - 'ring to Thee; Sweet - ly I rest in Thine in - fin - ite love,
CHORUS.
Wash me and I shall be whit - er than snow.
Lord, now Thy ful - ness of bless-ings be - stow. Lord I come plead-ing—
Lord, to the world and the flesh let me die.
Peace now comes in like a heav-en - ly dove.
plead-ing with Thee, Seeking sal - va-tion so full and so free, Hung'ring and
thirst-ing Thy ful - ness to know, Wash me and I shall be whit-er than snow.

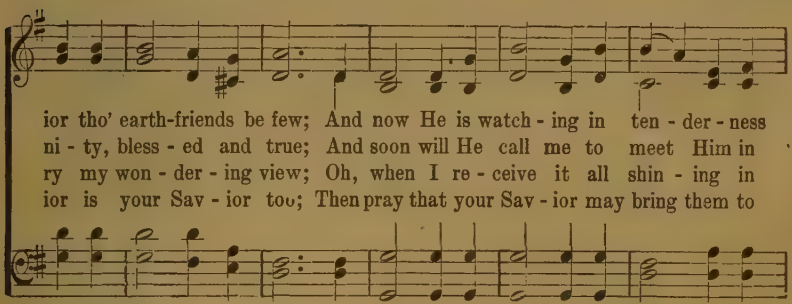
No. 51. I Am Praying for You.

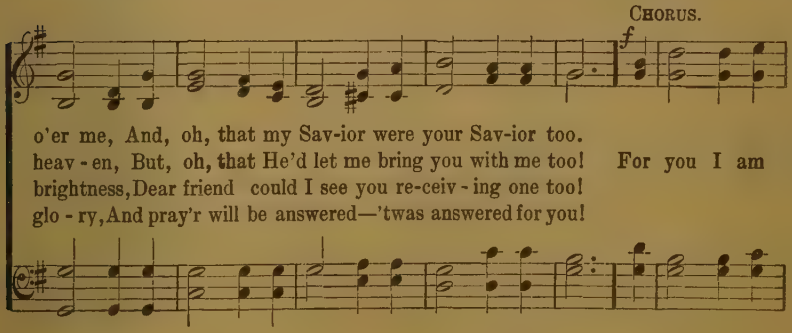
S. O'Maley Cluff.

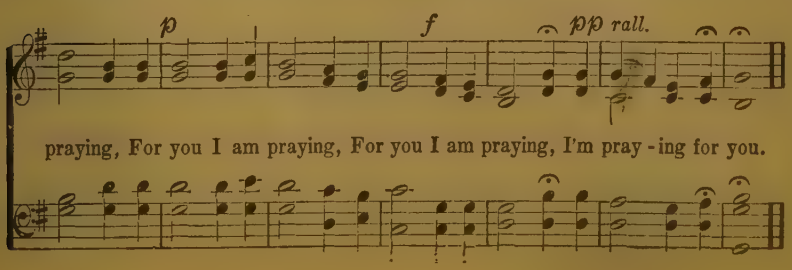
COPYRIGHT 1904, BY IRA D. SANKEY.
USED BY PER. THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO.

Ira D. Sankey.


1. I have a Sav - ior, He's plead - ing in glo - ry, A dear, lov-ing Sav-
2. I have a Fa - ther; to me He has giv - en A hope for e - ter-
3. I have a robe: 'tis re - splend - ent in whiteness, A - wait - ing in glo-
4. When Jesus has found you, tell oth-ers the sto - ry, That my lov - ing Sav-

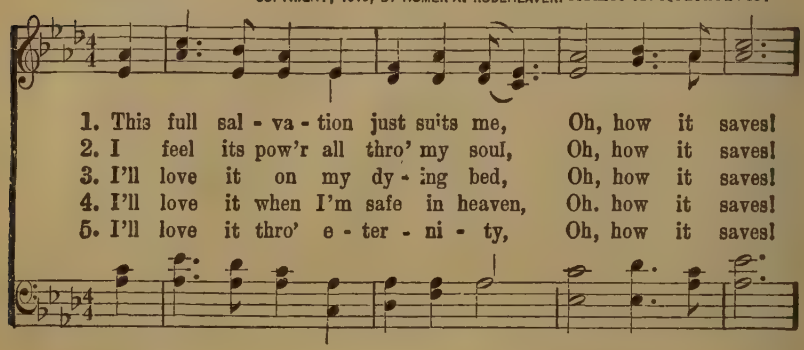

ior tho' earth-friends be few; And now He is watch - ing in ten - der - ness
ni - ty, bless - ed and true; And soon will He call me to meet Him in
ry my won - der - ing view; Oh, when I re - ceive it all shin - ing in
ior is your Sav - ior too; Then pray that your Sav - ior may bring them to

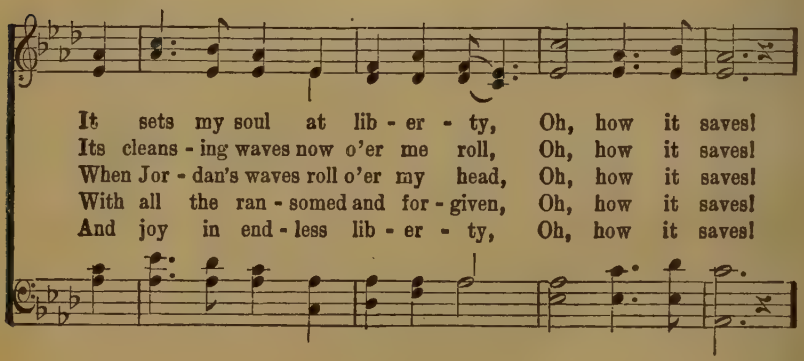

CHORUS.
f
o'er me, And, oh, that my Sav-ior were your Sav-ior too.
heav - en, But, oh, that He'd let me bring you with me too! For you I am
brightness, Dear friend could I see you re-ceiv - ing one too!
glo - ry, And pray'r will be answered—'twas answered for you!

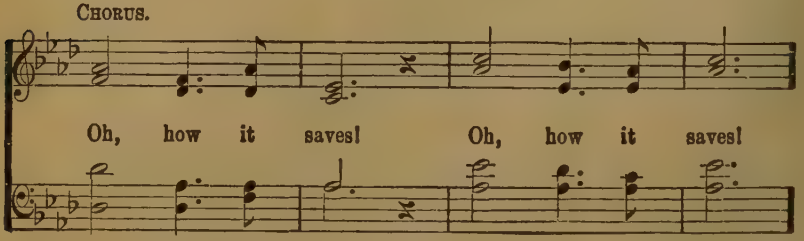


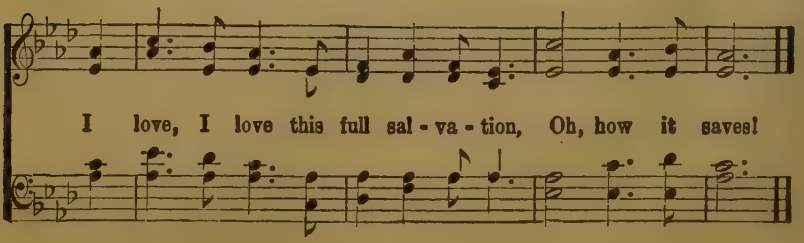
No. 52. How It Saves.

J. Gilchrist Lawson. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. Homer A. Rodeheaver.


1. This full sal - va - tion just suits me, Oh, how it saves!
2. I feel its pow'r all thro' my soul, Oh, how it saves!
3. I'll love it on my dy - ing bed, Oh, how it saves!
4. I'll love it when I'm safe in heaven, Oh. how it saves!
5. I'll love it thro' e - ter - ni - ty, Oh, how it saves!

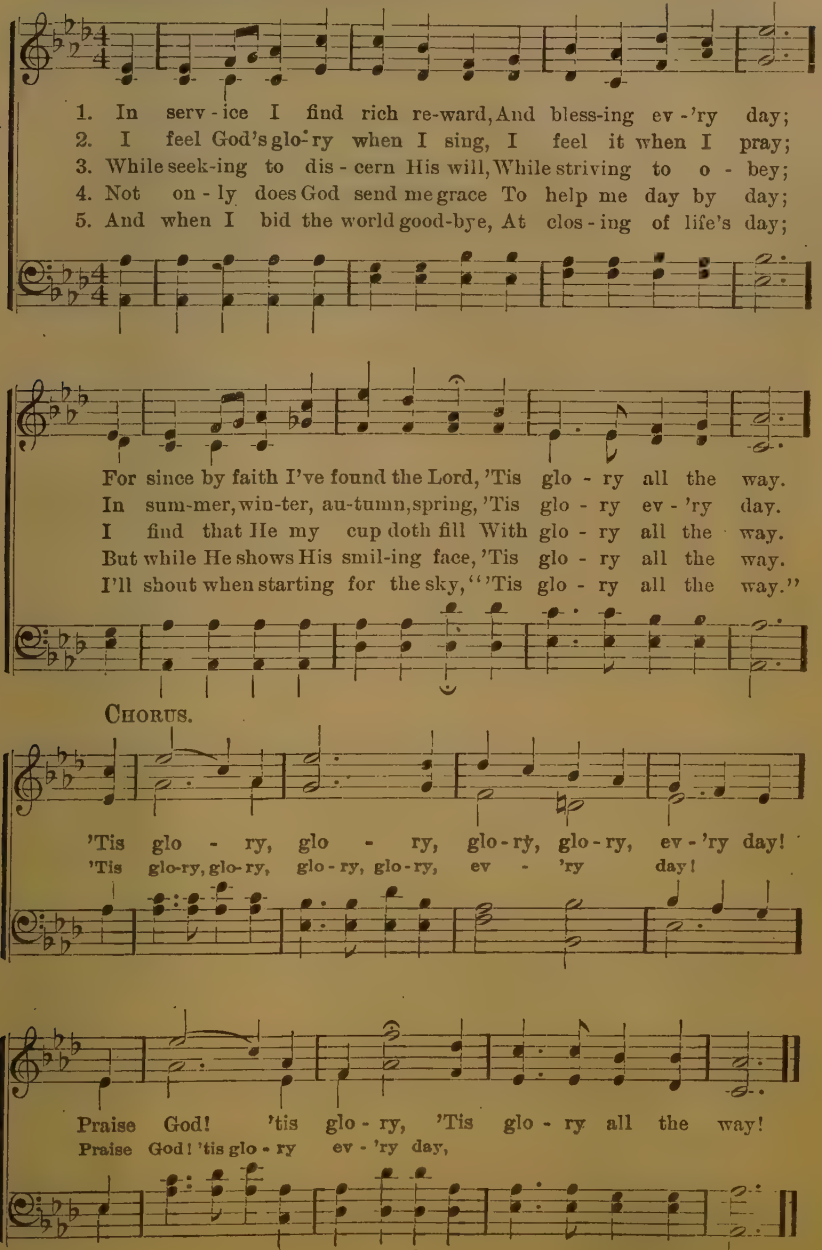

It sets my soul at lib - er - ty, Oh, how it saves!
Its cleans - ing waves now o'er me roll, Oh, how it saves!
When Jor - dan's waves roll o'er my head, Oh, how it saves!
With all the ran - somed and for - given, Oh, how it saves!
And joy in end - less lib - er - ty, Oh, how it saves!





No. 53. Glory Every Day.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY RODEHEAVER & HERBERT. J. B. Herbert.


1. In serv - ice I find rich re-ward, And bless-ing ev - 'ry day;
2. I feel God's glo-ry when I sing, I feel it when I pray;
3. While seek-ing to dis - cern His will, While striving to o - bey;
4. Not on - ly does God send me grace To help me day by day;
5. And when I bid the world good-bye, At clos - ing of life's day;
For since by faith I've found the Lord, 'Tis glo - ry all the way.
In sum-mer, win-ter, au-tumn, spring, 'Tis glo - ry ev - 'ry day.
I find that He my cup doth fill With glo - ry all the way.
But while He shows His smil-ing face, 'Tis glo - ry all the way.
I'll shout when starting for the sky, "'Tis glo - ry all the way."
CHORUS.
'Tis glo - ry, glo - ry, glo-ry, glo-ry, ev - 'ry day!
'Tis glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry, ev - 'ry day!
Praise God! 'tis glo - ry, 'Tis glo - ry all the way!
Praise God! 'tis glo - ry ev - 'ry day,

No. 54. He Knows It All.

Mrs. Ophelia Adams.

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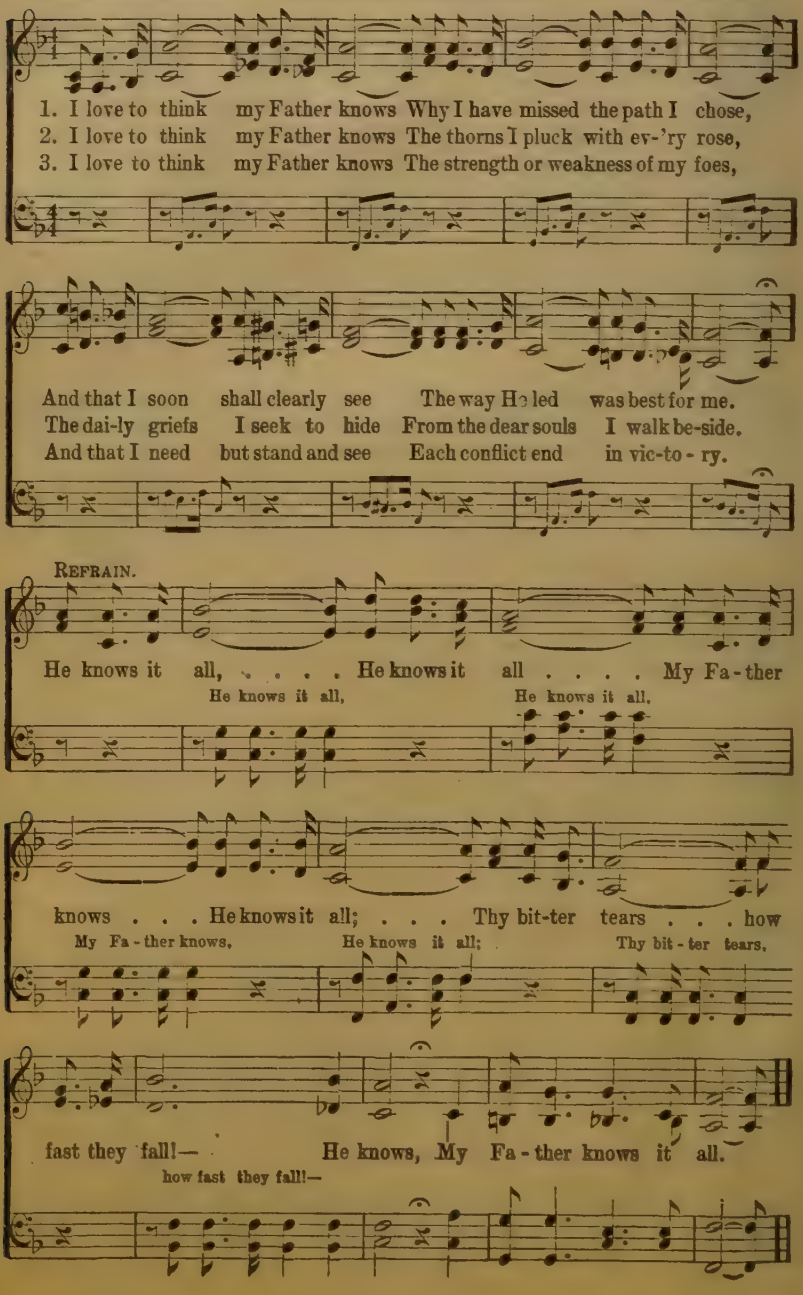
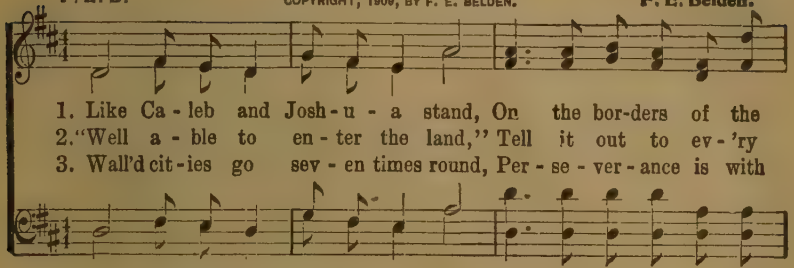
C. M. Davis.

1. I love to think my Father knows Why I have missed the path I chose,
2. I love to think my Father knows The thorns I pluck with ev-'ry rose,
3. I love to think my Father knows The strength or weakness of my foes,
And that I soon shall clearly see The way He led was best for me.
The dai-ly griefs I seek to hide From the dear souls I walk be-side.
And that I need but stand and see Each conflict end in vic-to-ry.
REFRAIN.
He knows it all, ... He knows it all . . . . My Fa-ther
He knows it all, He knows it all.
knows . . . He knows it all; . . . Thy bit-ter tears . . . how
My Fa-ther knows, He knows it all; Thy bit-ter tears,
fast they fall!— He knows, My Fa-ther knows it all.
how fast they fall!—

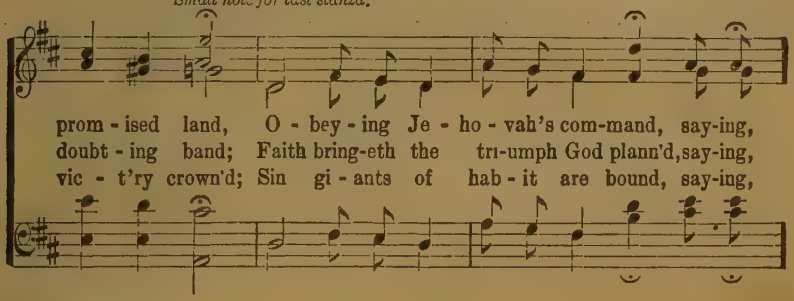
No. 55. "As for Me and My House."

Inscribed to Mrs. F. E. Belden.

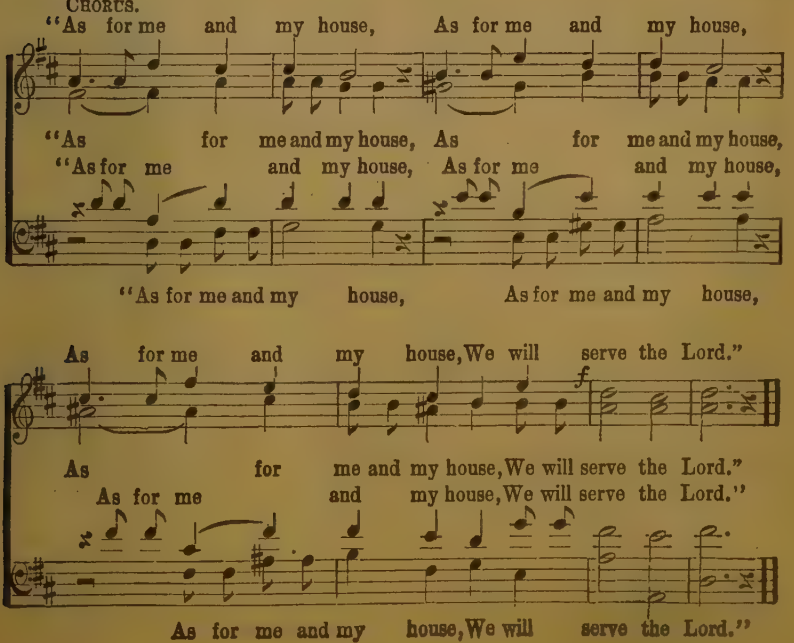
F. E. B. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY F. E. BELDEN. F. E. Belden.


1. Like Ca - leb and Josh - u - a stand, On the bor-ders of the
2. "Well a - ble to en - ter the land," Tell it out to ev - 'ry
3. Wall'd cit - ies go sev - en times round, Per - se - ver - ance is with

Small note for last stanza.


prom - ised land, O - bey - ing Je - ho - vah's com-mand, say-ing,
doubt - ing band; Faith bring-eth the tri-umph God plann'd, say-ing,
vic - t'ry crown'd; Sin gi - ants of hab - it are bound, say-ing,

CHORUS.


"As for me and my house, As for me and my house,
"As for me and my house, As for me and my house,
"As for me and my house, As for me and my house,
"As for me and my house, As for me and my house,
As for me and my house, We will serve the Lord."
As for me and my house, We will serve the Lord."
As for me and my house, We will serve the Lord."
As for me and my house, We will serve the Lord."

No. 56. Because He Loved His Own.

Mrs. C. D. Martin.

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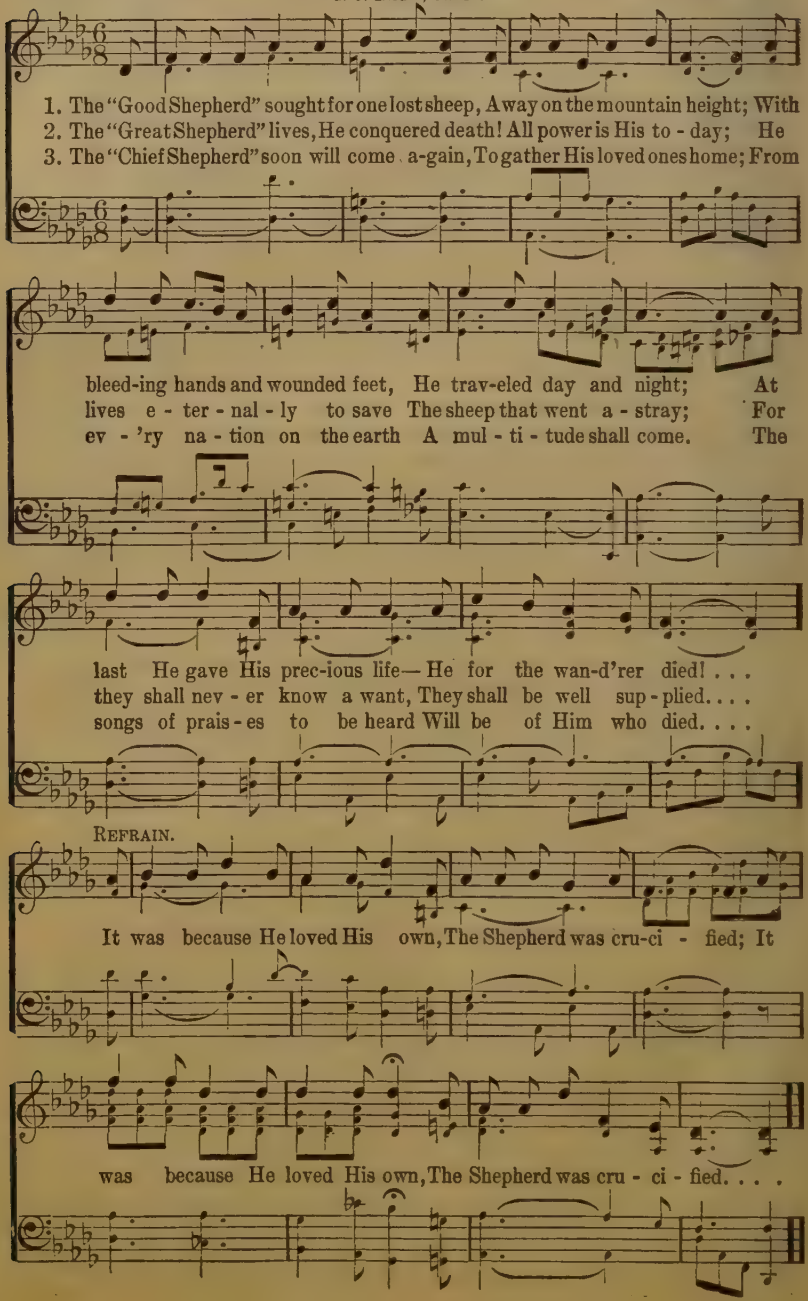
Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. The "Good Shepherd" sought for one lost sheep, Away on the mountain height; With bleed-ing hands and wounded feet, He trav-eled day and night; At
2. The "Great Shepherd" lives, He conquered death! All power is His to - day; He lives e - ter - nal - ly to save The sheep that went a - stray; For
3. The "Chief Shepherd" soon will come a-gain, To gather His loved ones home; From ev - 'ry na - tion on the earth A mul - ti - tude shall come. The
last He gave His prec-ious life—He for the wan-d'rer died! . . .
they shall nev - er know a want, They shall be well sup - plied. . . .
songs of prais - es to be heard Will be of Him who died. . . .
REFRAIN.
It was because He loved His own, The Shepherd was cru-ci - fied; It
was because He loved His own, The Shepherd was cru - ci - fied. . . .

No. 57. With Me All the Way.

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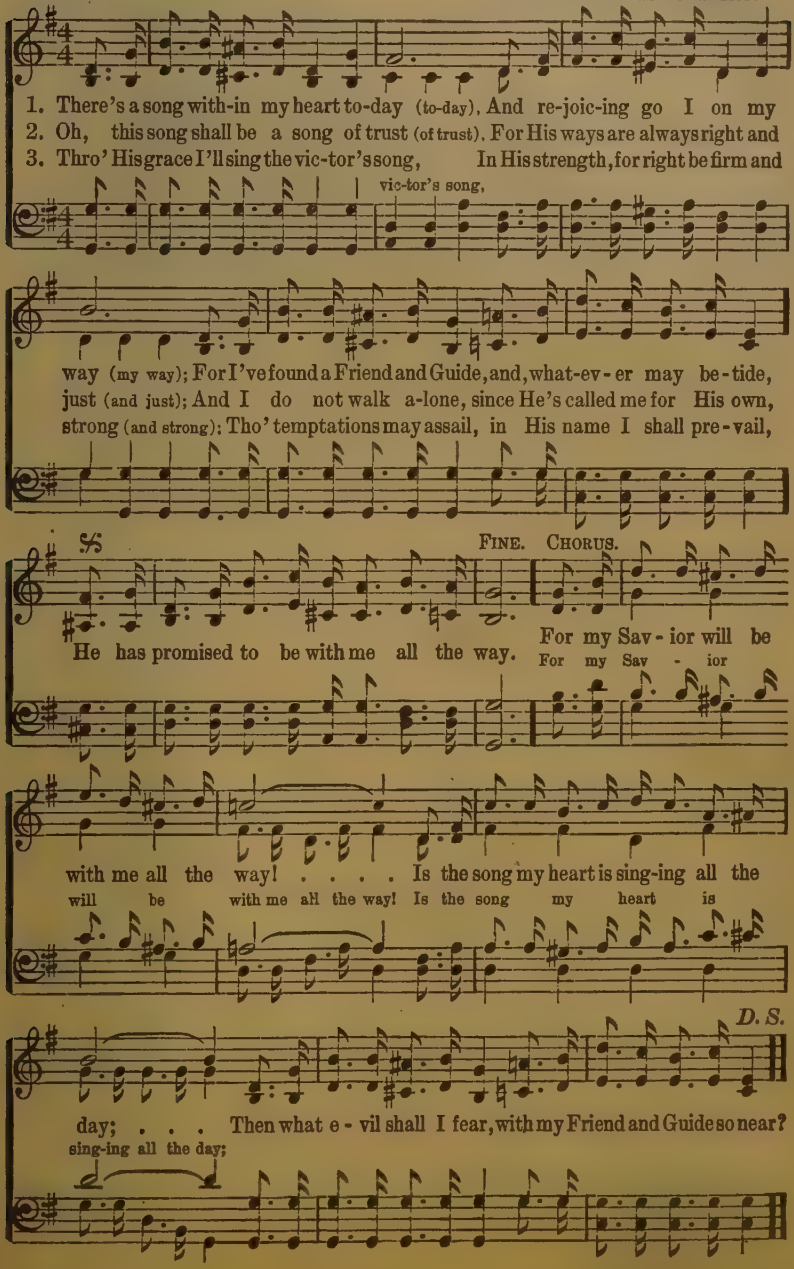
Mrs. N. P. C. Mrs. Nellie Place Chandler.


1. There's a song with-in my heart to-day (to-day), And re-joic-ing go I on my
2. Oh, this song shall be a song of trust (of trust), For His ways are always right and
3. Thro' His grace I'll sing the vic-tor's song, In His strength, for right be firm and
vic-tor's song,
way (my way); For I've found a Friend and Guide, and, what-ev-er may be-tide,
just (and just); And I do not walk a-lone, since He's called me for His own,
strong (and strong); Tho' temptations may assail, in His name I shall pre-vail,
FINE. CHORUS.
He has promised to be with me all the way. For my Sav-ior will be
For my Sav - ior
with me all the way! . . . . Is the song my heart is sing-ing all the
will be with me all the way! Is the song my heart is
D. S.
day; . . . Then what e-vil shall I fear, with my Friend and Guide so near?
sing-ing all the day;

No. 58. I Shall Not Be Moved.

A. H. A.

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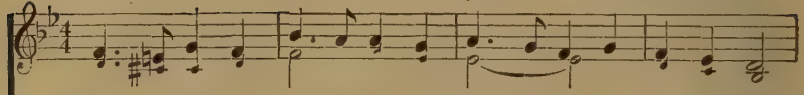
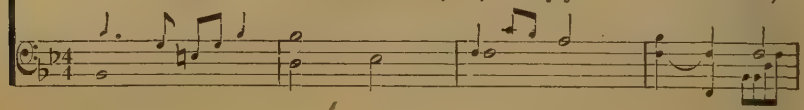
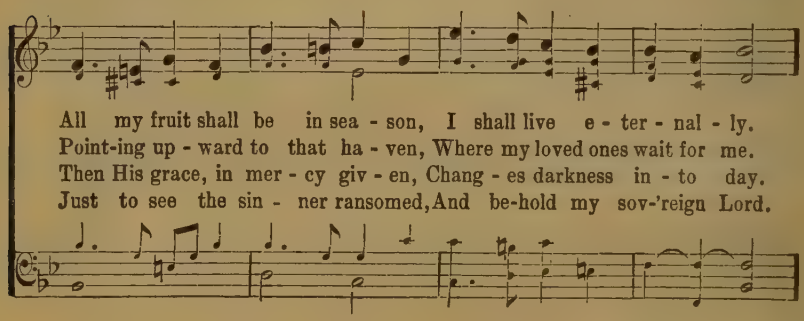
Alfred H. Ackley.



1. As a tree be - side the wa - ter Has the Sav - ior plant - ed me;
2. Tho' the tem-pest rage a-round me, Thro' the storm my Lord I see,
3. When by grief my heart is bro - ken, And the sun-shine steals a - way,
4. When at last I stand be - fore Him, Oh, what joy it will af - ford,



All my fruit shall be in sea - son, I shall live e - ter - nal - ly.
Point-ing up - ward to that ha - ven, Where my loved ones wait for me.
Then His grace, in mer - cy giv - en, Chang - es darkness in - to day.
Just to see the sin - ner ransomed, And be-hold my sov-'reign Lord.



CHORUS.

I shall not be moved,..... I shall not be moved;.....
shall not be moved, shall not be moved;

Anchored to the Rock of A - ges, I shall not be moved.

No. 59. I Am Happy in Him.

E. O. E.

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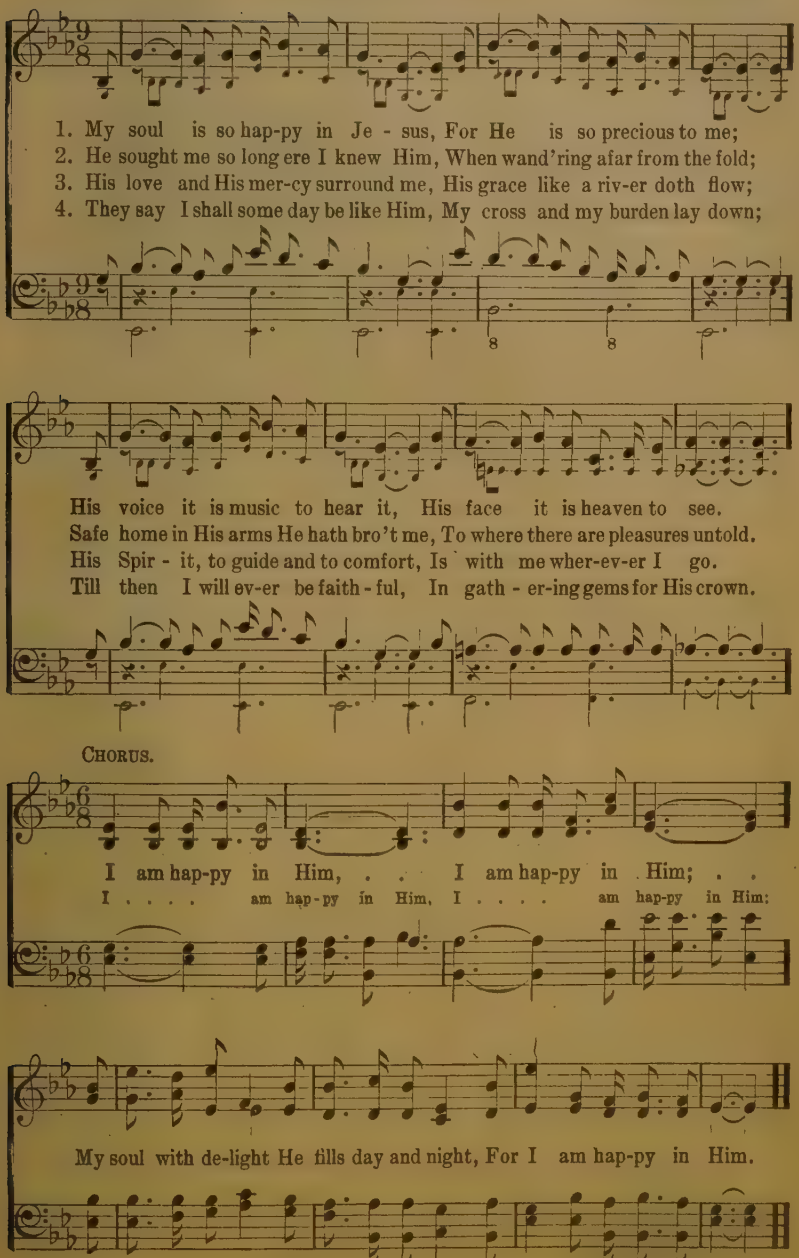
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.


1. My soul is so hap-py in Je - sus, For He is so precious to me;
2. He sought me so long ere I knew Him, When wand'ring afar from the fold;
3. His love and His mer-cy surround me, His grace like a riv-er doth flow;
4. They say I shall some day be like Him, My cross and my burden lay down;
His voice it is music to hear it, His face it is heaven to see.
Safe home in His arms He hath bro't me, To where there are pleasures untold.
His Spir - it, to guide and to comfort, Is with me wher-ev-er I go.
Till then I will ev-er be faith - ful, In gath - er-ing gems for His crown.
CHORUS.
I am hap-py in Him, . . I am hap-py in Him; . .
I . . . . am hap-py in Him, I . . . . am hap-py in Him;
My soul with de-light He fills day and night, For I am hap-py in Him.

No. 60. Christ Died.

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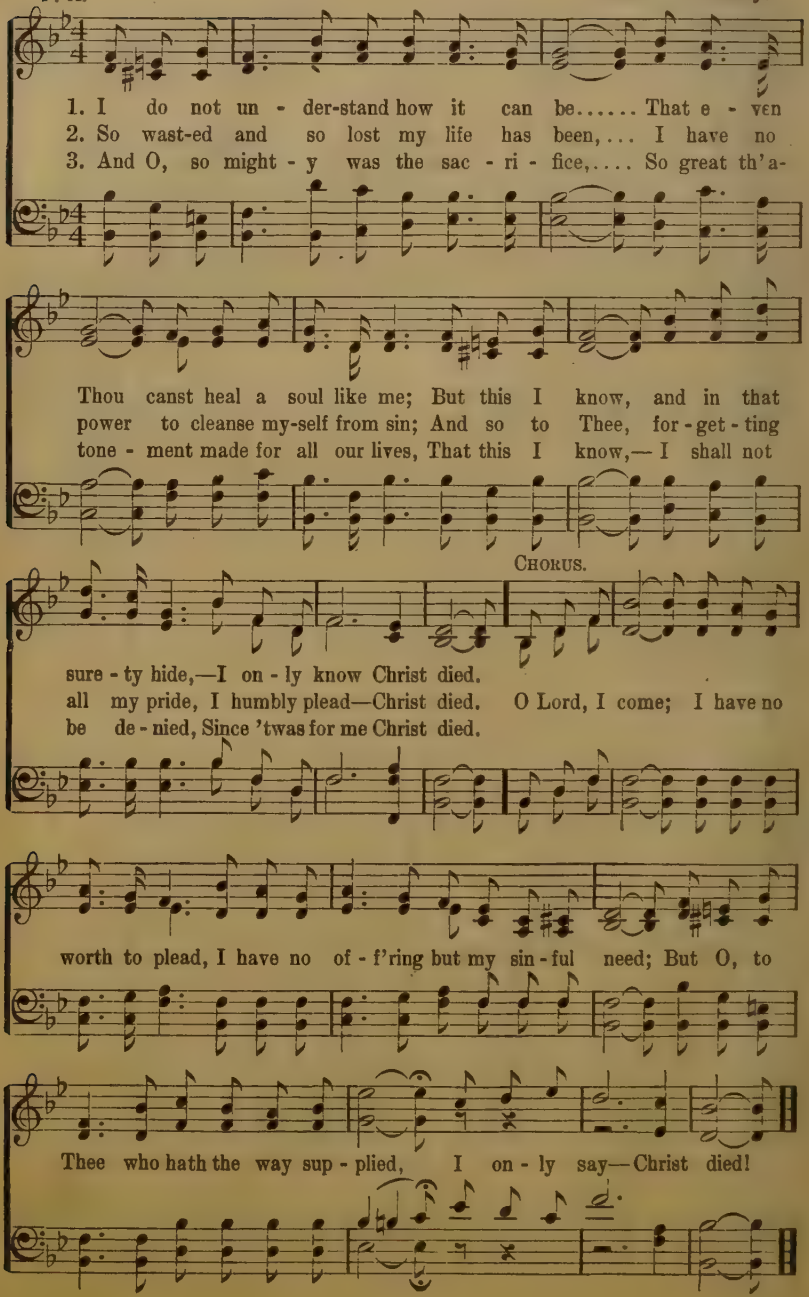
F. A. Frances Abernethy.


1. I do not un - der-stand how it can be..... That e - ven
2. So wast-ed and so lost my life has been,... I have no
3. And O, so might - y was the sac - ri - fice,.... So great th'a-
Thou canst heal a soul like me; But this I know, and in that
power to cleanse my-self from sin; And so to Thee, for - get - ting
tone - ment made for all our lives, That this I know,— I shall not
CHORUS.
sure - ty hide,—I on - ly know Christ died.
all my pride, I humbly plead—Christ died. O Lord, I come; I have no
be de - nied, Since 'twas for me Christ died.
worth to plead, I have no of - f'ring but my sin - ful need; But O, to
Thee who hath the way sup - plied, I on - ly say—Christ died!

No. 61. I'm a Pilgrim.

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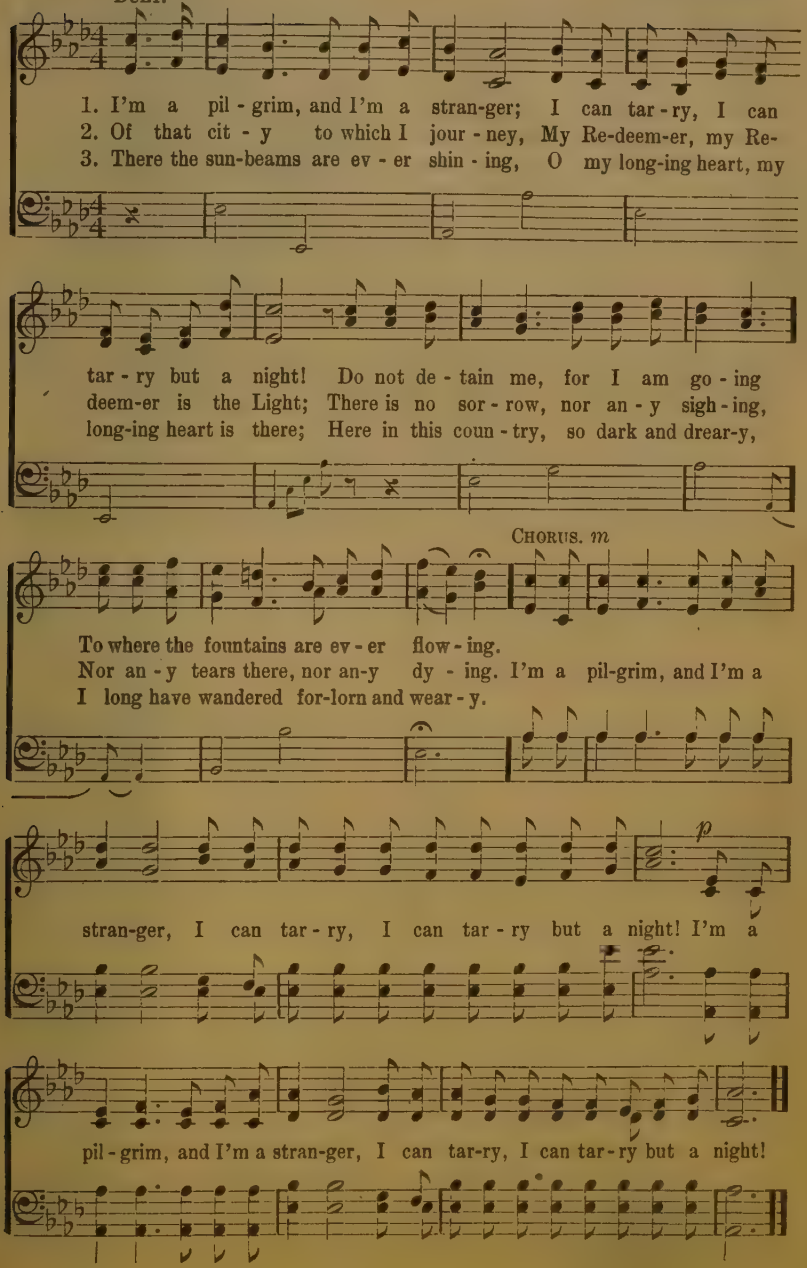
Mary S. B. Dana. J. B. Herbert.

DUET.


1. I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stran-ger; I can tar - ry, I can
2. Of that cit - y to which I jour - ney, My Re-deem-er, my Re-
3. There the sun-beams are ev - er shin - ing, O my long-ing heart, my
tar - ry but a night! Do not de - tain me, for I am go - ing
deem-er is the Light; There is no sor - row, nor an - y sigh - ing,
long-ing heart is there; Here in this coun - try, so dark and drear-y,
CHORUS. m
To where the fountains are ev - er flow - ing.
Nor an - y tears there, nor an-y dy - ing. I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a
I long have wandered for-lorn and wear - y.
p
stran-ger, I can tar - ry, I can tar - ry but a night! I'm a
pil - grim, and I'm a stran-ger, I can tar-ry, I can tar - ry but a night!

No. 62. Then Shall I Know.

E. E. Hewitt.

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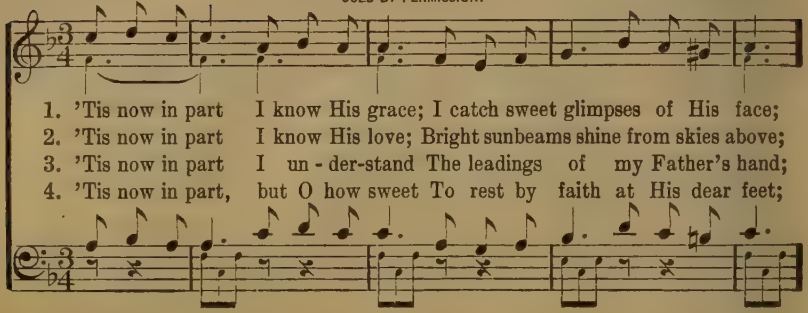
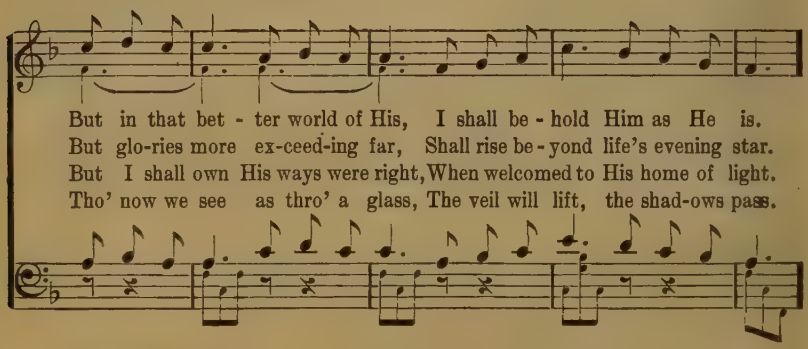
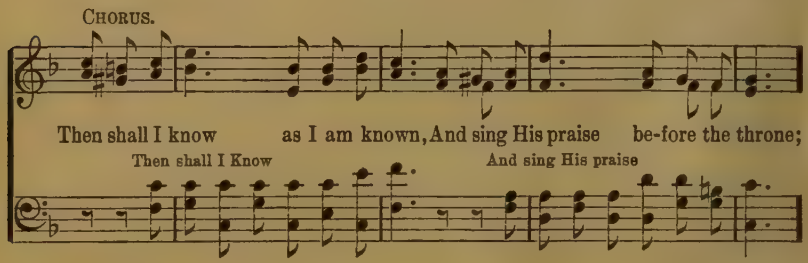
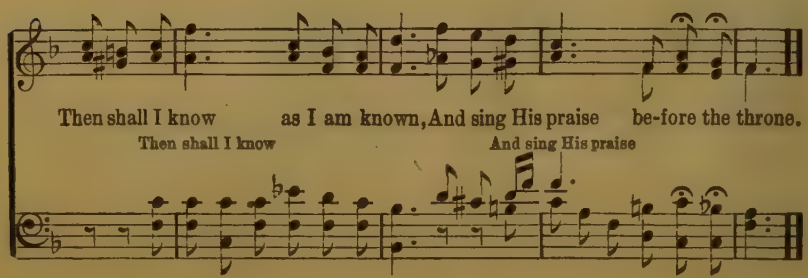
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. 'Tis now in part I know His grace; I catch sweet glimpses of His face;
2. 'Tis now in part I know His love; Bright sunbeams shine from skies above;
3. 'Tis now in part I un - der-stand The leadings of my Father's hand;
4. 'Tis now in part, but O how sweet To rest by faith at His dear feet;


But in that bet - ter world of His, I shall be - hold Him as He is.
But glo-ries more ex-ceed-ing far, Shall rise be - yond life's evening star.
But I shall own His ways were right, When welcomed to His home of light.
Tho' now we see as thro' a glass, The veil will lift, the shad-ows pass.

CHORUS.





No. 63. Is It the Crowning Day?

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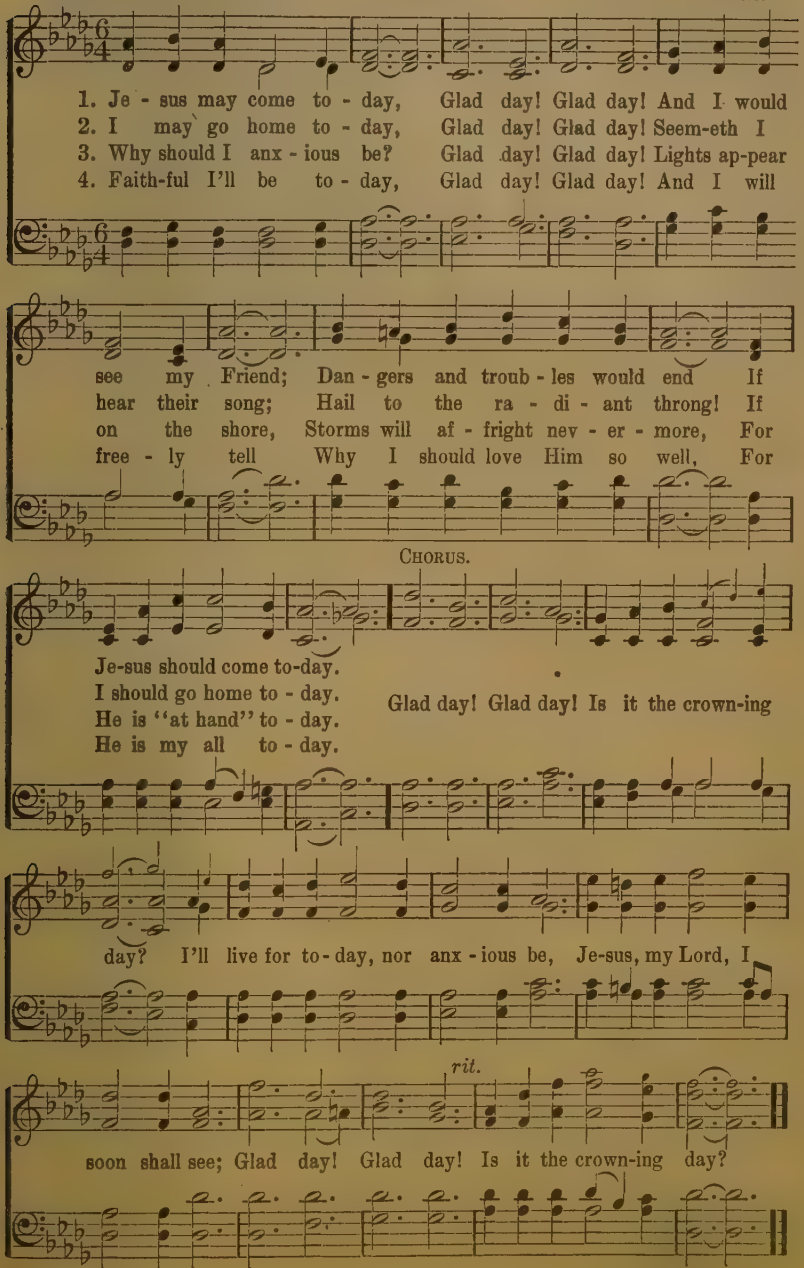
George Walker Whitcomb. Charles H. Marsh.


1. Je - sus may come to - day, Glad day! Glad day! And I would
2. I may go home to - day, Glad day! Glad day! Seem-eth I
3. Why should I anx - ious be? Glad day! Glad day! Lights ap-pear
4. Faith-ful I'll be to - day, Glad day! Glad day! And I will
see my Friend; Dan - gers and troub - les would end If
hear their song; Hail to the ra - di - ant throng! If
on the shore, Storms will af - fright nev - er - more, For
free - ly tell Why I should love Him so well, For
CHORUS.
Je-sus should come to-day.
I should go home to - day.
He is "at hand" to - day.
He is my all to - day.
Glad day! Glad day! Is it the crown-ing
day? I'll live for to - day, nor anx - ious be, Je-sus, my Lord, I
rit.
soon shall see; Glad day! Glad day! Is it the crown-ing day?

No. 64. You Need the Savior.

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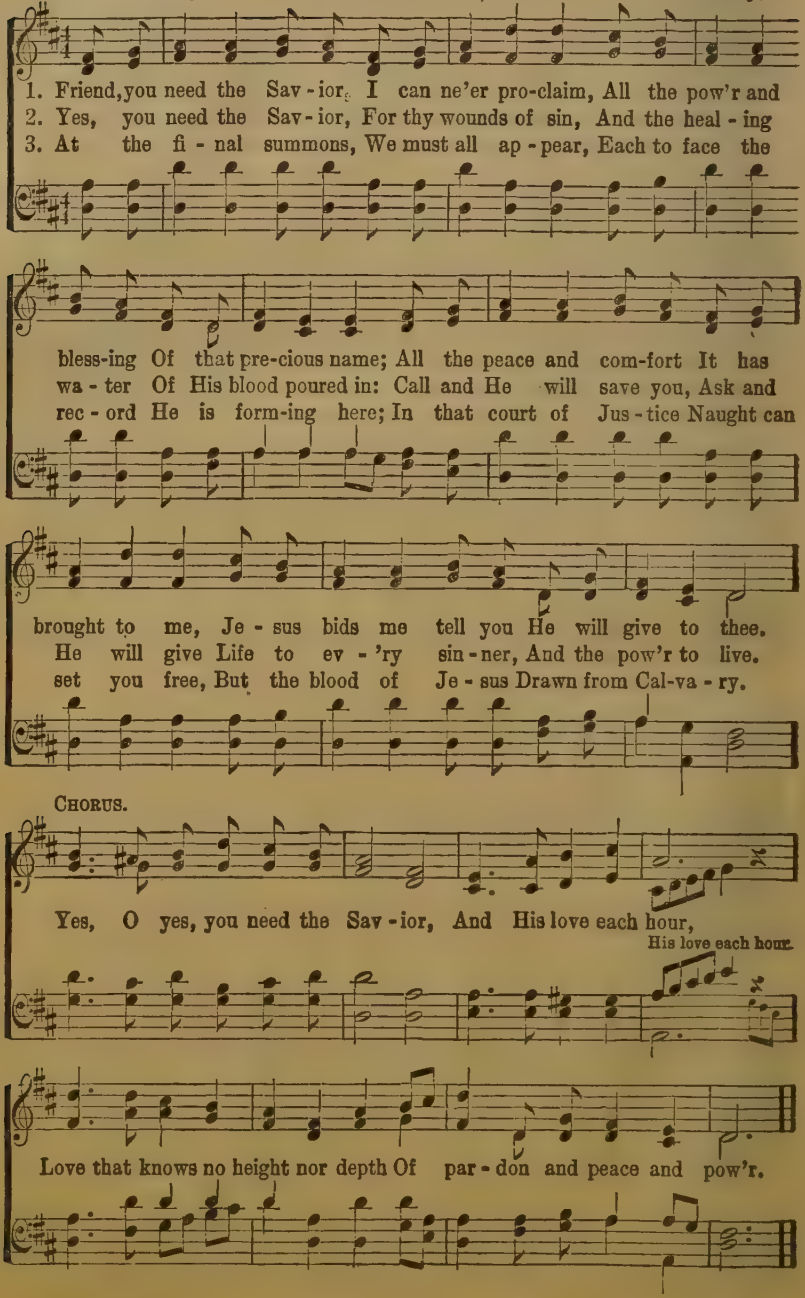
Rev. A. H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.


1. Friend, you need the Sav - ior, I can ne'er pro-claim, All the pow'r and
2. Yes, you need the Sav - ior, For thy wounds of sin, And the heal - ing
3. At the fi - nal summons, We must all ap - pear, Each to face the
bless-ing Of that pre-cious name; All the peace and com-fort It has
wa - ter Of His blood poured in: Call and He will save you, Ask and
rec - ord He is form-ing here; In that court of Jus - tice Naught can
brought to me, Je - sus bids me tell you He will give to thee.
He will give Life to ev - 'ry sin - ner, And the pow'r to live.
set you free, But the blood of Je - sus Drawn from Cal-va - ry.
CHORUS.
Yes, O yes, you need the Sav - ior, And His love each hour,
His love each hour.
Love that knows no height nor depth Of par - don and peace and pow'r.

No. 65. I Will Not Forget Thee.

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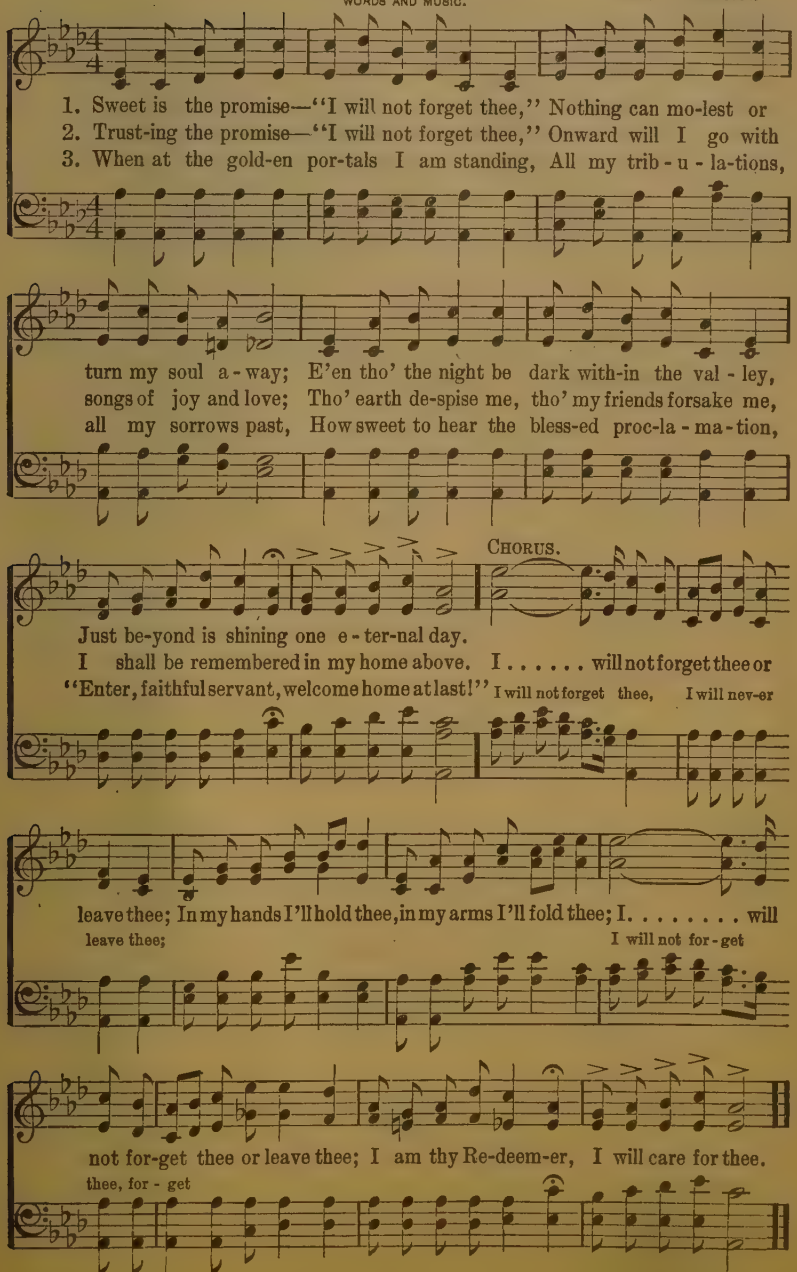
WORDS AND MUSIC.


1. Sweet is the promise—"I will not forget thee," Nothing can mo-lest or
2. Trust-ing the promise—"I will not forget thee," Onward will I go with
3. When at the gold-en por-tals I am standing, All my trib-u-la-tions,
turn my soul a-way; E'en tho' the night be dark with-in the val-ley,
songs of joy and love; Tho' earth de-spise me, tho' my friends forsake me,
all my sorrows past, How sweet to hear the bless-ed proc-la-ma-tion,
CHORUS.
Just be-yond is shining one e-ter-nal day.
I shall be remembered in my home above. I . . . . . will not forget thee or
"Enter, faithful servant, welcome home at last!" I will not forget thee, I will nev-er
leave thee; In my hands I'll hold thee, in my arms I'll fold thee; I. . . . . will
leave thee; I will not for-get
not for-get thee or leave thee; I am thy Re-deem-er, I will care for thee.
thee, for-get

No. 66. Calling the Prodigal.

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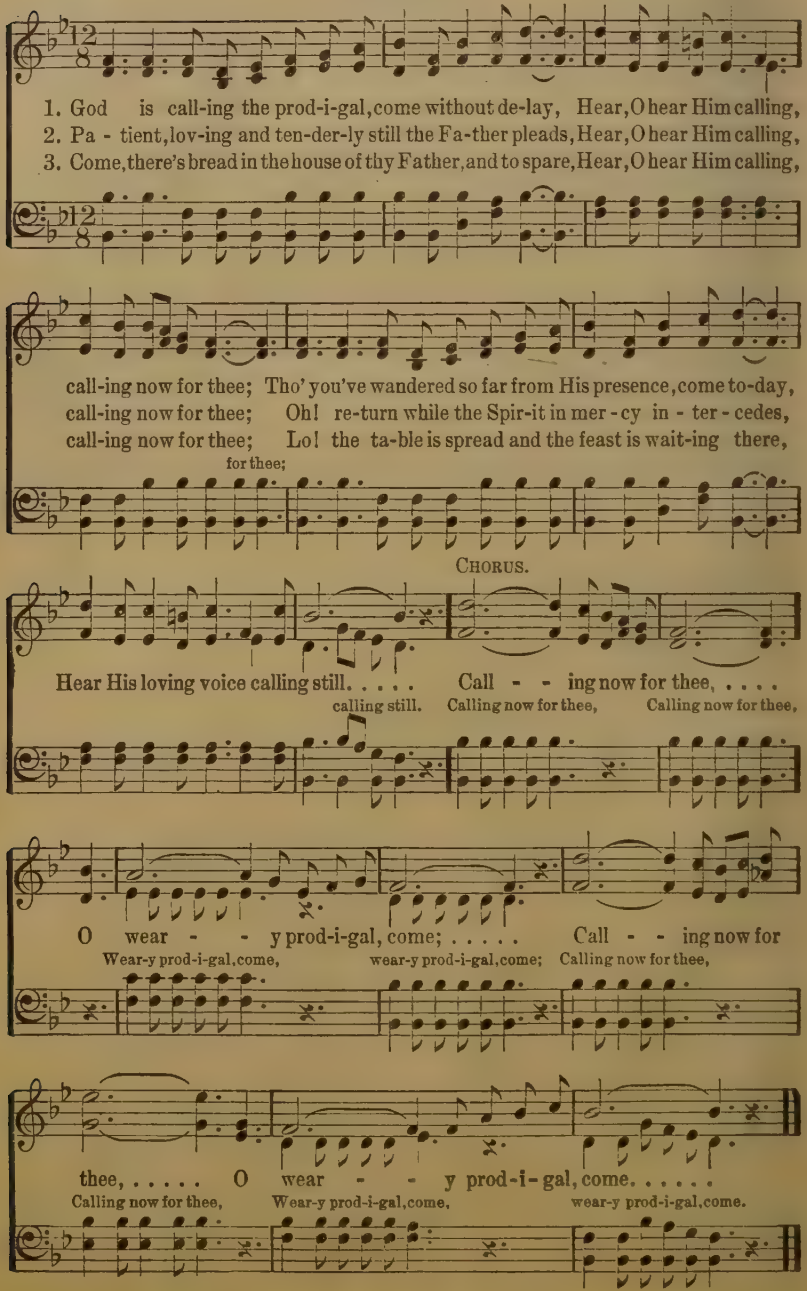
1. God is call-ing the prod-i-gal, come without de-lay, Hear, O hear Him calling,
2. Pa - tient, lov-ing and ten-der-ly still the Fa-ther pleads, Hear, O hear Him calling,
3. Come, there's bread in the house of thy Father, and to spare, Hear, O hear Him calling,
call-ing now for thee; Tho' you've wandered so far from His presence, come to-day,
call-ing now for thee; Oh! re-turn while the Spir-it in mer - cy in - ter - cedes,
call-ing now for thee; Lo! the ta-ble is spread and the feast is wait-ing there,
for thee;
Chorus.
Hear His loving voice calling still. . . . . Call - - ing now for thee, ...
calling still. Calling now for thee, Calling now for thee,
O wear - - y prod-i-gal, come; . . . . . Call - - ing now for
Wear-y prod-i-gal, come, wear-y prod-i-gal, come; Calling now for thee,
thee, ... O wear - - y prod-i-gal, come. . . . . .
Calling now for thee, Wear-y prod-i-gal, come, wear-y prod-i-gal, come.

No. 67. O My Soul, Bless Thou Jehovah.

Psalm 103.

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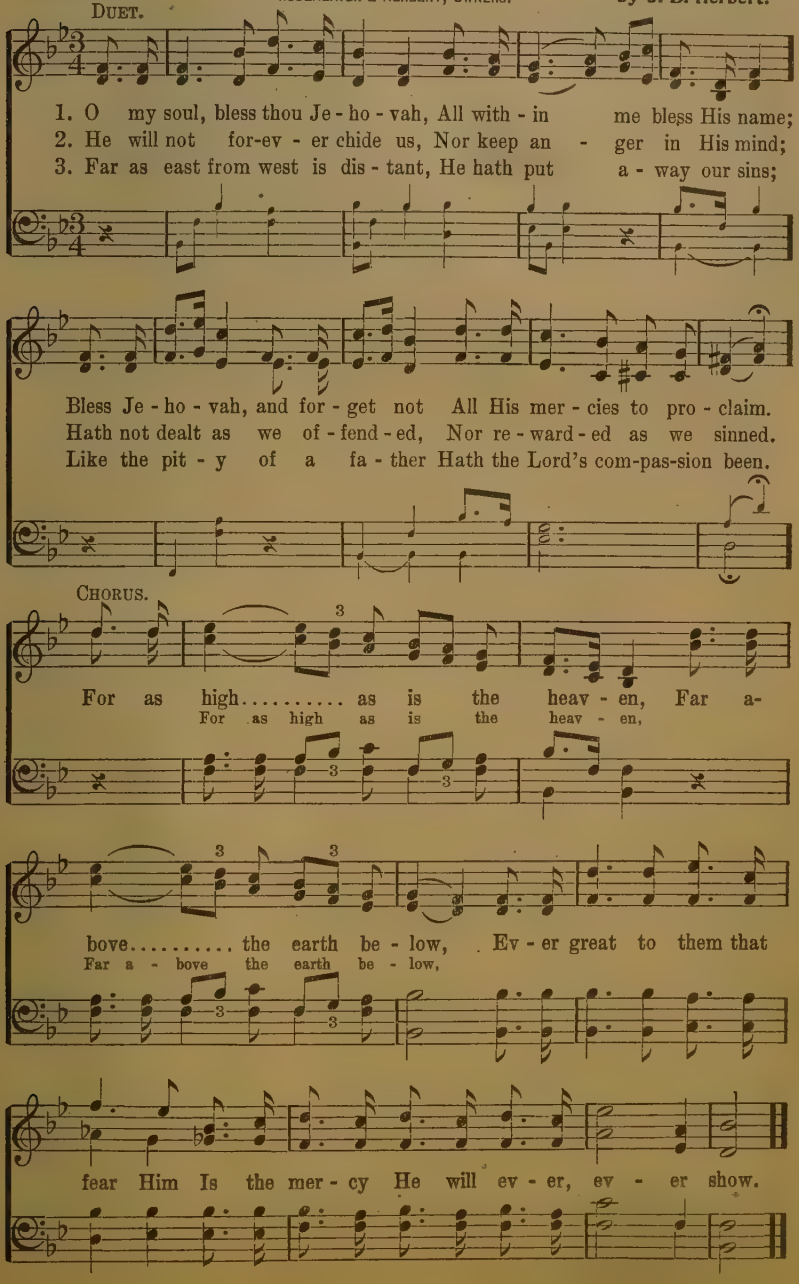
From Donizetti,
by J. B. Herbert.

DUET.


1. O my soul, bless thou Je - ho - vah, All with - in me bless His name;
2. He will not for-ev - er chide us, Nor keep an - ger in His mind;
3. Far as east from west is dis - tant, He hath put a - way our sins;
Bless Je - ho - vah, and for - get not All His mer - cies to pro - claim.
Hath not dealt as we of - fend - ed, Nor re - ward - ed as we sinned.
Like the pit - y of a fa - ther Hath the Lord's com-pas-sion been.
CHORUS.
For as high..... as is the heav - en, Far a-
For as high as is the heav - en,
bove..... the earth be - low, Ev - er great to them that
Far a - bove the earth be - low,
fear Him Is the mer - cy He will ev - er, ev - er show.

No. 68. Some Sweet Morn.

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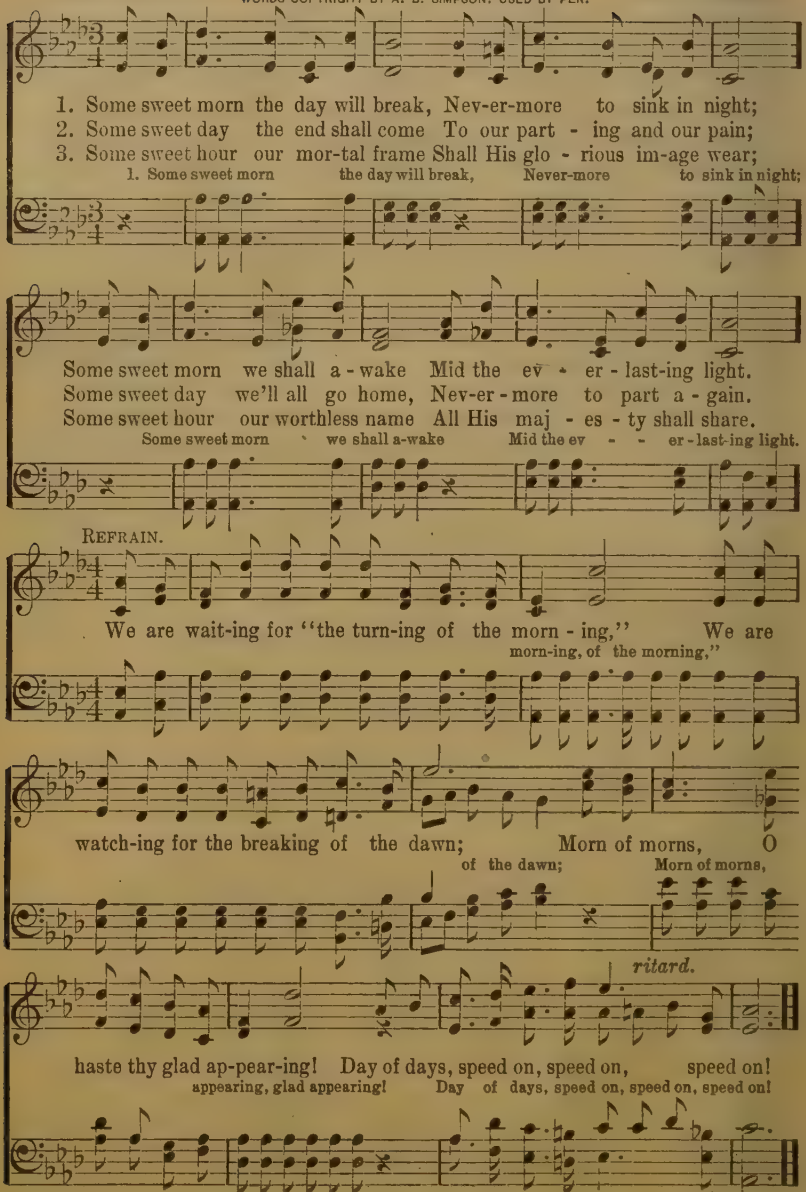
A. B. Simpson, D. D. — Geo. C. Stebbins.

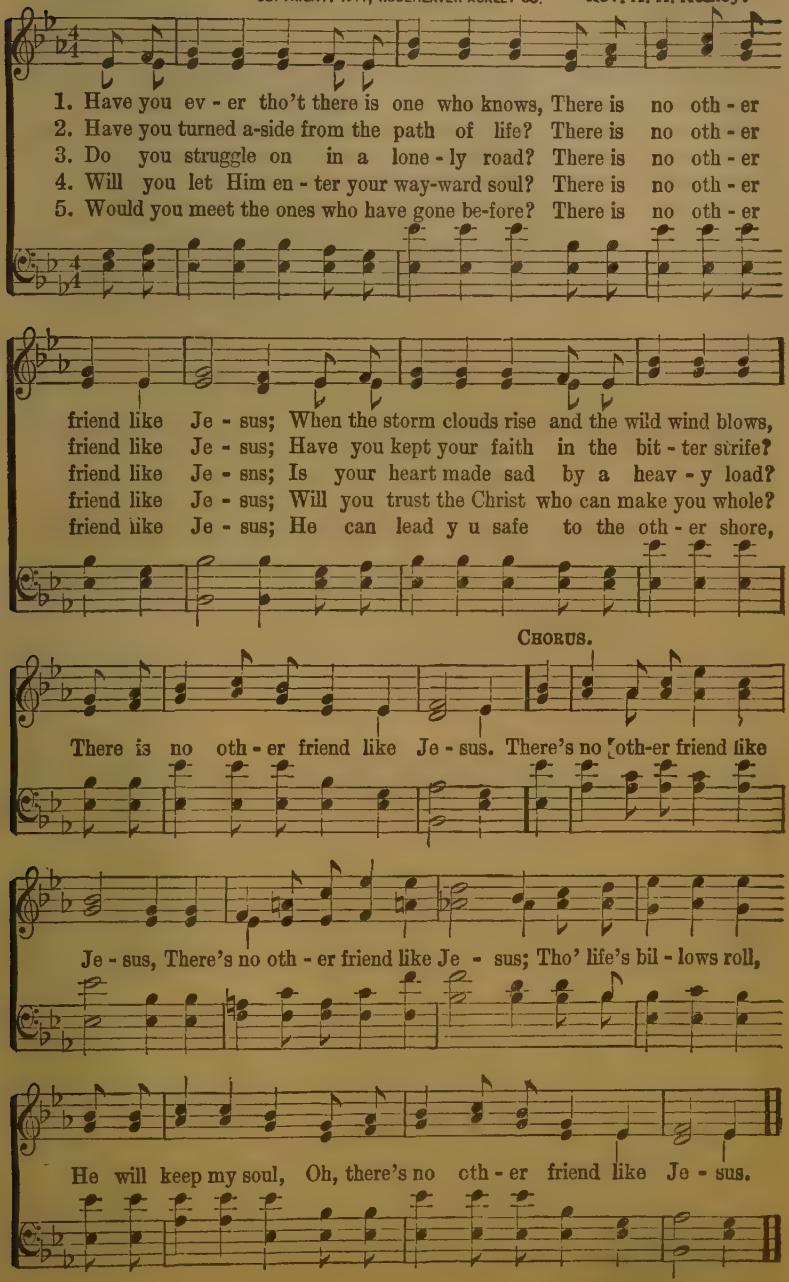

1. Some sweet morn the day will break, Nev-er-more to sink in night;
2. Some sweet day the end shall come To our part - ing and our pain;
3. Some sweet hour our mor-tal frame Shall His glo - rious im-age wear;
1. Some sweet morn the day will break, Never-more to sink in night;
Some sweet morn we shall a - wake Mid the ev - er - last-ing light.
Some sweet day we'll all go home, Nev-er-more to part a - gain.
Some sweet hour our worthless name All His maj - es - ty shall share.
Some sweet morn we shall a-wake Mid the ev - - er-last-ing light.
REFRAIN.
We are wait-ing for "the turn-ing of the morn - ing," We are
morn-ing, of the morning,"
watch-ing for the breaking of the dawn; Morn of morns, O
of the dawn; Morn of morns,
ritard.
haste thy glad ap-pear-ing! Day of days, speed on, speed on, speed on!
appearing, glad appearing! Day of days, speed on, speed on, speed on!

4 Some sweet day our tongue shall tell
All the story of His love;
Some sweet day our song shall swell
Loud and sweet as songs above.

5 Some sweet morn we'll see His face,
And we shall be satisfied;
Some sweet day in His embrace
We shall evermore abide.

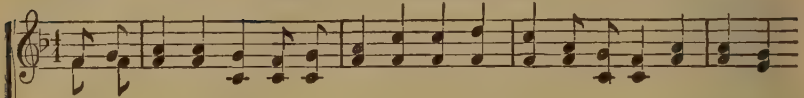
No. 69. No Other Friend Like Jesus.

A. H. A. COPYRIGHT, 1911, RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO. Rev. A. H. Ackley.

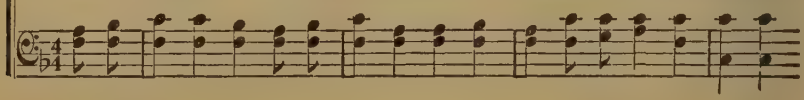

1. Have you ev - er tho't there is one who knows, There is no oth - er
2. Have you turned a-side from the path of life? There is no oth - er
3. Do you struggle on in a lone - ly road? There is no oth - er
4. Will you let Him en - ter your way-ward soul? There is no oth - er
5. Would you meet the ones who have gone be-fore? There is no oth - er
friend like Je - sus; When the storm clouds rise and the wild wind blows,
friend like Je - sus; Have you kept your faith in the bit - ter strife?
friend like Je - sns; Is your heart made sad by a heav - y load?
friend like Je - sus; Will you trust the Christ who can make you whole?
friend like Je - sus; He can lead y u safe to the oth - er shore,
CHORUS.
There is no oth - er friend like Je - sus. There's no oth-er friend like
Je - sus, There's no oth - er friend like Je - sus; Tho' life's bil - lows roll,
He will keep my soul, Oh, there's no oth - er friend like Je - sus.

No. 70. Send the Power Again.

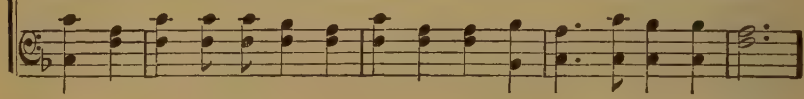
Rev. W. C. Poole. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO. Chas. H. Gabriel.

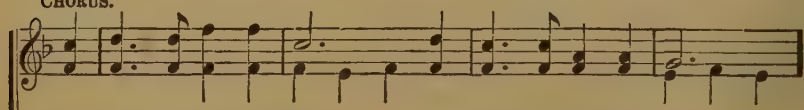


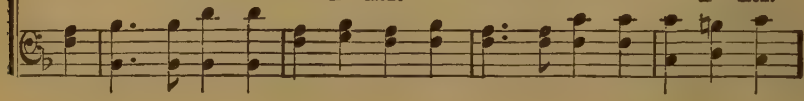
1. There was pow'r, O Lord, in the days of old, To kin - dle a fire in hearts grown
2. There was pow'r by which ev'ry tongue could speak, New life-giving pow'r unto the
3. There was pow'r to set ev'ry cap-tive free And give to Thy servants lib - er-
4. There was pow'r, O Lord, in the old-time pray'r, It thrilled ev'ry heart and lingered

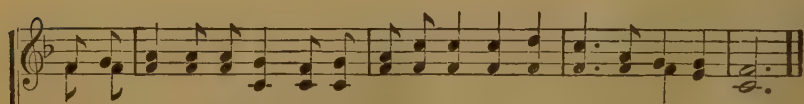


cold; That we on Thy word may now lay hold, Lord, send that pow'r a-gain.
weak, That sent them the wand'ring ones to seek—Lord, send that pow'r a-gain.
ty To speak and to pray and work for Thee—Lord, send that pow'r a-gain.
there, Till we in Thy glo - ry seemed to share—Lord, send that pow'r a-gain.

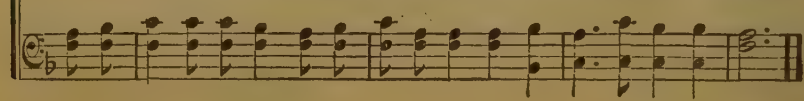


CHORUS.

Lord, send the pow'r a - gain, O send the pow'r a - gain!
A - men! A - men!





We believe on Thy name, And Thy promise we claim, Lord, send the pow'r a-gain.

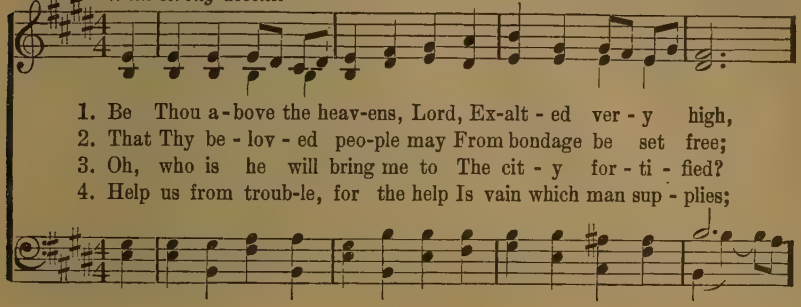


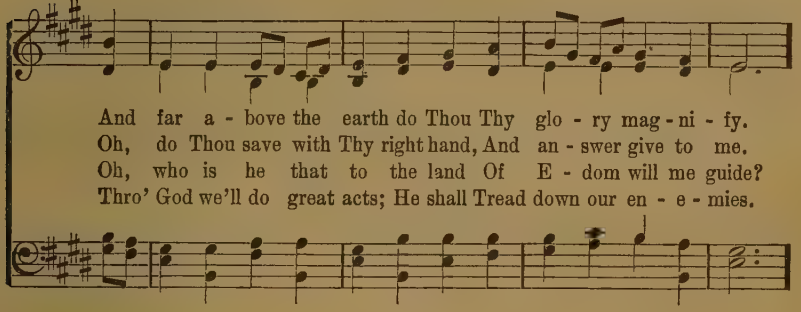
No. 71. When Our Hosts to Battle Go.

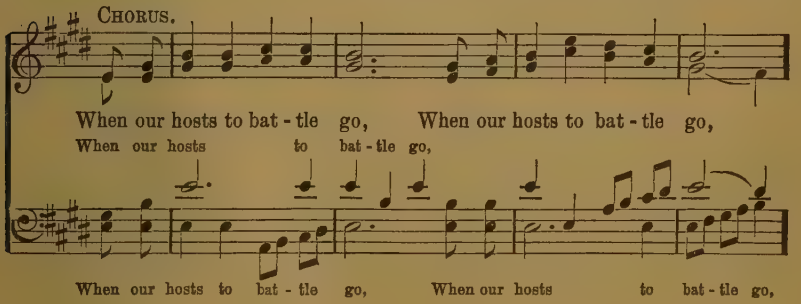
COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY J. B. HERBERT.

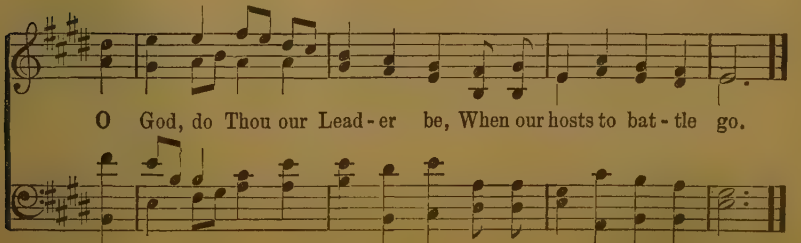
Psalm 108. J. B. Herbert.

With strong accent.

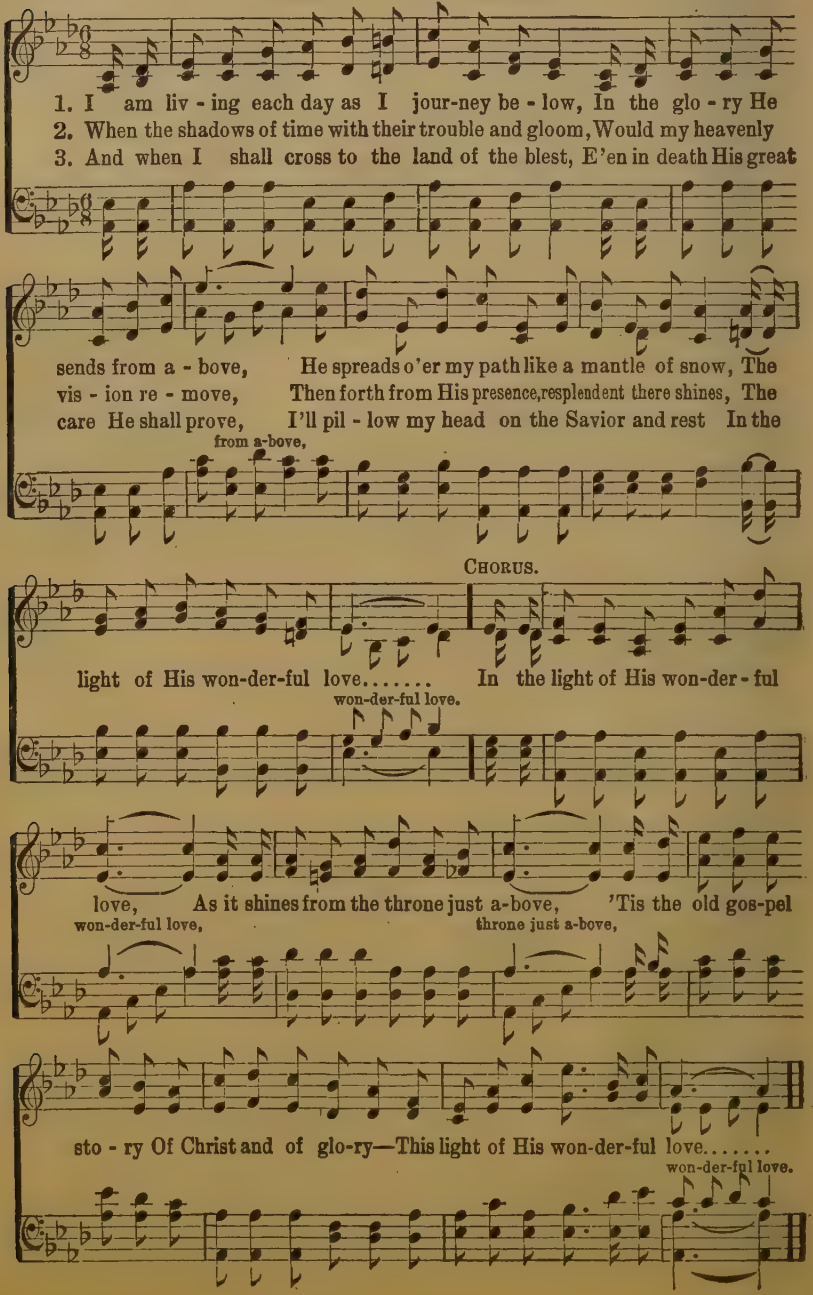

1. Be Thou a-bove the heav-ens, Lord, Ex-alt - ed ver - y high,
2. That Thy be - lov - ed peo-ple may From bondage be set free;
3. Oh, who is he will bring me to The cit - y for - ti - fied?
4. Help us from troub-le, for the help Is vain which man sup - plies;


And far a - bove the earth do Thou Thy glo - ry mag - ni - fy.
Oh, do Thou save with Thy right hand, And an - swer give to me.
Oh, who is he that to the land Of E - dom will me guide?
Thro' God we'll do great acts; He shall Tread down our en - e - mies.


CHORUS.
When our hosts to bat - tle go, When our hosts to bat - tle go,
When our hosts to bat - tle go,
When our hosts to bat - tle go, When our hosts to bat - tle go,



No. 72. The Light of His Wonderful Love.

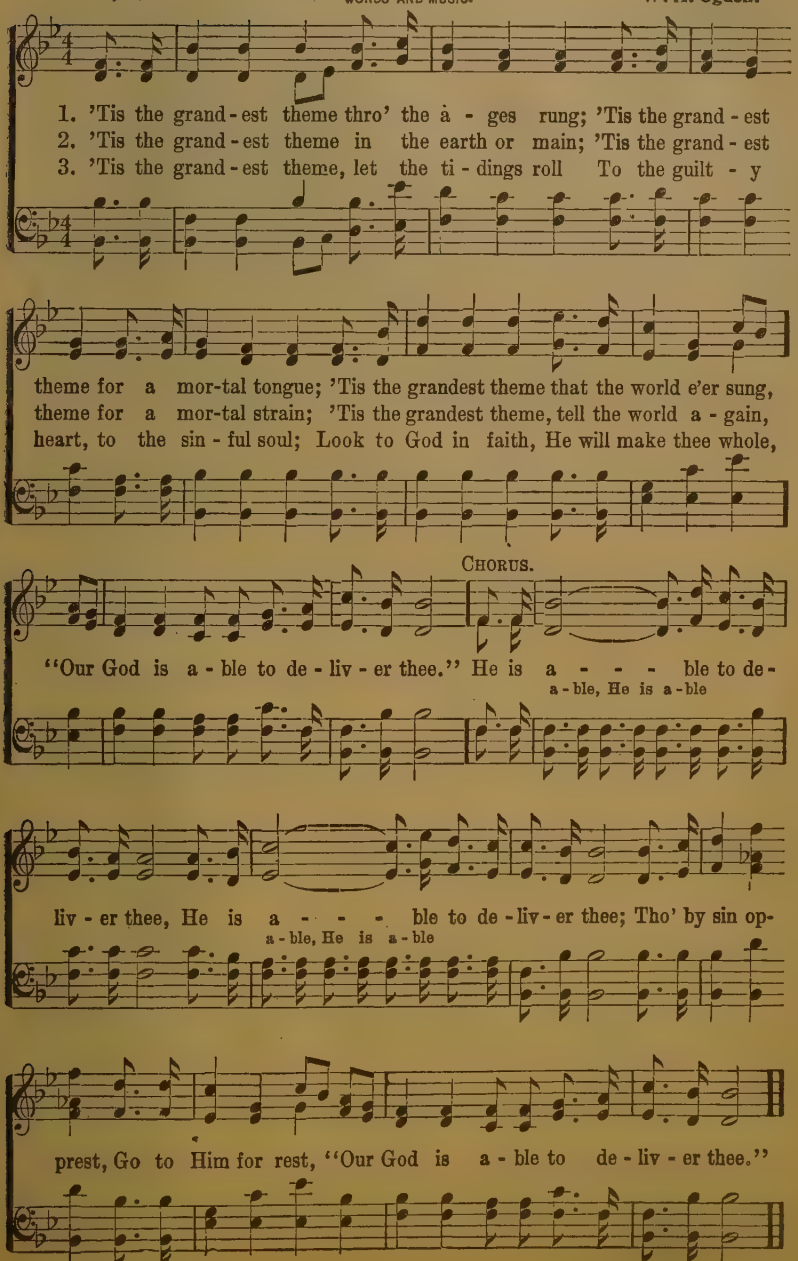
Rev. A. H. Ackley. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY ACKLEY & RODEHEAVER B. D. Ackley.

1. I am liv - ing each day as I jour-ney be - low, In the glo - ry He
2. When the shadows of time with their trouble and gloom, Would my heavenly
3. And when I shall cross to the land of the blest, E'en in death His great
sends from a - bove, He spreads o'er my path like a mantle of snow, The
vis - ion re - move, Then forth from His presence, resplendent there shines, The
care He shall prove, I'll pil - low my head on the Savior and rest In the
from a-bove,
CHORUS.
light of His won-der-ful love..... In the light of His won-der - ful
won-der-ful love.
love, As it shines from the throne just a-bove, 'Tis the old gos-pel
won-der-ful love, throne just a-bove,
sto - ry Of Christ and of glo-ry—This light of His won-der-ful love.....
won-der-ful love.

No. 73. He is Able to Deliver Thee.

W. A. O.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

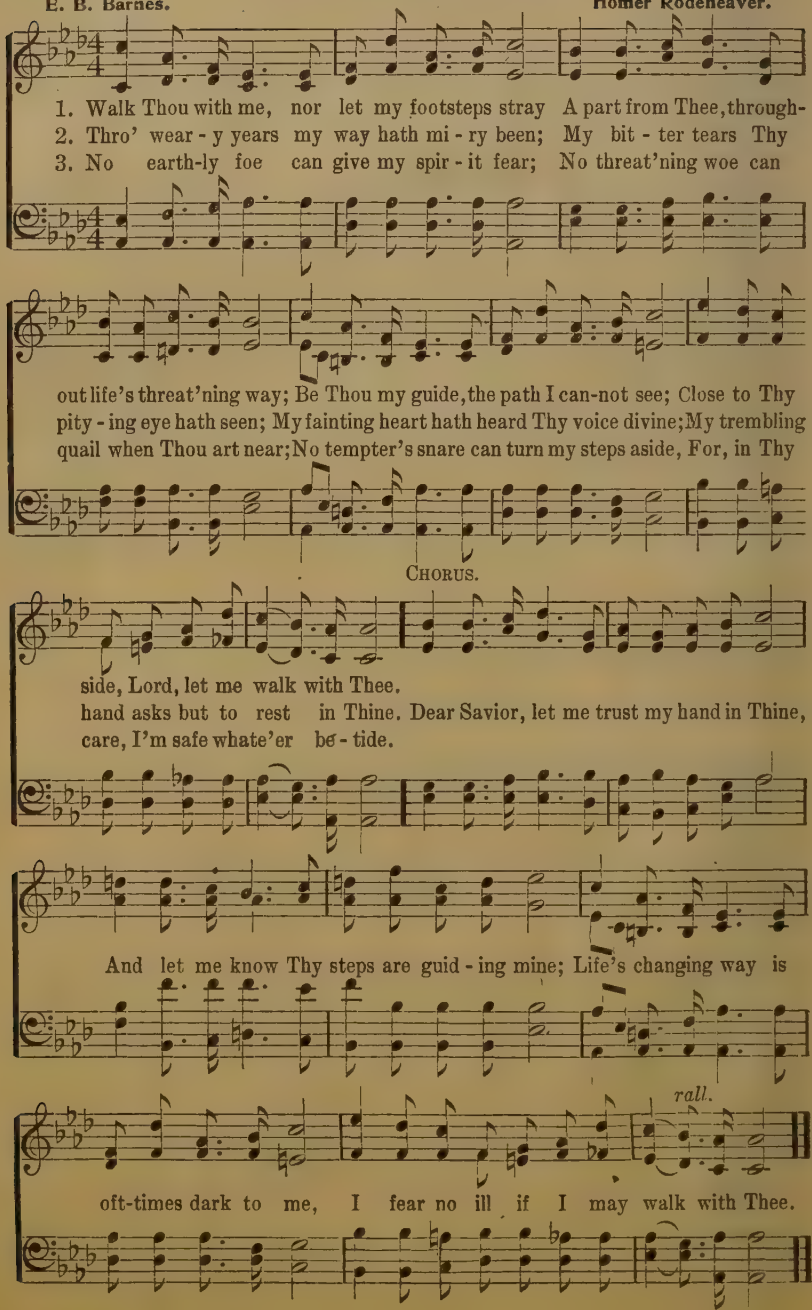
W. A. Ogden.


1. 'Tis the grand - est theme thro' the a - ges rung; 'Tis the grand - est
2. 'Tis the grand - est theme in the earth or main; 'Tis the grand - est
3. 'Tis the grand - est theme, let the ti - dings roll To the guilt - y
theme for a mor-tal tongue; 'Tis the grandest theme that the world e'er sung,
theme for a mor-tal strain; 'Tis the grandest theme, tell the world a - gain,
heart, to the sin - ful soul; Look to God in faith, He will make thee whole,
CHORUS.
"Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee." He is a - - - ble to de-
a - ble, He is a - ble
liv - er thee, He is a - - - ble to de - liv - er thee; Tho' by sin op-
a - ble, He is a - ble
prest, Go to Him for rest, "Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee."

No. 74, Confidence.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY HOMER RODEHEAVER.

E. B. Barnes. Homer Rodeheaver.


1. Walk Thou with me, nor let my footsteps stray A part from Thee, through-
2. Thro' wear - y years my way hath mi - ry been; My bit - ter tears Thy
3. No earth-ly foe can give my spir - it fear; No threat'ning woe can
out life's threat'ning way; Be Thou my guide, the path I can-not see; Close to Thy
pity - ing eye hath seen; My fainting heart hath heard Thy voice divine; My trembling
quail when Thou art near; No tempter's snare can turn my steps aside, For, in Thy
CHORUS.
side, Lord, let me walk with Thee.
hand asks but to rest in Thine. Dear Savior, let me trust my hand in Thine,
care, I'm safe whate'er be - tide.
And let me know Thy steps are guid - ing mine; Life's changing way is
rall.
oft-times dark to me, I fear no ill if I may walk with Thee.

No. 75. The Same Old Way.

W. T. M.

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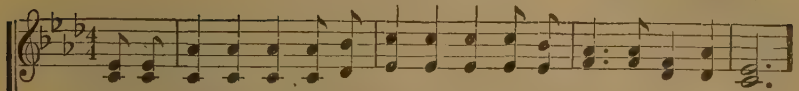
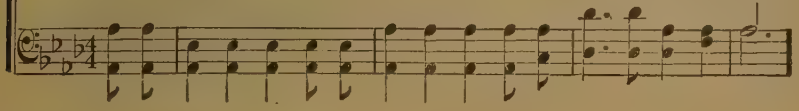
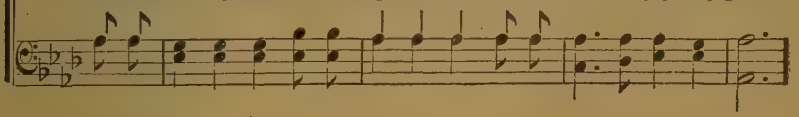
RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO., OWNERS.

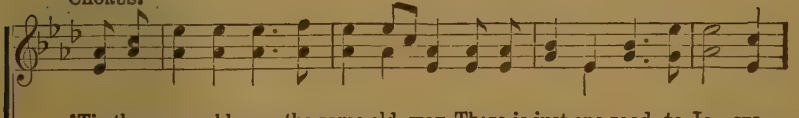
Mrs. W. T. Morris.



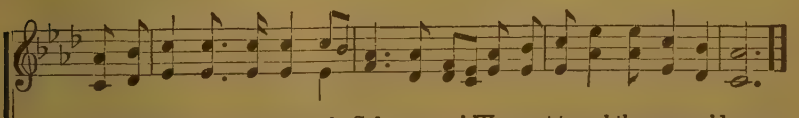
1. We are trav'ling home by the good old way, By the way our fathers trod;
2. We at times will chance where the roadways cross, There 'tis Satan will delay,
3. Ma - ny stop to look for a bet - ter way, And are swallowed up in night,
4. 'Twas my father's way, 'twas my mother's way, And 'twill be the way for me!
5. Oh, how glad am I there is just one way, It is nar-row, but 'tis straight;

We will join them there in the land of day, And for-ev - er reign with God.
But we heed the words of the still small voice Saying, "Keep the narrow way."
While the faithful few, by their steady tread En-ter thro' the gates of light.
When my journey's done, and my crown is won, By the same old way 'twill be.
Tho' it leads up-hill we mount upward still T'ward the heav'nly, pearly gate.



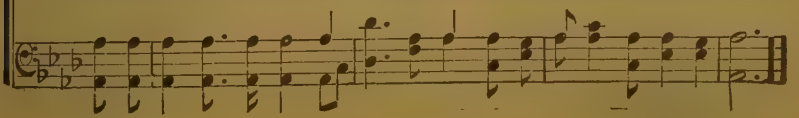
CHORUS.



'Tis the same old way, the same old way, There is just one road to Je - sus,—



By the way of the cross of Cal - va - ry! We must travel the same old way.



No. 76. Blasting at the Rock of Ages.

Rev. Johnson Oatman. and James Rowe.

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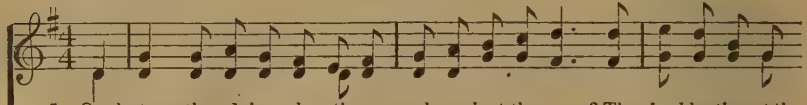
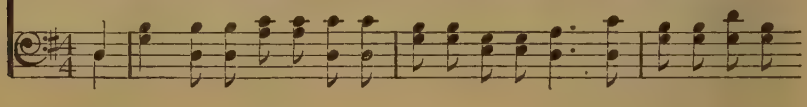
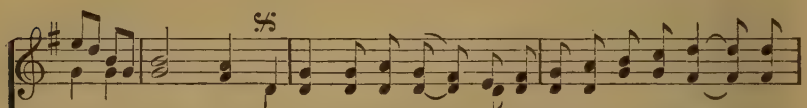
J. B. Herbert.

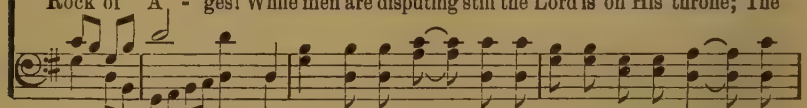


1. O what are they doing when they preach against the cross? They're blasting at the
2. Bold skeptics are sneering at redemption thro' the blood,—They're blasting at the
3. Our faith in our Sav-ior they de - sire to take a-way,—They're blasting at the
4. All vain are their blastings, for they never move the Stone,—They're blasting at the





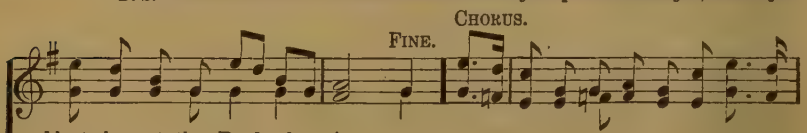
Rock of A-ges! O what are they doing when God's gold they mix with dross? They're
Rock of A - ges! And scholars are saying Christ was not the Son of God! They're
Rock of A - ges! But, praise Him forever! true to Je-sus we will stay,—They're
Rock of A - ges! While men are disputing still the Lord is on His throne; The



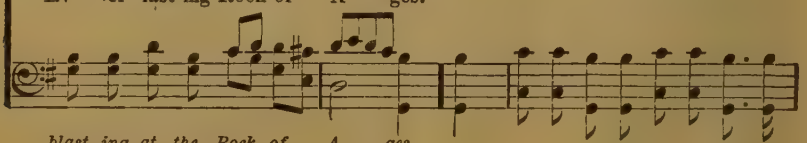
D. S.—*For Christ and the Church strike with all your pow'r and might, For they're*

CHORUS.

FINE.

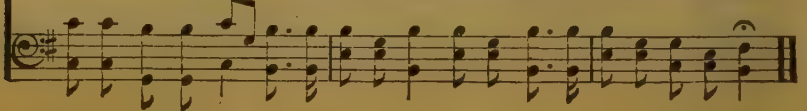


blast - ing at the Rock of A - ges.
blast - ing at the Rock of A - ges.
blast - ing at the Rock of A - ges.
Ev - er - last-ing Rock of A - ges.

Then ral - ly, soldiers, rally, for the

blast - ing at the Rock of A - ges,

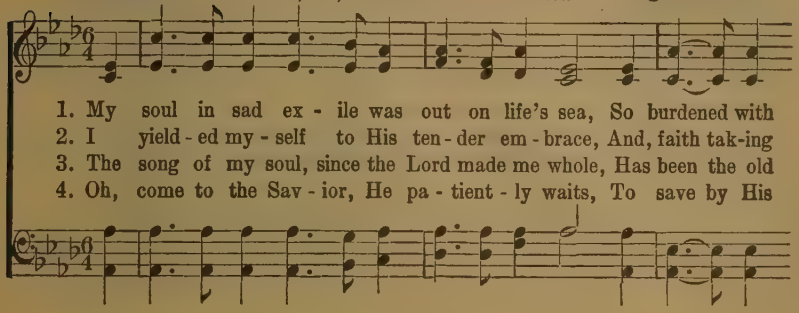
D. S.

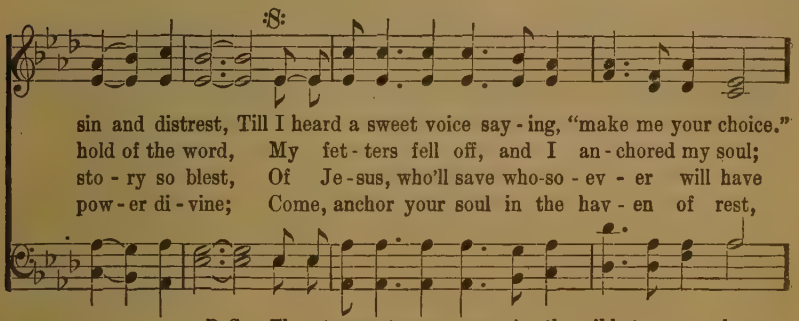
time has come to fight; Put ye on the whole ar-mor, go to bat-tle for the right;



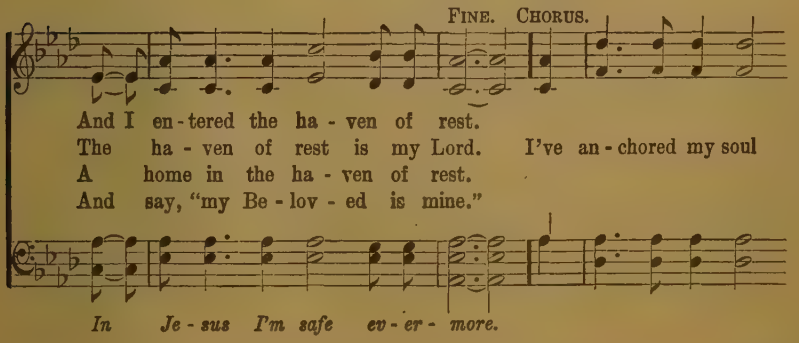
No. 77. The Haven of Rest.

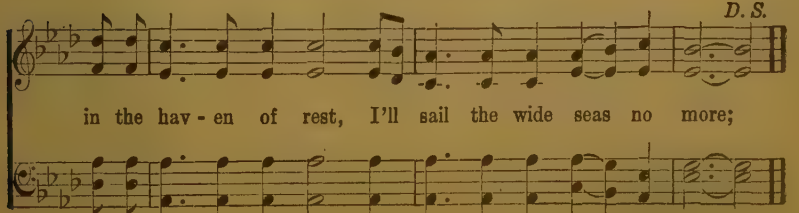
H. L. Gilmour. COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY JOHN J. HOOD. USED BY PER. George D. Moore.


1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So burdened with
2. I yield - ed my - self to His ten - der em - brace, And, faith tak-ing
3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has been the old
4. Oh, come to the Sav - ior, He pa - tient - ly waits, To save by His


:S:
sin and distrest, Till I heard a sweet voice say - ing, "make me your choice."
hold of the word, My fet - ters fell off, and I an - chored my soul;
sto - ry so blest, Of Je - sus, who'll save who-so - ev - er will have
pow - er di - vine; Come, anchor your soul in the hav - en of rest,

D. S.—*The temp-est may sweep o'er the wild storm - y deep,*


FINE. CHORUS.
And I en - tered the ha - ven of rest.
The ha - ven of rest is my Lord. I've an - chored my soul
A home in the ha - ven of rest.
And say, "my Be - lov - ed is mine."
In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.



No. 78. Tell the Sweet Story of Love.

Ada Blenkhorn.

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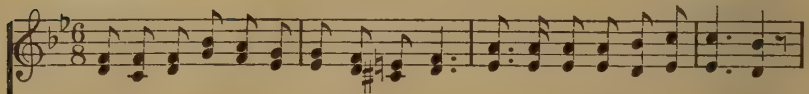
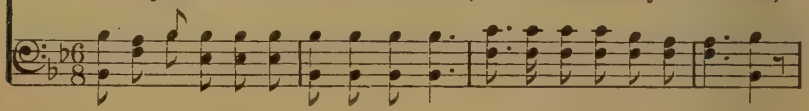
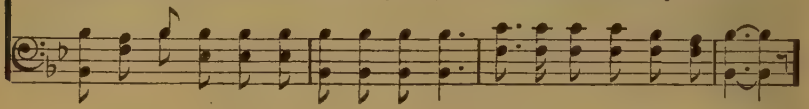
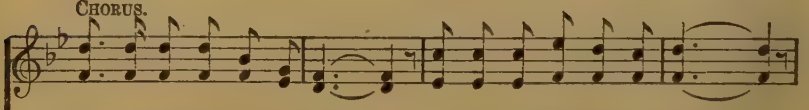
H. H. McGranahan.

1. If you would rescue a soul from its sin, Tell the sweet story of Je - sus;
2. If you would comfort a sor-row-ing heart, Tell the sweet story of Je - sus;
3. If you would kindle love's beautiful flame, Tell the sweet story of Je - sus;
4. Would you make earth like a heaven below, Tell the sweet story of Je - sus;



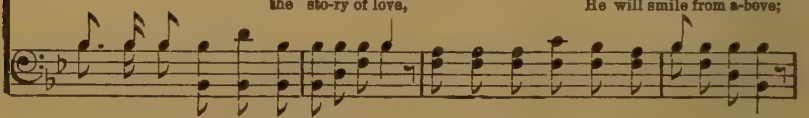
If for God's kingdom a soul you would win, Tell the sweet sto-ry of love.
Joy o - ver-flow-ing His peace will im-part, Tell the sweet sto-ry of love.
In darkened hearts that have ne'er heard His name, Tell the sweet story of love.
Lov-ing - ly, gen-tly, wher - ev - er you go, Tell the sweet sto-ry of love.



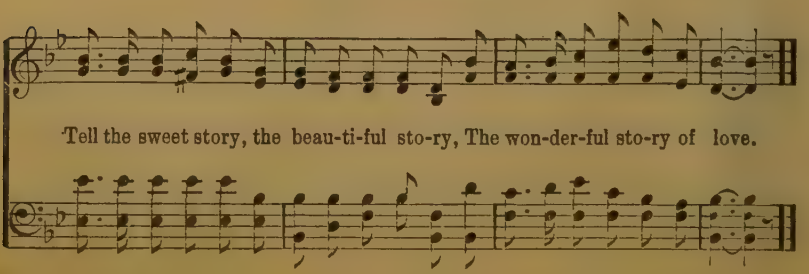
CHORUS.



Tell the sweet sto-ry of love, Je - sus will smile from a - bove;....
the sto-ry of love, He will smile from a-bove;



Tell the sweet story, the beau-ti-ful sto-ry, The won-der-ful sto-ry of love.

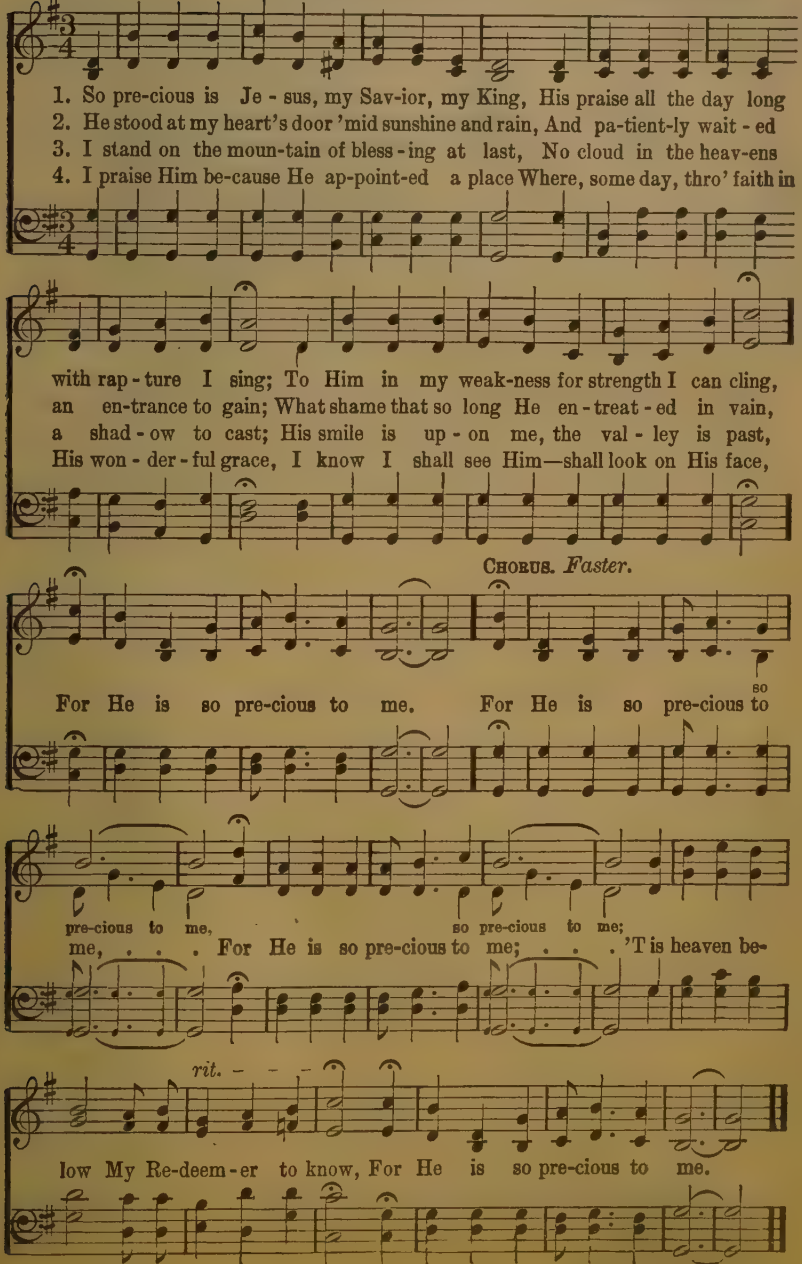


No. 79. He is So Precious to Me.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL.

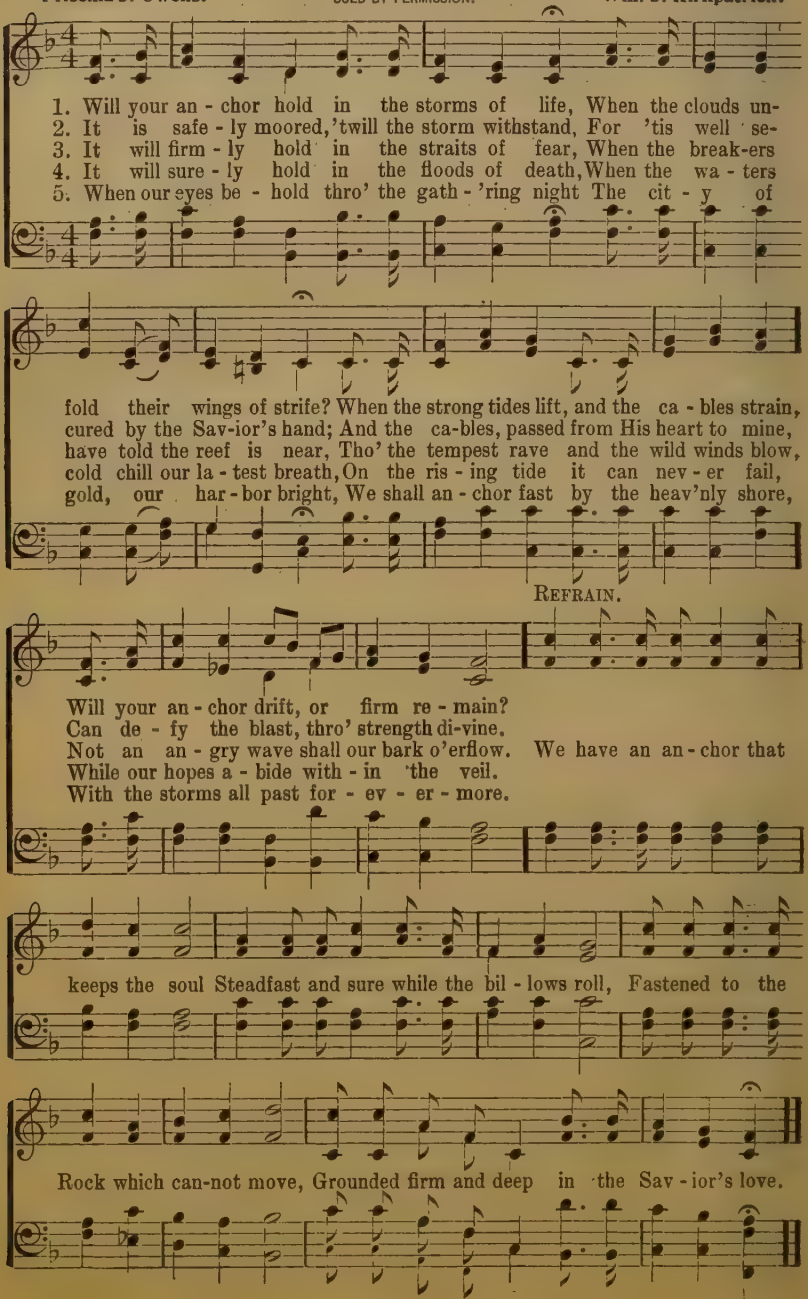
Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. So pre-cious is Je - sus, my Sav-ior, my King, His praise all the day long
2. He stood at my heart's door 'mid sunshine and rain, And pa-tient-ly wait - ed
3. I stand on the moun-tain of bless - ing at last, No cloud in the heav-ens
4. I praise Him be-cause He ap-point-ed a place Where, some day, thro' faith in
with rap - ture I sing; To Him in my weak-ness for strength I can cling,
an en-trance to gain; What shame that so long He en - treat - ed in vain,
a shad - ow to cast; His smile is up - on me, the val - ley is past,
His won - der - ful grace, I know I shall see Him—shall look on His face,
CHORUS. Faster.
For He is so pre-cious to me. For He is so pre-cious to
so
pre-cious to me, so pre-cious to me;
me, . . . For He is so pre-cious to me; . . . 'T is heaven be-
rit. - - -
low My Re-deem - er to know, For He is so pre-cious to me.

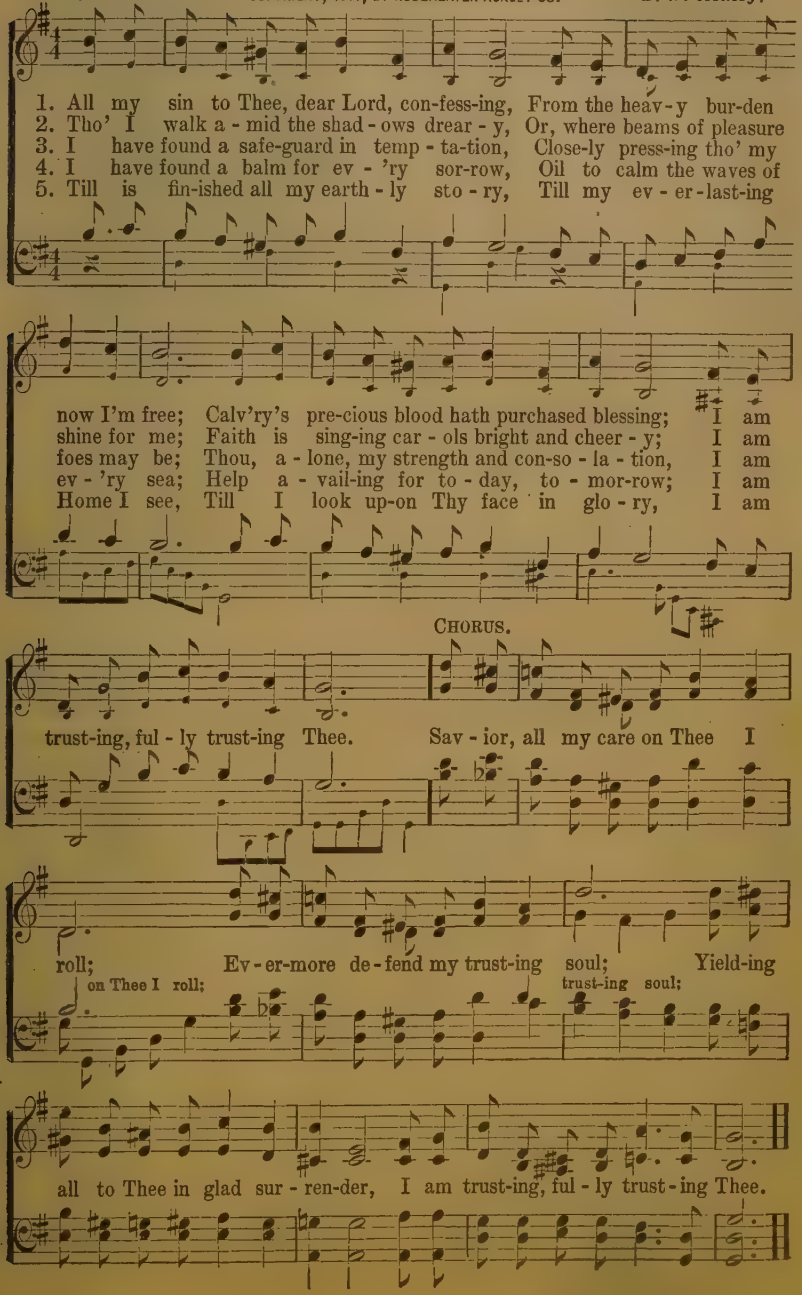
No. 80. We Have an Anchor.

COPYRIGHT, 1882 AND 1910, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
USED BY PERMISSION.

Priscilla J. Owens. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Will your an - chor hold in the storms of life, When the clouds un-
2. It is safe - ly moored, 'twill the storm withstand, For 'tis well se-
3. It will firm - ly hold in the straits of fear, When the break-ers
4. It will sure - ly hold in the floods of death, When the wa - ters
5. When our eyes be - hold thro' the gath - 'ring night The cit - y of
fold their wings of strife? When the strong tides lift, and the ca - bles strain,
cured by the Sav-ior's hand; And the ca-bles, passed from His heart to mine,
have told the reef is near, Tho' the tempest rave and the wild winds blow,
cold chill our la - test breath, On the ris - ing tide it can nev - er fail,
gold, our har - bor bright, We shall an - chor fast by the heav'nly shore,
REFRAIN.
Will your an - chor drift, or firm re - main?
Can de - fy the blast, thro' strength di-vine.
Not an an - gry wave shall our bark o'erflow. We have an an - chor that
While our hopes a - bide with - in the veil.
With the storms all past for - ev - er - more.
keeps the soul Steadfast and sure while the bil - lows roll, Fastened to the
Rock which can-not move, Grounded firm and deep in the Sav - ior's love.

No. 81. I Am Trusting Thee.

E. E. Hewitt. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO. B. D. Ackley.

1. All my sin to Thee, dear Lord, con-fess-ing, From the heav-y bur-den
2. Tho' I walk a-mid the shad-ows drear-y, Or, where beams of pleasure
3. I have found a safe-guard in temp-ta-tion, Close-ly press-ing tho' my
4. I have found a balm for ev-'ry sor-row, Oil to calm the waves of
5. Till is fin-ished all my earth-ly sto-ry, Till my ev-er-last-ing
now I'm free; Calv'ry's pre-cious blood hath purchased blessing; I am
shine for me; Faith is sing-ing car-ols bright and cheer-y; I am
foes may be; Thou, a-lone, my strength and con-so-la-tion, I am
ev-'ry sea; Help a-vail-ing for to-day, to-mor-row; I am
Home I see, Till I look up-on Thy face in glo-ry, I am
CHORUS.
trust-ing, ful-ly trust-ing Thee. Sav-ior, all my care on Thee I
roll; Ev-er-more de-fend my trust-ing soul; Yield-ing
on Thee I roll;
trust-ing soul;
all to Thee in glad sur-ren-der, I am trust-ing, ful-ly trust-ing Thee.

No. 82. Jesus Comes.

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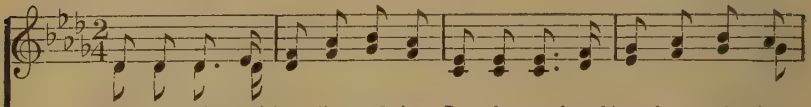
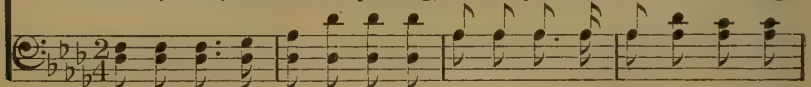
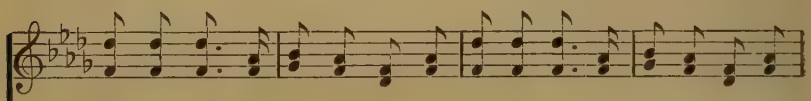
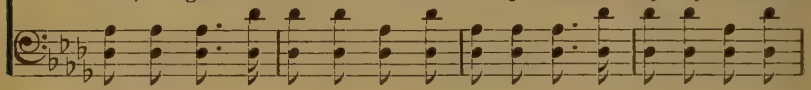
USED BY PERMISSION.

Mrs. Phœbe Palmer. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

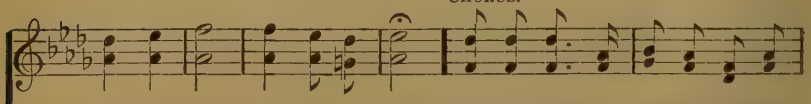


1. Watch, ye saints, with eyelids wak-ing, Lo, the pow'rs of heav'n are shaking;
2. Lo! the prom-ise of your Sav-ior: Pardoned sin and pur-chased fa - vor,
3. King-doms at their base are crumbling, Hark! His chariot wheels are rumbling;
4. Na-tions wane, tho' proud and stately, Christ His kingdom hasteneth great-ly;
5. Lamb of God!—Thou meek and lowly, Ju-dah's li - on!—high and ho - ly;
6. Sin-ners, come, while Christ is pleading, Now for you He's in - ter - ced - ing;



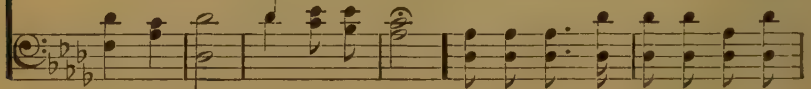
Keep your lamps all trimmed and burning, Ready for your Lord's re-turn-ing:
Blood-washed robes and crowns of glory; Haste to tell redemption's sto - ry:
Tell, O tell of grace a - bound-ing, Whilst the seventh trump is sounding:
Earth her la - test pangs is summing, Shout, ye saints, your Lord is coming:
Lo! Thy Bride comes forth to meet Thee, All in blood-washed robes to greet Thee:
Haste, ere grace and time di - min-ished Shall proclaim the myst'ry fin-ished:

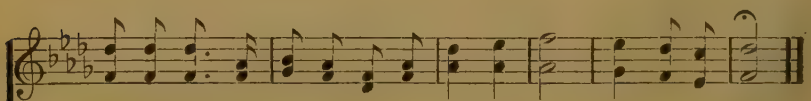


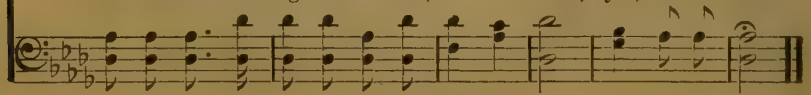
CHORUS.



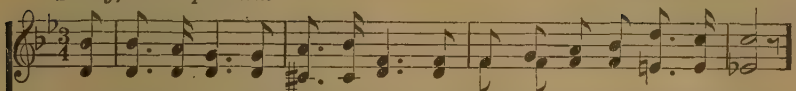
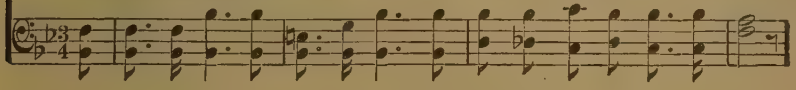
Lo! He comes, lo! Je - sus comes; Lo! He comes, He comes all-glorious!

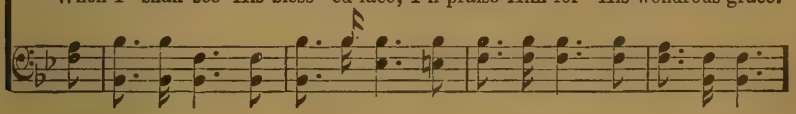




Je - sus comes to reign vic - torious, Lo! He comes, yes, Je - sus comes.

No. 83. He's Real to Me.

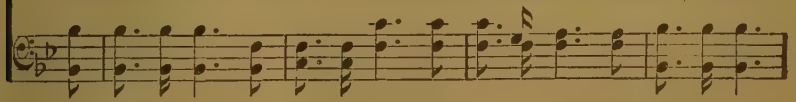
Essek W. Kenyon. COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY ARNOLD & STROUSE. Oliver Arnold, Jr.

Slowly, with expression.

1. He's real to me, my Fa - ther God, I know Him thro' His precious Word;
2. It's real to me, my Savior's blood, By grace the truth I've un - der - stood,
3. The Spirit's real, His might-y power Pro-tects me in temp-ta-tion's hour;
4. His word is real, O soul re - joice, It is your bless-ed Sav-ior's voice;
5. O soul, He will be real to thee If thou but claim Re - al - i - ty;
6. His prom-ise is so real to me, Of His re - turn Re - al - i - ty;

He's real to me, my Shepherd King, I see Him now in ev - 'ry-thing.
It's pow'r o'er sin and flesh - y lust Is now so real I ful - ly trust.
In per - fect light He guid - eth me And makes Himself Re - al - i - ty.
It tells you of His con-stant love That in - ter-cedes for you a - bove.
Be real thy - self in ev - 'ry part, Re - al - i - ty will fill thy heart.
When I shall see His bless - ed face, I'll praise Him for His wondrous grace.

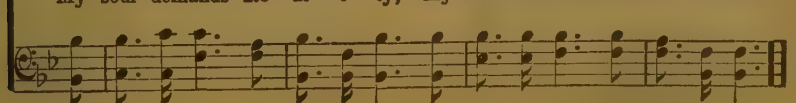


CHORUS.

He's real to me, He's real to me, My Fa - ther God is real to me;



My soul demands Re - al - i - ty, My Fa - ther God is real to me.

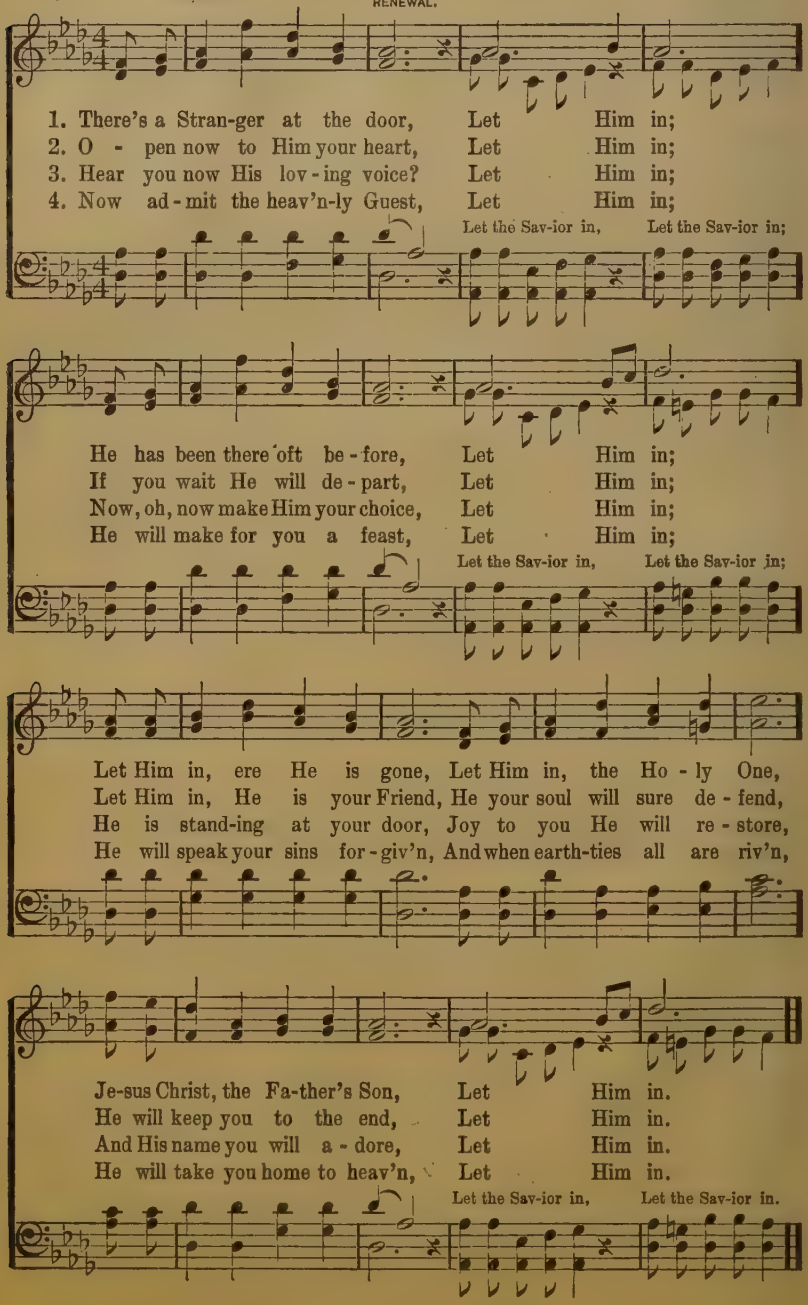


No. 84. Let Him In.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson.

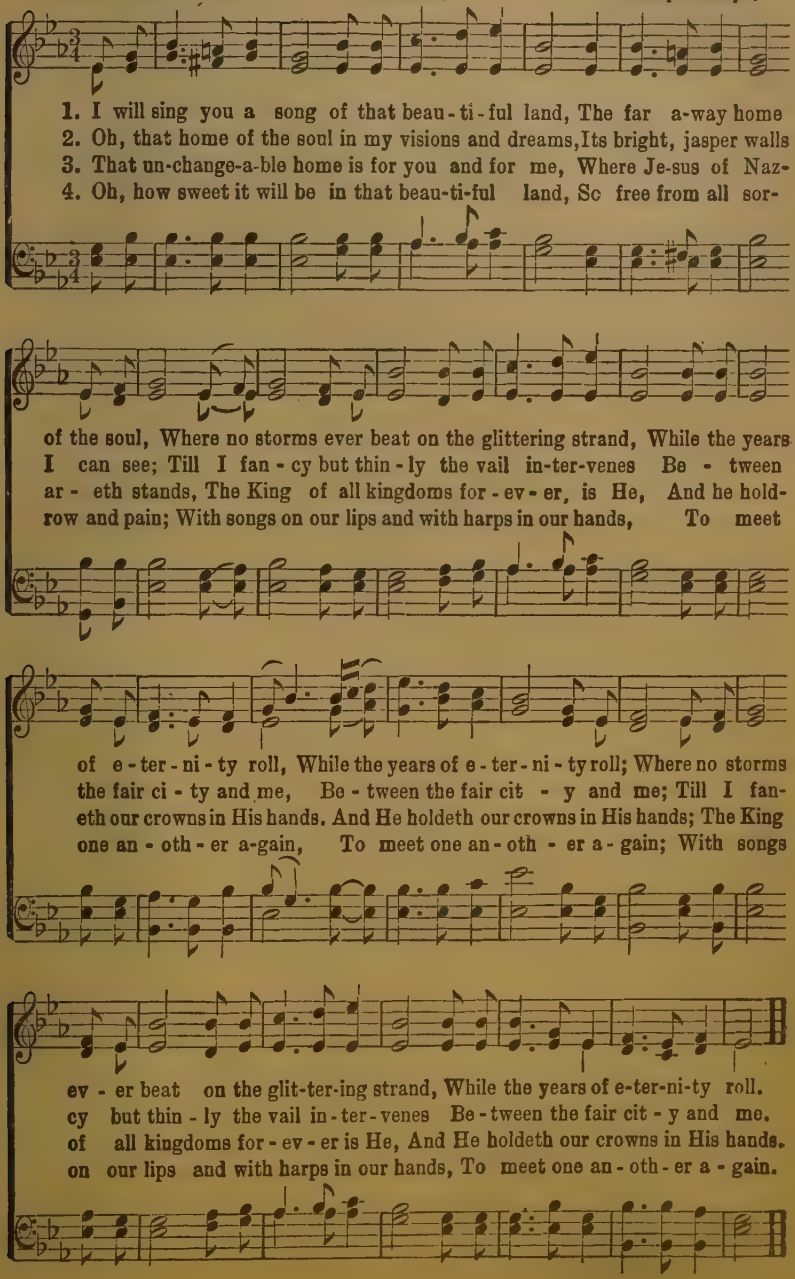
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.
RENEWAL.

E. O. Excell.


1. There's a Stran-ger at the door, Let Him in;
2. O - pen now to Him your heart, Let Him in;
3. Hear you now His lov-ing voice? Let Him in;
4. Now ad-mit the heav'n-ly Guest, Let Him in;
Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Sav-ior in;
He has been there oft be-fore, Let Him in;
If you wait He will de-part, Let Him in;
Now, oh, now make Him your choice, Let Him in;
He will make for you a feast, Let Him in;
Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Sav-ior in;
Let Him in, ere He is gone, Let Him in, the Ho-ly One,
Let Him in, He is your Friend, He your soul will sure de-fend,
He is stand-ing at your door, Joy to you He will re-store,
He will speak your sins for-giv'n, And when earth-ties all are riv'n,
Je-sus Christ, the Fa-ther's Son, Let Him in.
He will keep you to the end, Let Him in.
And His name you will a-dore, Let Him in.
He will take you home to heav'n, Let Him in.
Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Sav-ior in.

No. 85. Home of the Soul.

Mrs. Ellen H. Gates. BY PERMISSION. Philip Phillips.


1. I will sing you a song of that beau-ti-ful land, The far a-way home
of the soul, Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand, While the years
of e-ter-ni-ty roll, While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll; Where no storms
ev-er beat on the glit-ter-ing strand, While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll.
2. Oh, that home of the soul in my visions and dreams, Its bright, jasper walls
I can see; Till I fan-cy but thin-ly the vail in-ter-venes Be-tween
the fair ci-ty and me, Be-tween the fair cit-y and me; Till I fan-
cy but thin-ly the vail in-ter-venes Be-tween the fair cit-y and me.
3. That un-change-a-ble home is for you and for me, Where Je-sus of Naz-
ar-eth stands, The King of all kingdoms for-ev-er, is He, And he hold-
eth our crowns in His hands. And He holdeth our crowns in His hands; The King
of all kingdoms for-ev-er is He, And He holdeth our crowns in His hands.
4. Oh, how sweet it will be in that beau-ti-ful land, So free from all sor-
row and pain; With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands, To meet
one an-oth-er a-gain, To meet one an-oth-er a-gain; With songs
on our lips and with harps in our hands, To meet one an-oth-er a-gain.

No. 86. My Father Watches Over Me.

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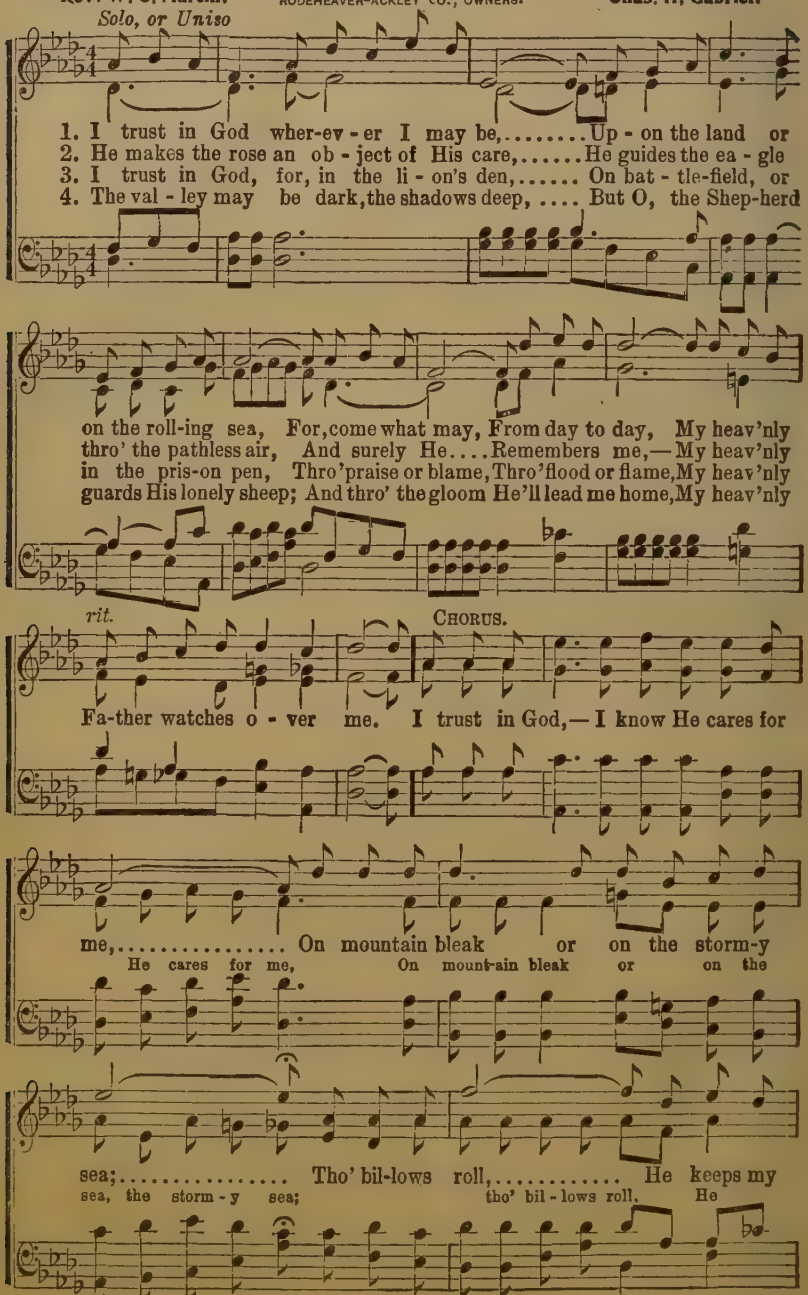
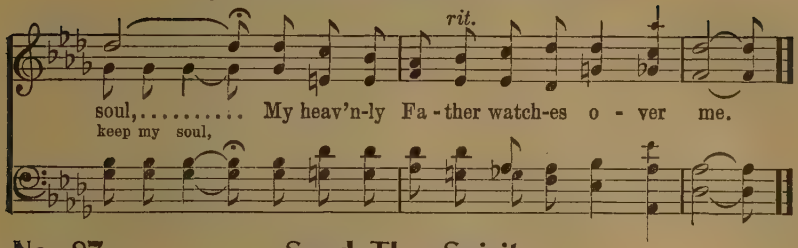
RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO., OWNERS.

Rev. W. C. Martin. Chas. H. Gabriel.

Solo, or Unison

1. I trust in God wher-ev - er I may be,.....Up - on the land or
2. He makes the rose an ob - ject of His care,.....He guides the ea - gle
3. I trust in God, for, in the li - on's den,..... On bat - tle-field, or
4. The val - ley may be dark, the shadows deep, ... But O, the Shep-herd
on the roll-ing sea, For, come what may, From day to day, My heav'nly
thro' the pathless air, And surely He....Remembers me,—My heav'nly
in the pris-on pen, Thro' praise or blame, Thro' flood or flame, My heav'nly
guards His lonely sheep; And thro' the gloom He'll lead me home, My heav'nly
rit.
CHORUS.
Fa-ther watches o - ver me. I trust in God,—I know He cares for
me,..... On mountain bleak or on the storm-y
He cares for me, On mount-ain bleak or on the
sea;..... Tho' bil-lows roll,..... He keeps my
sea, the storm - y sea; tho' bil - lows roll. He

My Father Watches Over Me.

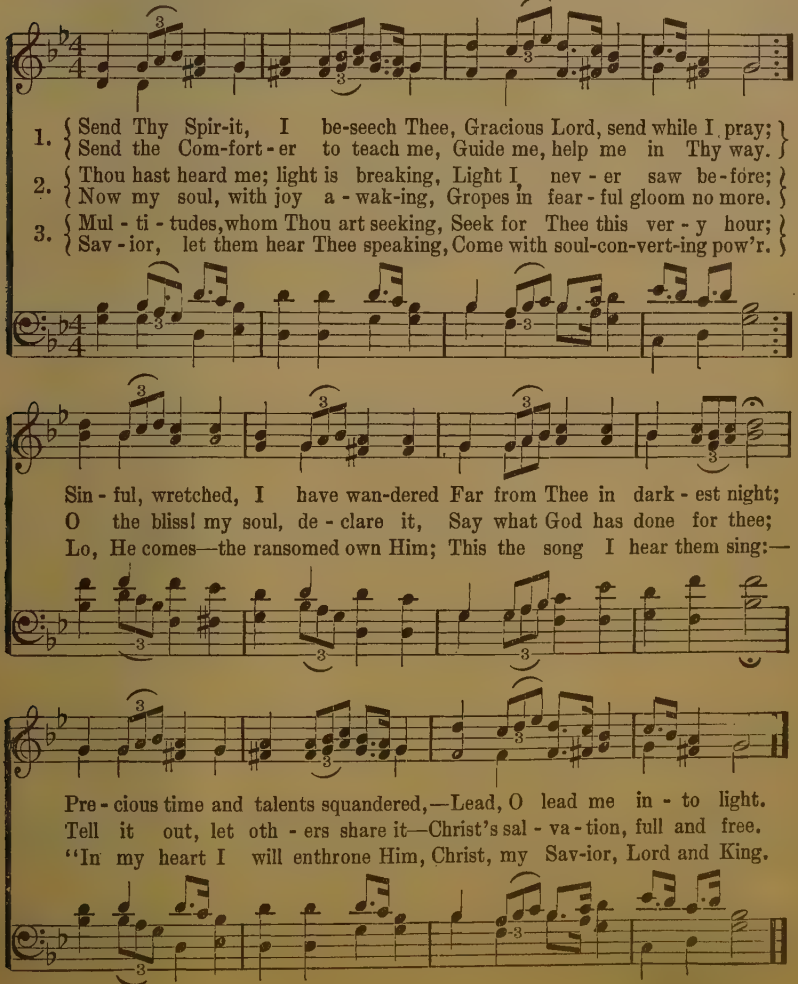


No. 87. Send Thy Spirit.

KINDNESS OF REV. H. J. ROBERTS, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Rev. W. E. Winks.

Tune—"Ebenezer."
"Tony Botel."

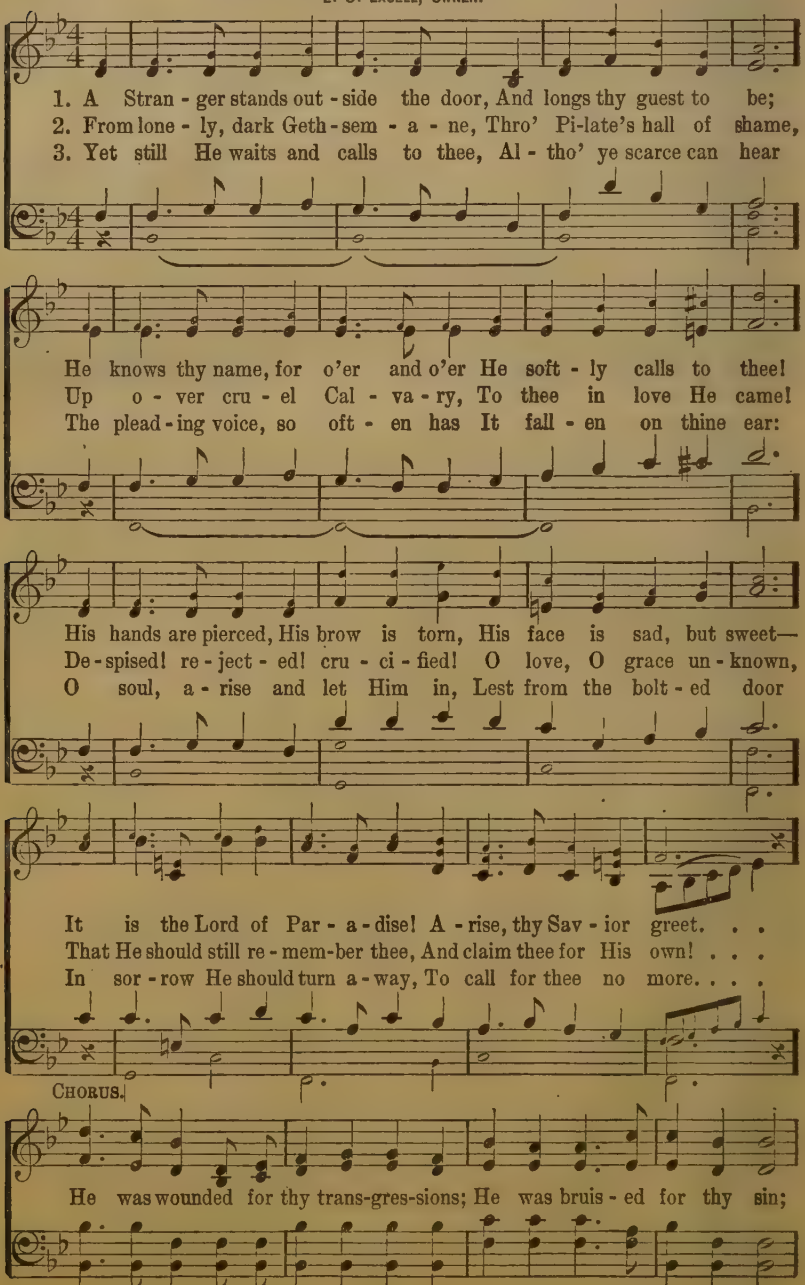

1. { Send Thy Spir-it, I be-seech Thee, Gracious Lord, send while I pray; }
{ Send the Com-fort-er to teach me, Guide me, help me in Thy way. }
2. { Thou hast heard me; light is breaking, Light I nev - er saw be-fore; }
{ Now my soul, with joy a - wak-ing, Gropes in fear - ful gloom no more. }
3. { Mul - ti - tudes, whom Thou art seeking, Seek for Thee this ver - y hour; }
{ Sav - ior, let them hear Thee speaking, Come with soul-con-vert-ing pow'r. }
Sin - ful, wretched, I have wan-dered Far from Thee in dark - est night;
O the bliss! my soul, de - clare it, Say what God has done for thee;
Lo, He comes—the ransomed own Him; This the song I hear them sing:—
Pre - cious time and talents squandered,—Lead, O lead me in - to light.
Tell it out, let oth - ers share it—Christ's sal - va - tion, full and free.
"In my heart I will enthrone Him, Christ, my Sav-ior, Lord and King.

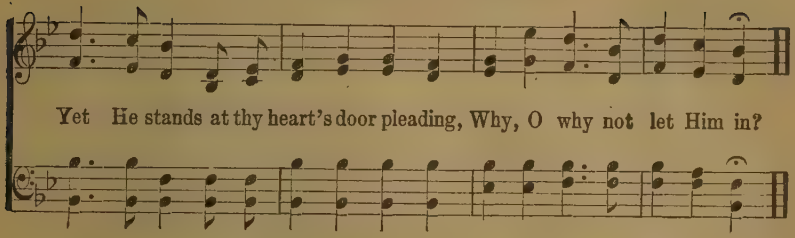
No. 88. The Slighted Stranger.

C. H. G.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. A Stran - ger stands out - side the door, And longs thy guest to be;
2. From lone - ly, dark Geth - sem - a - ne, Thro' Pi-late's hall of shame,
3. Yet still He waits and calls to thee, Al - tho' ye scarce can hear
He knows thy name, for o'er and o'er He soft - ly calls to thee!
Up o - ver cru - el Cal - va - ry, To thee in love He came!
The plead - ing voice, so oft - en has It fall - en on thine ear:
His hands are pierced, His brow is torn, His face is sad, but sweet—
De - spised! re - ject - ed! cru - ci - fied! O love, O grace un - known,
O soul, a - rise and let Him in, Lest from the bolt - ed door
It is the Lord of Par - a - dise! A - rise, thy Sav - ior greet. . .
That He should still re - mem-ber thee, And claim thee for His own! . . .
In sor - row He should turn a - way, To call for thee no more. . . .
CHORUS.
He was wounded for thy trans-gres-sions; He was bruis - ed for thy sin;

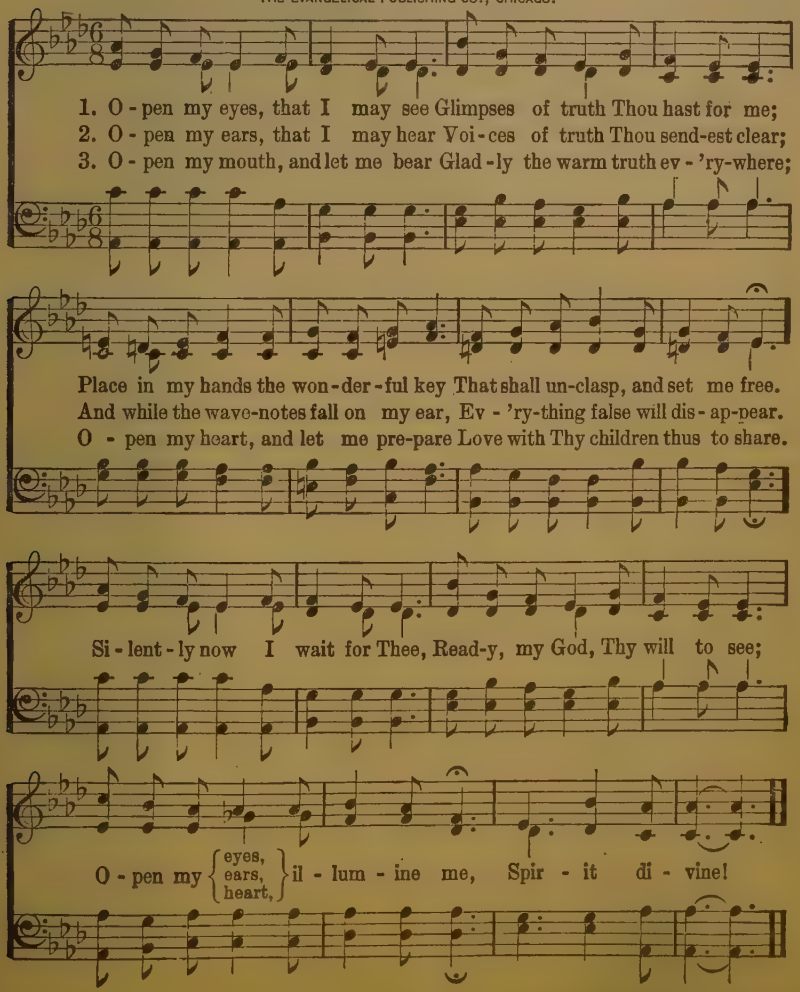


No. 89. Open My Eyes, That I May See.

C. H. S.

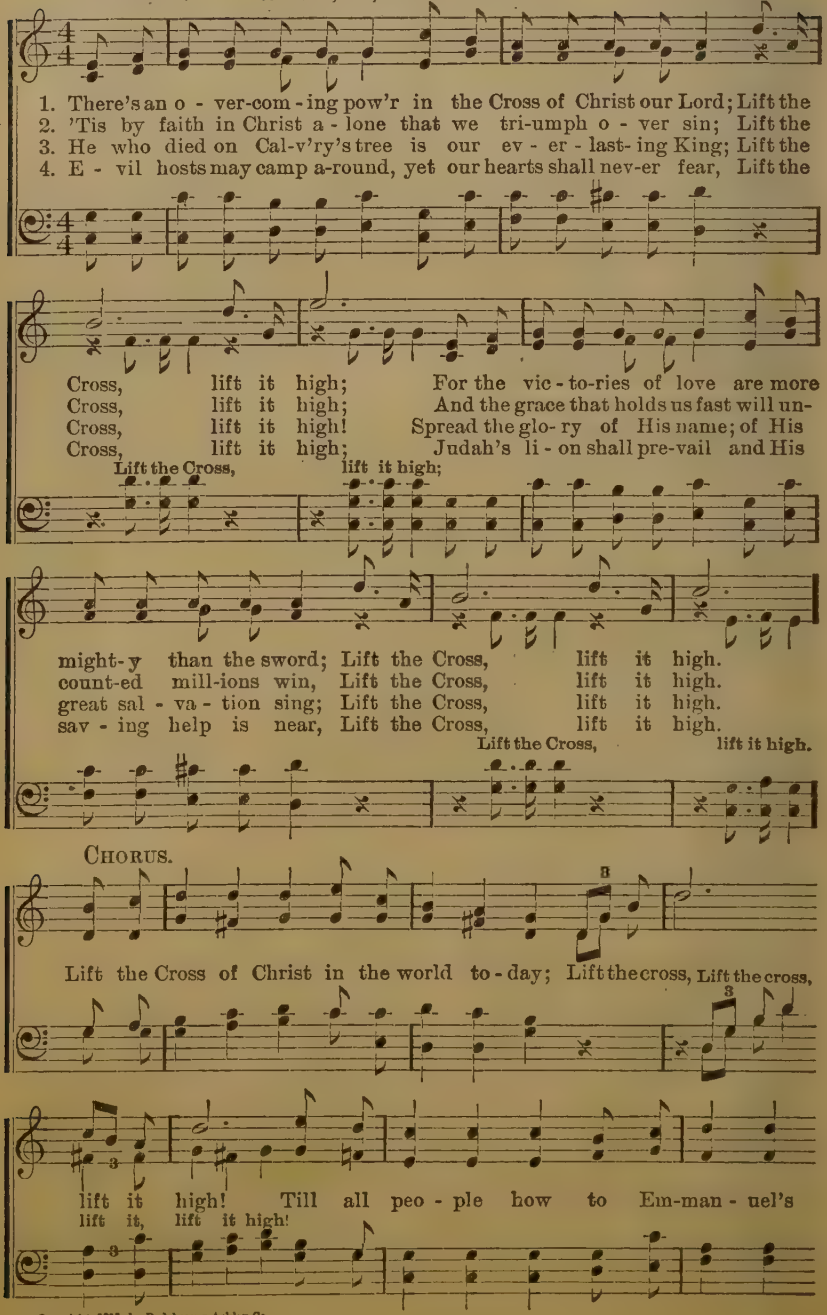
COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY CLARA M. SCOTT. OWNED BY THE EVANGELICAL PUBLISHING CO., CHICAGO.

Chas. H. Scott.


1. O - pen my eyes, that I may see Glimpses of truth Thou hast for me;
2. O - pen my ears, that I may hear Voi - ces of truth Thou send-est clear;
3. O - pen my mouth, and let me bear Glad - ly the warm truth ev - 'ry-where;
Place in my hands the won - der - ful key That shall un-clasp, and set me free.
And while the wave-notes fall on my ear, Ev - 'ry-thing false will dis - ap-pear.
O - pen my heart, and let me pre-pare Love with Thy children thus to share.
Si - lent - ly now I wait for Thee, Read-y, my God, Thy will to see;
O - pen my {eyes, ears, heart,} il - lum - ine me, Spir - it di - vine!

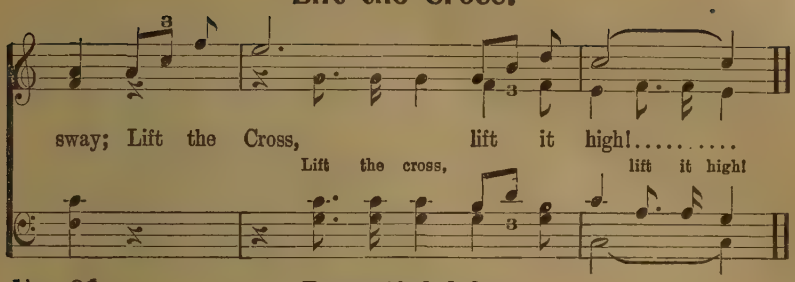
No. 90. Lift the Cross.

E. E. Hewitt, COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO. B. D. Ackley.


1. There's an o - ver-com - ing pow'r in the Cross of Christ our Lord; Lift the
2. 'Tis by faith in Christ a - lone that we tri-umph o - ver sin; Lift the
3. He who died on Cal-v'ry's tree is our ev - er - last- ing King; Lift the
4. E - vil hosts may camp a-round, yet our hearts shall nev-er fear, Lift the
Cross, lift it high; For the vic - to-ries of love are more
Cross, lift it high; And the grace that holds us fast will un-
Cross, lift it high! Spread the glo- ry of His name; of His
Cross, lift it high; Judah's li - on shall pre-vail and His
Lift the Cross, lift it high;
might-y than the sword; Lift the Cross, lift it high.
count-ed mill-ions win, Lift the Cross, lift it high.
great sal - va - tion sing; Lift the Cross, lift it high.
sav - ing help is near, Lift the Cross, lift it high.
Lift the Cross, lift it high.
CHORUS.
Lift the Cross of Christ in the world to - day; Lift the cross, Lift the cross,
lift it high! Till all peo - ple how to Em-man - uel's
lift it, lift it high!

Copyright, 1911, by Rodeheaver-Ackley Co.

Lift the Cross.



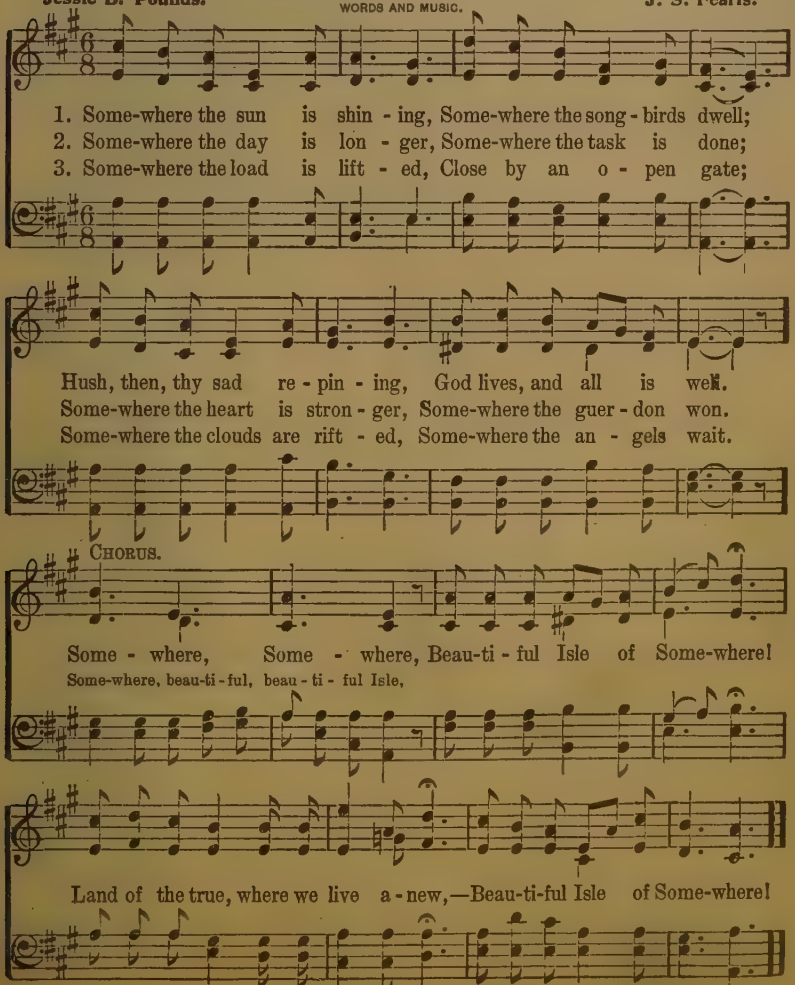
No. 91. Beautiful Isle.

Jessie B. Pounds.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. S. Fearis.


1. Some-where the sun is shin - ing, Some-where the song - birds dwell;
2. Some-where the day is lon - ger, Some-where the task is done;
3. Some-where the load is lift - ed, Close by an o - pen gate;
Hush, then, thy sad re - pin - ing, God lives, and all is well.
Some-where the heart is stron - ger, Some-where the guer - don won.
Some-where the clouds are rift - ed, Some-where the an - gels wait.
CHORUS.
Some - where, Some - where, Beau-ti - ful Isle of Some-where!
Some-where, beau-ti-ful, beau - ti - ful Isle,
Land of the true, where we live a - new,—Beau-ti-ful Isle of Some-where!

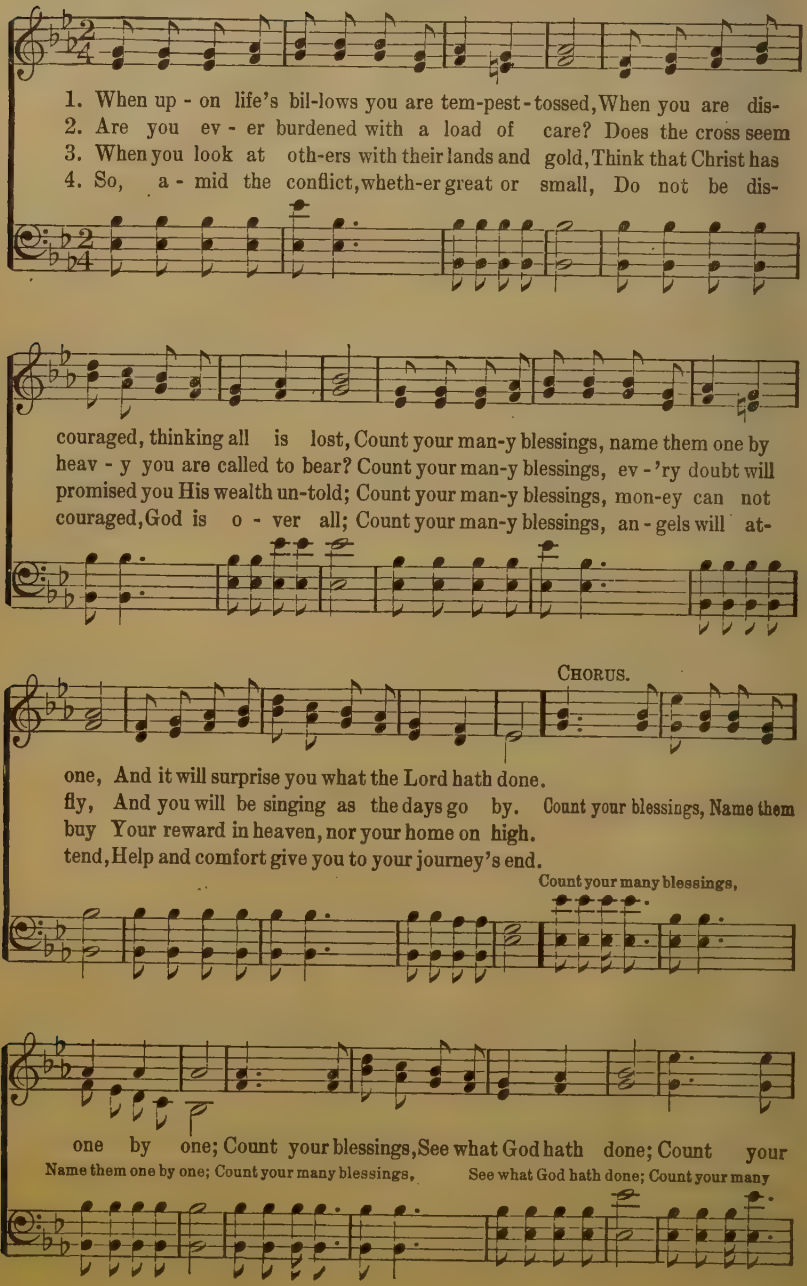
No. 92. Count Your Blessings.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

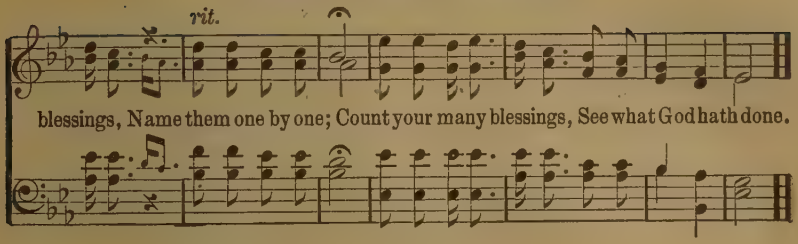
COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC

E. O. Excell.

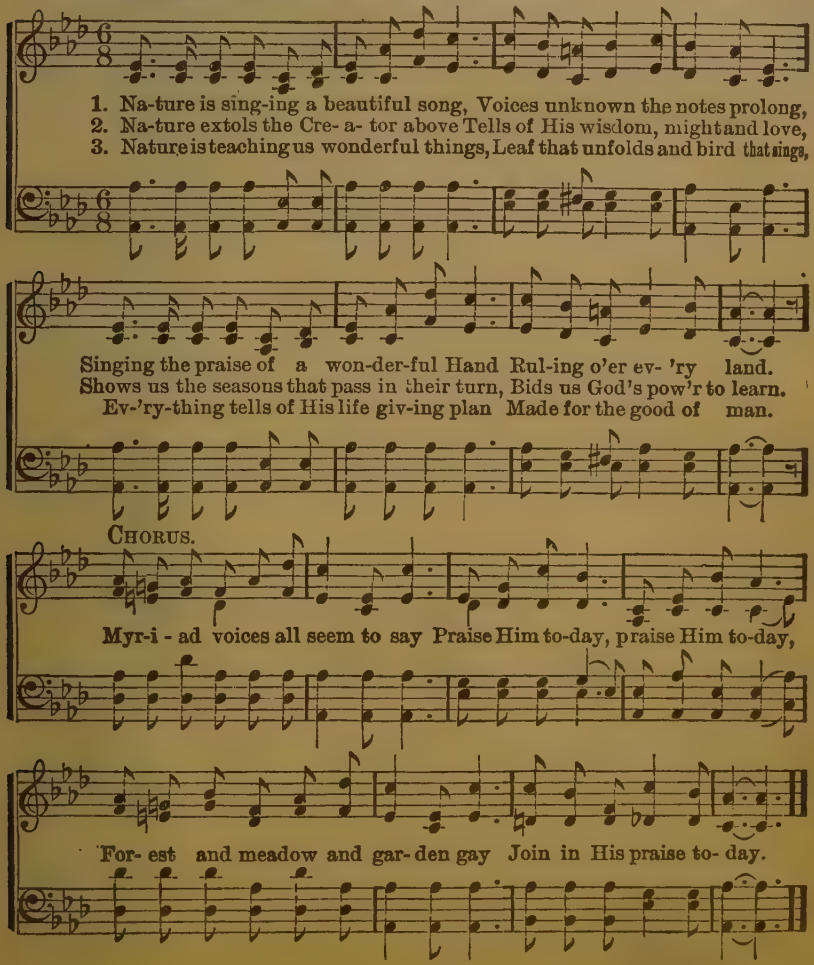

1. When up - on life's bil-lows you are tem-pest - tossed, When you are dis-
2. Are you ev - er burdened with a load of care? Does the cross seem
3. When you look at oth-ers with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has
4. So, a - mid the conflict, wheth-er great or small, Do not be dis-
couraged, thinking all is lost, Count your man-y blessings, name them one by
heav - y you are called to bear? Count your man-y blessings, ev - 'ry doubt will
promised you His wealth un-told; Count your man-y blessings, mon-ey can not
couraged, God is o - ver all; Count your man-y blessings, an - gels will at-
CHORUS.
one, And it will surprise you what the Lord hath done.
fly, And you will be singing as the days go by. Count your blessings, Name them
buy Your reward in heaven, nor your home on high.
tend, Help and comfort give you to your journey's end.
Count your many blessings,
one by one; Count your blessings, See what God hath done; Count your
Name them one by one; Count your many blessings,
See what God hath done; Count your many

Count Your Blessings.



No. 93. A Song of Nature.

Edith Sanford Tillotson. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY ACKLEY & RODEHEAVER. **B. D. Ackley.**


1. Na-ture is sing-ing a beautiful song, Voices unknown the notes prolong,
2. Na-ture extols the Cre- a- tor above Tells of His wisdom, might and love,
3. Nature is teaching us wonderful things, Leaf that unfolds and bird that sings,
Singing the praise of a won-der-ful Hand Rul-ing o'er ev- 'ry land.
Shows us the seasons that pass in their turn, Bids us God's pow'r to learn.
Ev-'ry-thing tells of His life giv-ing plan Made for the good of man.
CHORUS.
Myr-i - ad voices all seem to say Praise Him to-day, praise Him to-day,
For- est and meadow and gar- den gay Join in His praise to- day.

No. 94. Meet Mother in the Skies.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY JOHN F. ELLIS & CO., WASHINGTON, D. C.
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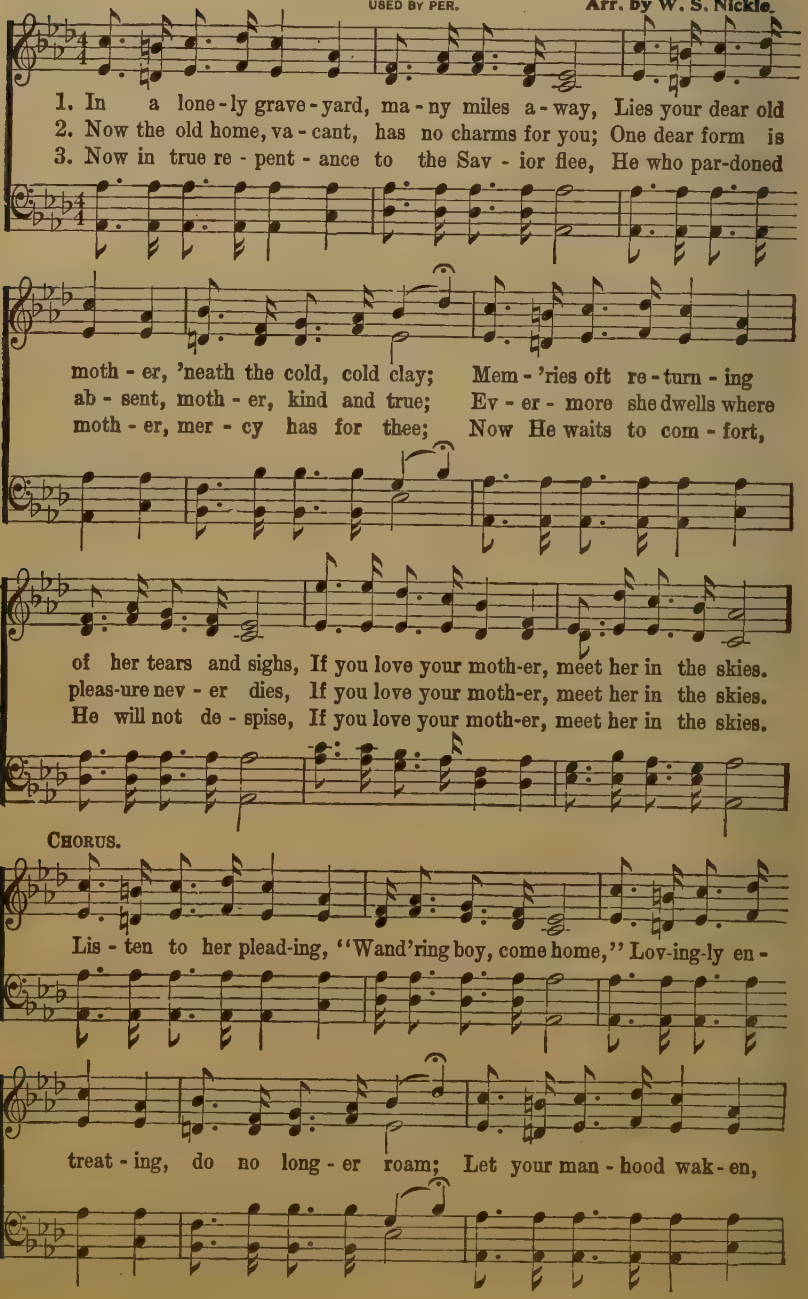
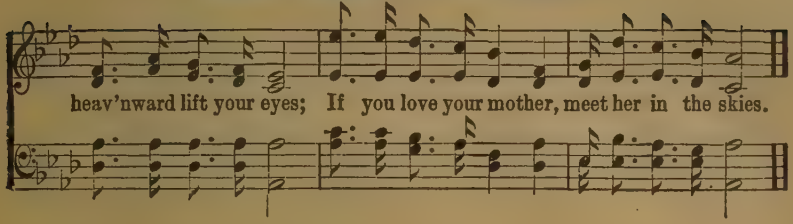
Arr. by W. S. Nickle.


1. In a lone-ly grave-yard, ma-ny miles a-way, Lies your dear old
2. Now the old home, va-cant, has no charms for you; One dear form is
3. Now in true re-pent-ance to the Sav-ior flee, He who par-doned
moth-er, 'neath the cold, cold clay; Mem-'ries oft re-turn-ing
ab-sent, moth-er, kind and true; Ev-er-more she dwells where
moth-er, mer-cy has for thee; Now He waits to com-fort,
of her tears and sighs, If you love your moth-er, meet her in the skies.
pleas-ure nev-er dies, If you love your moth-er, meet her in the skies.
He will not de-spise, If you love your moth-er, meet her in the skies.
CHORUS.
Lis-ten to her plead-ing, "Wand'ring boy, come home," Lov-ing-ly en-
treat-ing, do no long-er roam; Let your man-hood wak-en,

Meet Mother in the Skies.

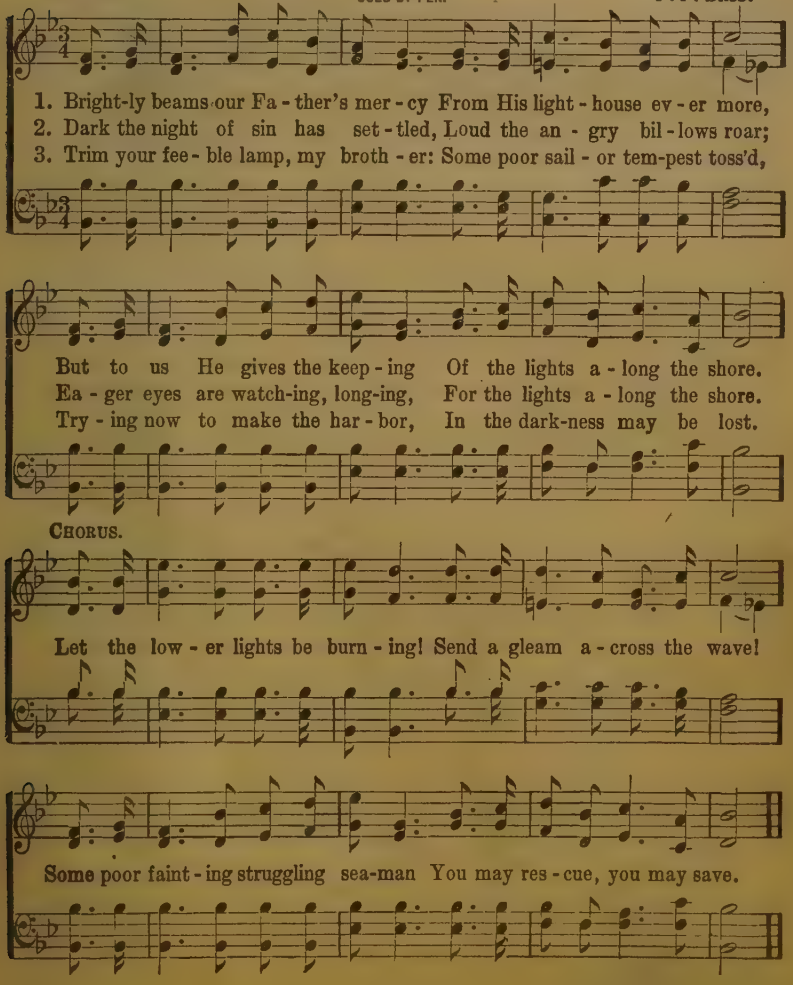


No. 95. Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

P. P. B.

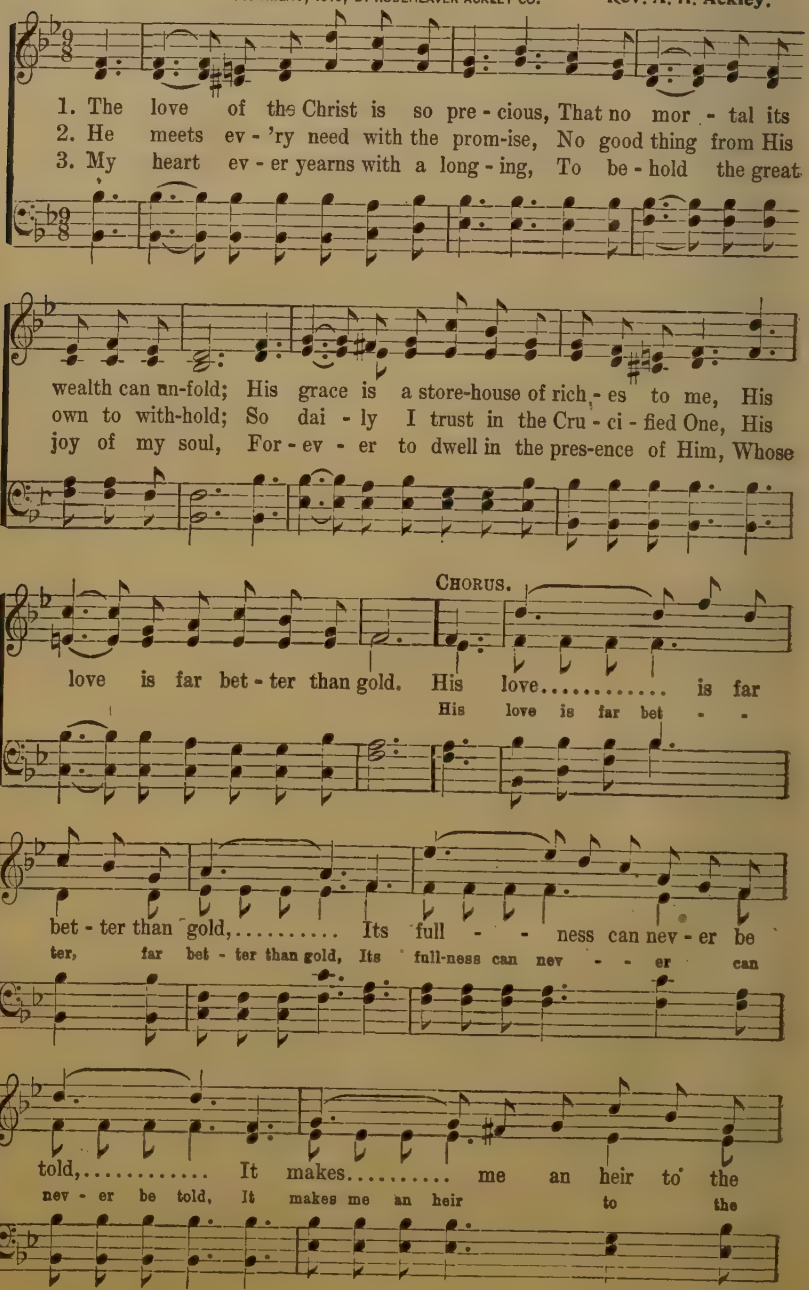
COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
USED BY PER.

P. P. Bliss.

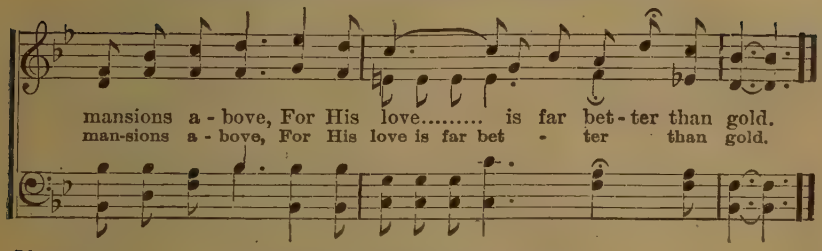

1. Bright-ly beams our Fa - ther's mer - cy From His light - house ev - er more,
2. Dark the night of sin has set - tled, Loud the an - gry bil - lows roar;
3. Trim your fee - ble lamp, my broth - er: Some poor sail - or tem-pest toss'd,
But to us He gives the keep - ing Of the lights a - long the shore.
Ea - ger eyes are watch-ing, long-ing, For the lights a - long the shore.
Try - ing now to make the har - bor, In the dark-ness may be lost.
CHORUS.
Let the low - er lights be burn - ing! Send a gleam a - cross the wave!
Some poor faint - ing struggling sea-man You may res - cue, you may save.

No. 96. His Love is Far Better Than Gold.

A. H. A. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO. Rev. A. H. Ackley.

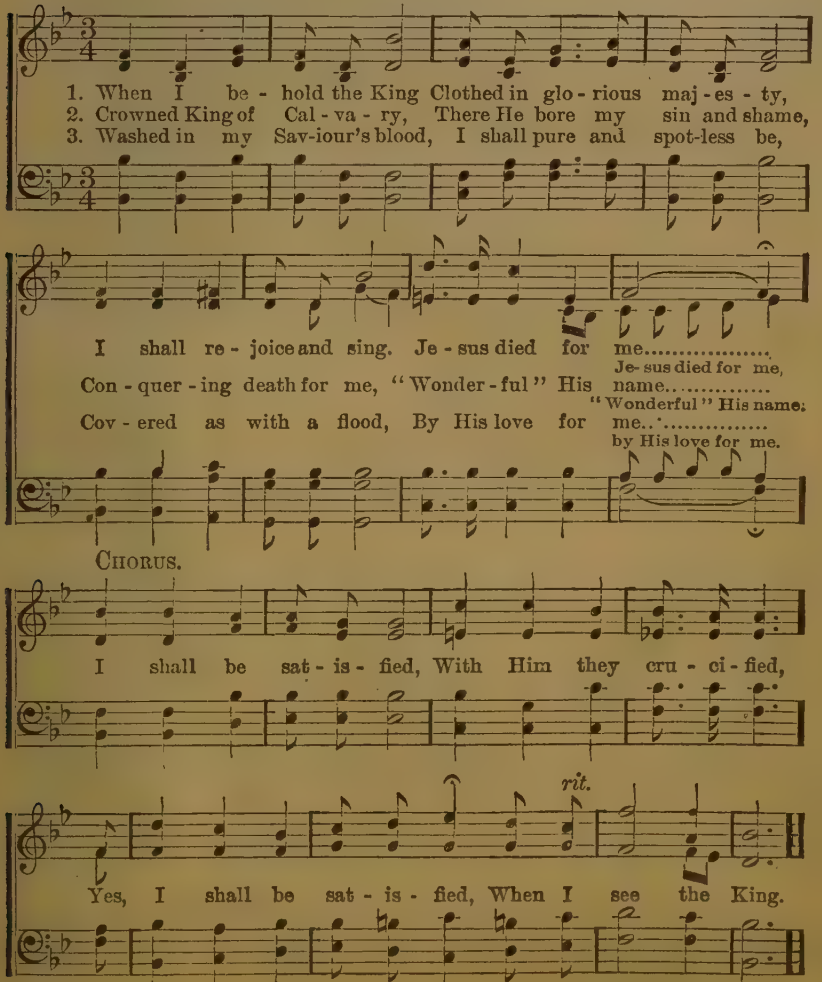

1. The love of the Christ is so pre - cious, That no mor - tal its
2. He meets ev - 'ry need with the prom-ise, No good thing from His
3. My heart ev - er yearns with a long - ing, To be - hold the great
wealth can un-fold; His grace is a store-house of rich - es to me, His
own to with-hold; So dai - ly I trust in the Cru - ci - fied One, His
joy of my soul, For - ev - er to dwell in the pres-ence of Him, Whose
CHORUS.
love is far bet - ter than gold. His love..... is far
His love is far bet - -
bet - ter than gold,..... Its full - - ness can nev - er be
ter, far bet - ter than gold, Its full-ness can nev - - er can
told,..... It makes..... me an heir to the
nev - er be told, It makes me an heir to the

His Love is Far Better Than Gold.



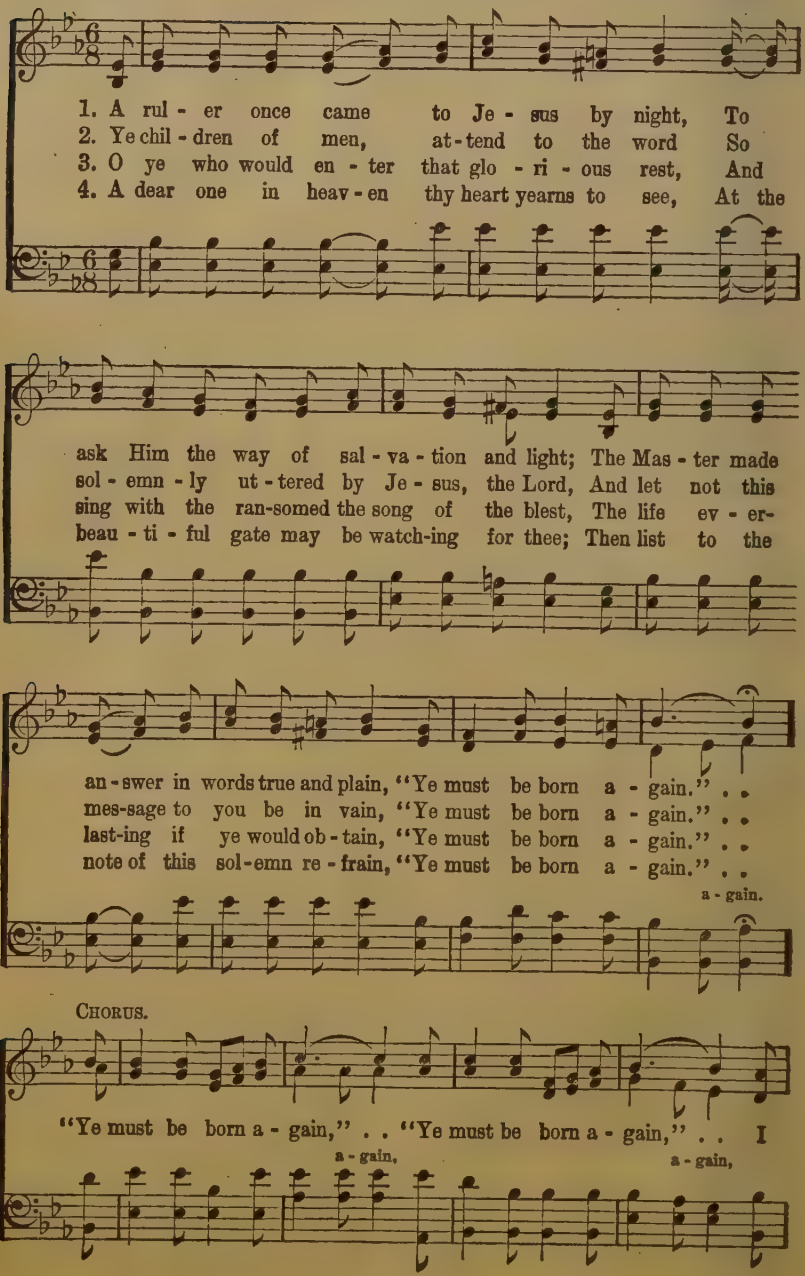
No. 97. When I See the King.

A. H. A. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO. Rev. A.H. Ackley.

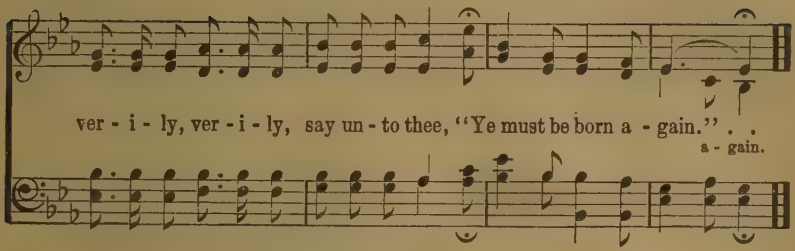

1. When I be - hold the King Clothed in glo - rious maj - es - ty,
2. Crowned King of Cal - va - ry, There He bore my sin and shame,
3. Washed in my Sav-iour's blood, I shall pure and spot-less be,
I shall re - joice and sing. Je - sus died for me.....
Je-sus died for me,
Con - quer - ing death for me, "Wonder - ful" His name.....
"Wonderful" His name.
Cov - ered as with a flood, By His love for me.....
by His love for me.
CHORUS.
I shall be sat - is - fied, With Him they cru - ci - fied,
rit.
Yes, I shall be sat - is - fied, When I see the King.

No. 98. Ye Must be Born Again.

W. T. Sleeper. COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS. Geo. C. Stebbins.

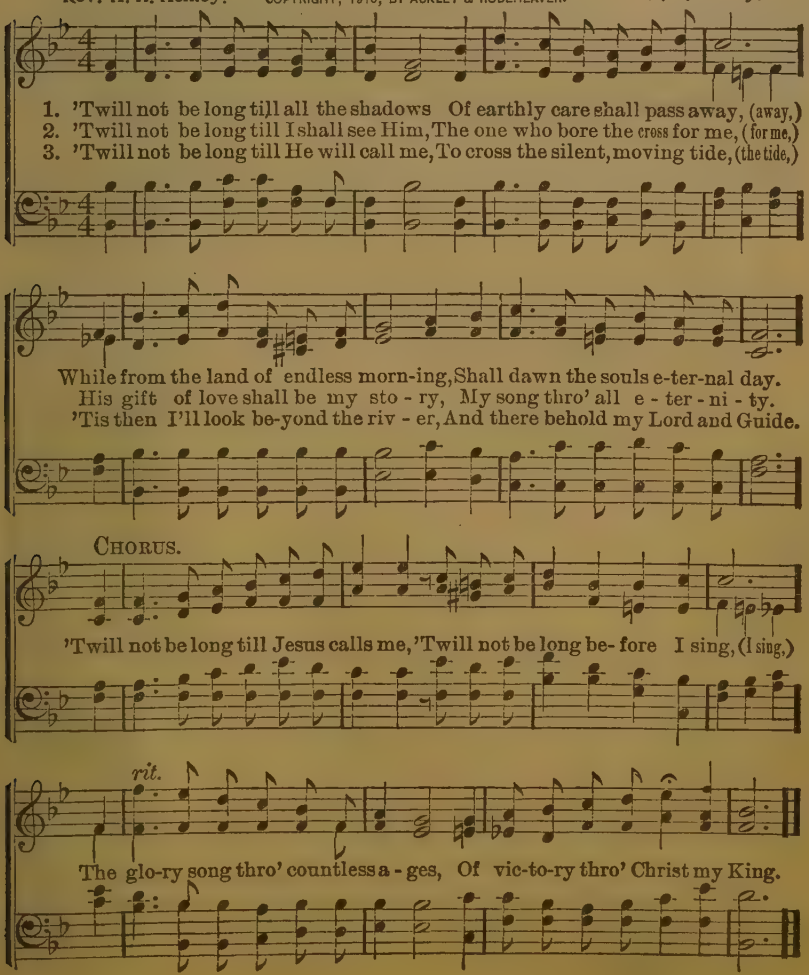

1. A rul - er once came to Je - sus by night, To
2. Ye chil - dren of men, at-tend to the word So
3. O ye who would en - ter that glo - ri - ous rest, And
4. A dear one in heav - en thy heart yearns to see, At the
ask Him the way of sal - va - tion and light; The Mas - ter made
sol - emn - ly ut - tered by Je - sus, the Lord, And let not this
sing with the ran-somed the song of the blest, The life ev - er-
beau - ti - ful gate may be watch-ing for thee; Then list to the
an - swer in words true and plain, "Ye must be born a - gain." . .
mes-sage to you be in vain, "Ye must be born a - gain." . .
last-ing if ye would ob - tain, "Ye must be born a - gain." . .
note of this sol-emn re - frain, "Ye must be born a - gain." . .
a - gain.
CHORUS.
"Ye must be born a - gain," . . "Ye must be born a - gain," . . I
a - gain,
a - gain,

Ye Must be Born Again.



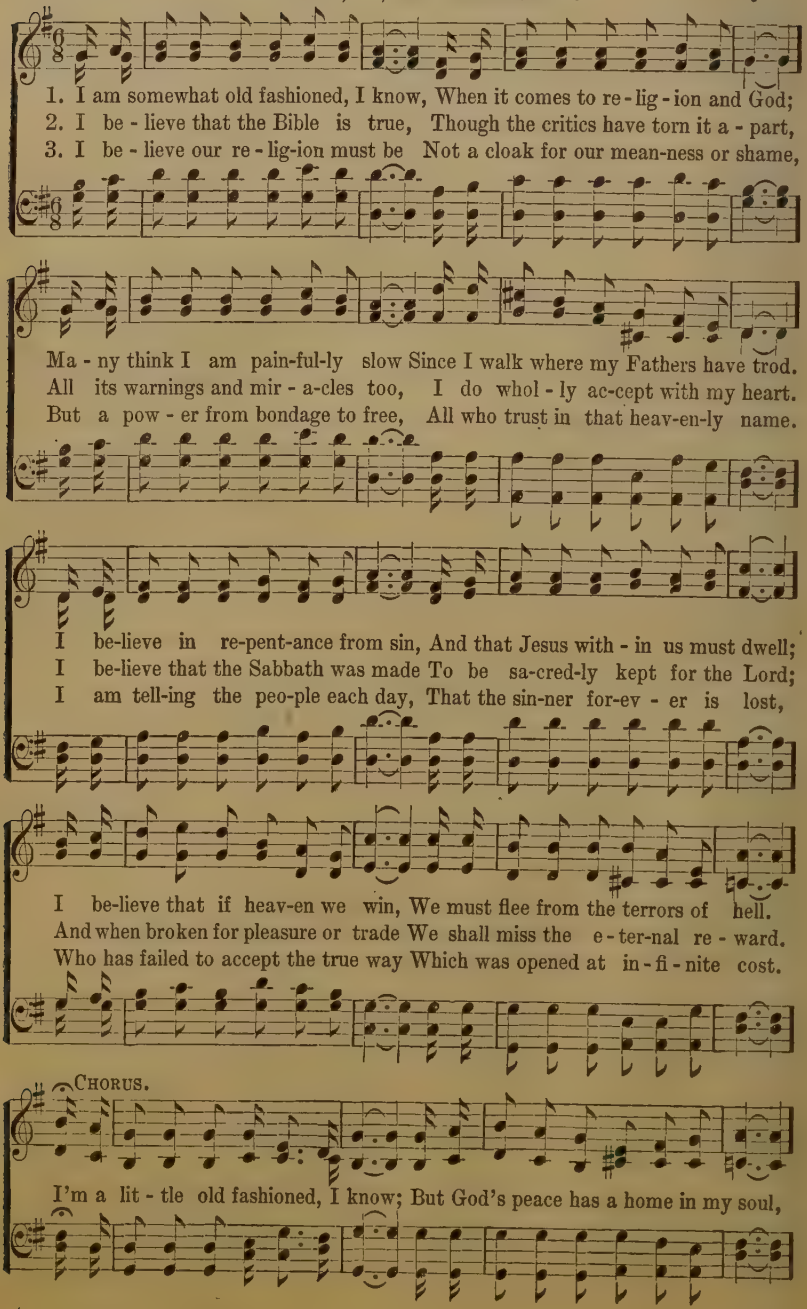
No. 99. 'Twill Not Be Long.

Rev. A. H. Ackley. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY ACKLEY & RODEHEAVER. B. D. Ackley.

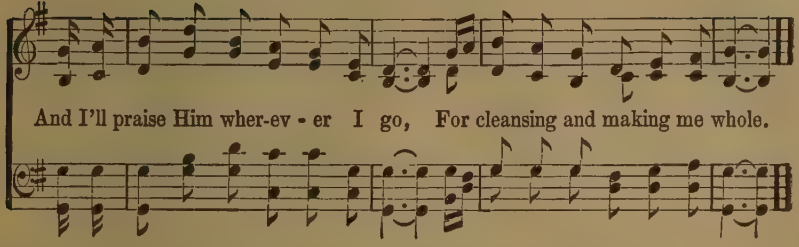

1. 'Twill not be long till all the shadows Of earthly care shall pass away, (away,)
2. 'Twill not be long till I shall see Him, The one who bore the cross for me, (for me,)
3. 'Twill not be long till He will call me, To cross the silent, moving tide, (the tide,)
While from the land of endless morn-ing, Shall dawn the souls e-ter-nal day.
His gift of love shall be my sto - ry, My song thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.
'Tis then I'll look be-yond the riv - er, And there behold my Lord and Guide.
CHORUS.
'Twill not be long till Jesus calls me, 'Twill not be long be- fore I sing, (I sing,)
rit.
The glo-ry song thro' countless a - ges, Of vic-to-ry thro' Christ my King.

No. 100. The Old Fashioned Faith.

Rev. N. A. McAulay. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO. B. D. Ackley.

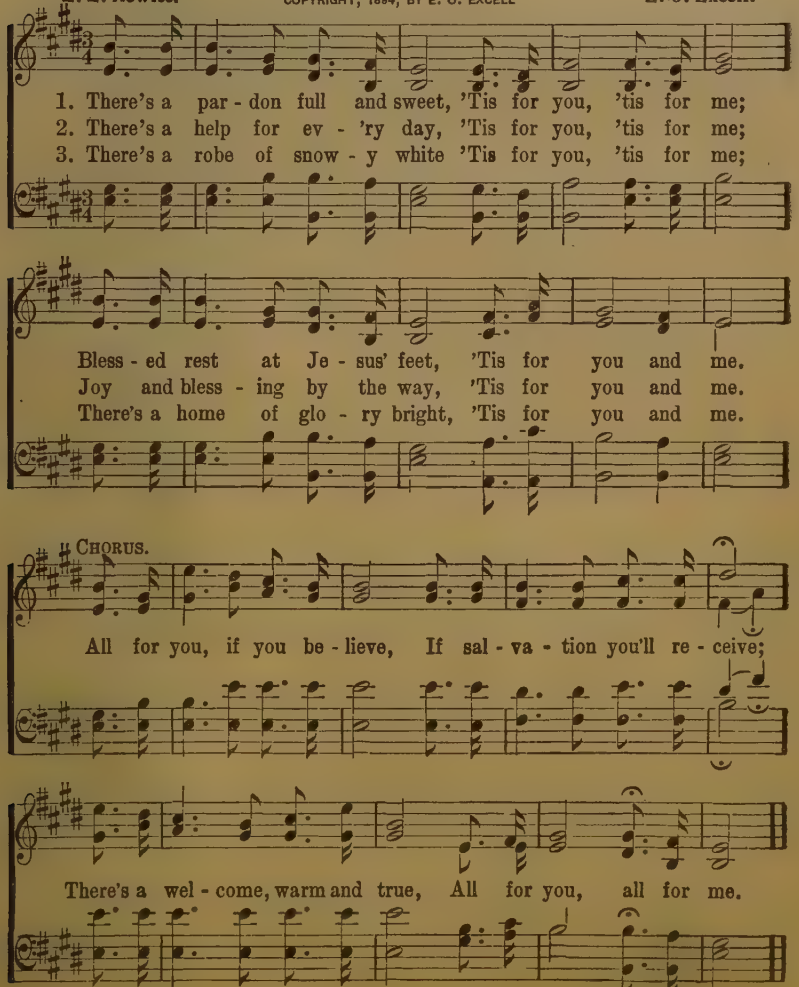

1. I am somewhat old fashioned, I know, When it comes to re-lig-ion and God;
2. I be-lieve that the Bible is true, Though the critics have torn it a-part,
3. I be-lieve our re-lig-ion must be Not a cloak for our mean-ness or shame,
Ma-ny think I am pain-ful-ly slow Since I walk where my Fathers have trod.
All its warnings and mir-a-cles too, I do whol-ly ac-cept with my heart.
But a pow-er from bondage to free, All who trust in that heav-en-ly name.
I be-lieve in re-pent-ance from sin, And that Jesus with-in us must dwell;
I be-lieve that the Sabbath was made To be sa-cred-ly kept for the Lord;
I am tell-ing the peo-ple each day, That the sin-ner for-ev-er is lost,
I be-lieve that if heav-en we win, We must flee from the terrors of hell.
And when broken for pleasure or trade We shall miss the e-ter-nal re-ward.
Who has failed to accept the true way Which was opened at in-fi-nite cost.
CHORUS.
I'm a lit-tle old fashioned, I know; But God's peace has a home in my soul,

The Old Fashioned Faith.



No. 101. 'Tis For You and Me.

E. E. Hewitt. COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY E. O. EXCELL E. O. Excell.


1. There's a par - don full and sweet, 'Tis for you, 'tis for me;
2. There's a help for ev - 'ry day, 'Tis for you, 'tis for me;
3. There's a robe of snow - y white 'Tis for you, 'tis for me;
Bless - ed rest at Je - sus' feet, 'Tis for you and me.
Joy and bless - ing by the way, 'Tis for you and me.
There's a home of glo - ry bright, 'Tis for you and me.
CHORUS.
All for you, if you be - lieve, If sal - va - tion you'll re - ceive;
There's a wel - come, warm and true, All for you, all for me.

No. 102. Never Give Up.

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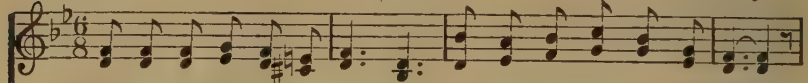
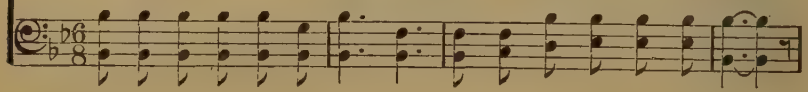
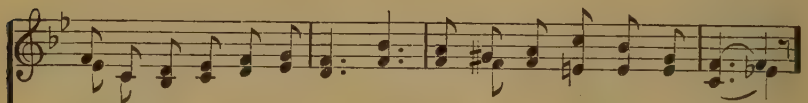
Fanny J. Crosby. I. Allan Sankey.

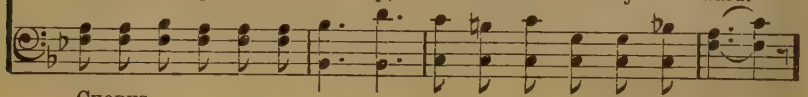


1. Nev-er be sad or de-spond-ing If thou hast faith to be-lieve;
2. What if thy bur-dens op-press thee; What tho' thy life may be drear;
3. Nev-er be sad or de-spond-ing, There is a mor-row for thee;
4. Nev-er be sad or de-spond-ing, Lean on the arm of thy Lord;

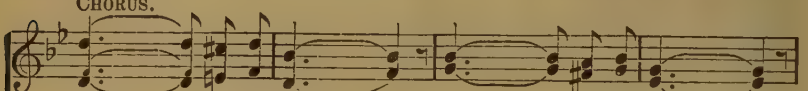




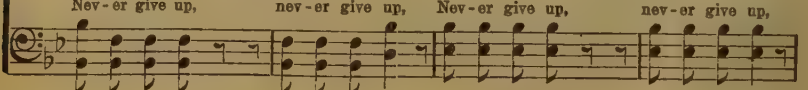
Grace, for the du-ties be-fore thee, Ask of thy God and re-ceive.
Look on the side that is bright-est, Pray, and thy path will be clear.
Soon thou shalt dwell in its bright-ness, There with the Lord thou shalt be.
Dwell in the depths of His mer-cy, Thou shalt re-ceive thy re-ward.

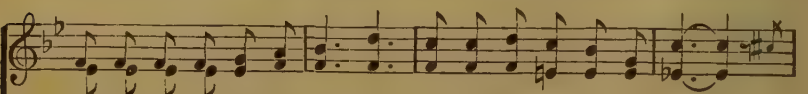


CHORUS.

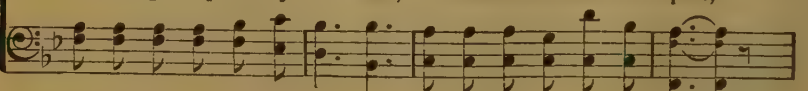


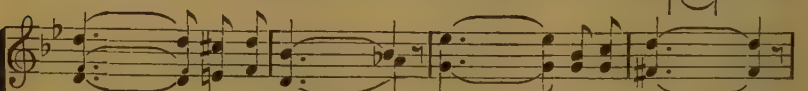
Nev - er give up, ... Nev - er give up, ...
Nev-er give up, nev-er give up, Nev-er give up, nev-er give up,



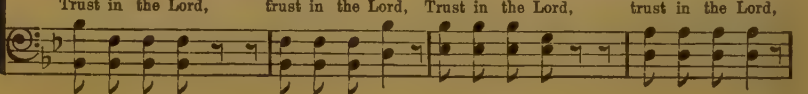


Nev-er give up to thy sor-rows, Je-sus will bid them de-part;

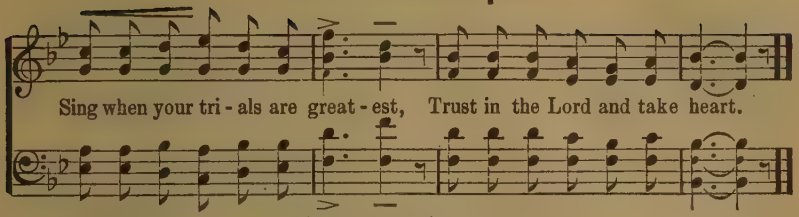




Trust . . . . in the Lord, ... Trust . . . . in the Lord, ...
Trust in the Lord, trust in the Lord, Trust in the Lord, trust in the Lord,

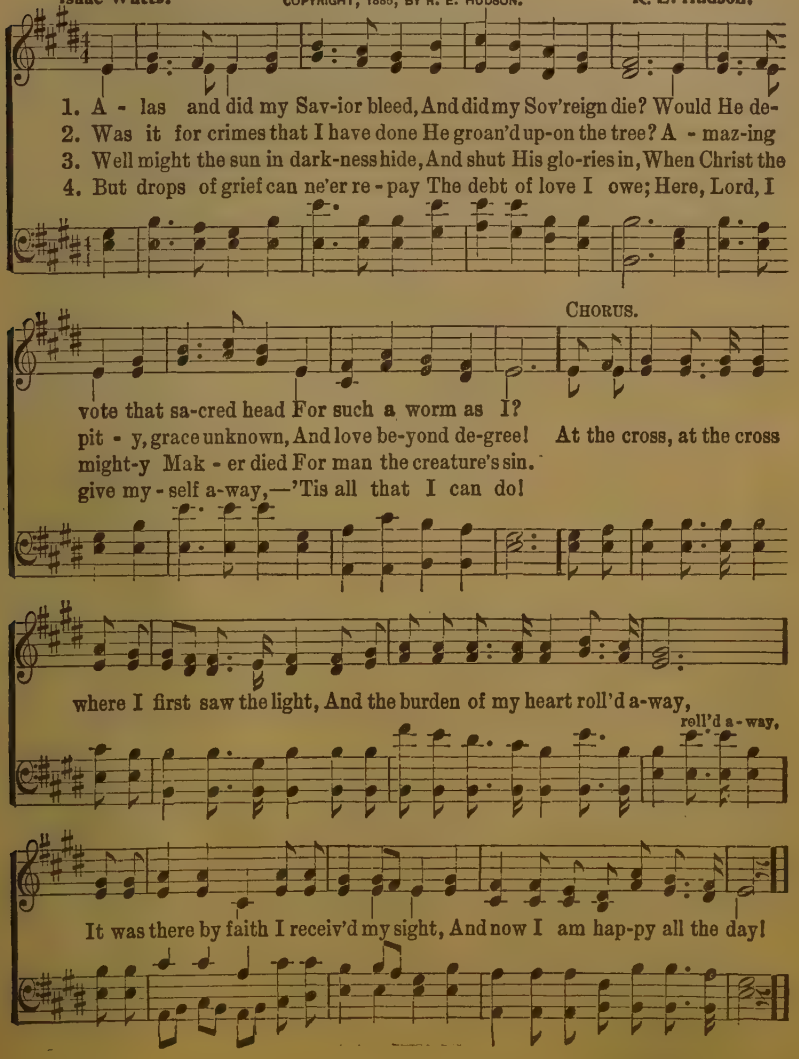


Never Give Up.



No. 103. At the Cross.

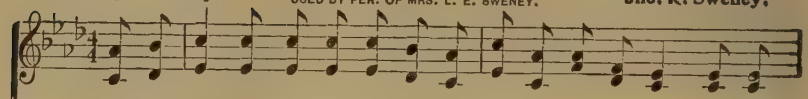
Isaac Watts. COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY R. E. HUDSON. R. E. Hudson.


1. A - las and did my Sav-ior bleed, And did my Sov'reign die? Would He de-
2. Was it for crimes that I have done He groan'd up-on the tree? A - maz-ing
3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut His glo-ries in, When Christ the
4. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe; Here, Lord, I
Chorus.
vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
pit - y, grace unknown, And love be-yond de-gree! At the cross, at the cross
might-y Mak - er died For man the creature's sin.
give my - self a-way,—'Tis all that I can do!
where I first saw the light, And the burden of my heart roll'd a-way,
roll'd a-way,
It was there by faith I receiv'd my sight, And now I am hap-py all the day!

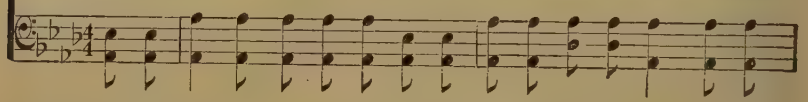
No. 104. My Savior First of All.

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.
USED BY PER. OF MRS. L. E. SWENEY.

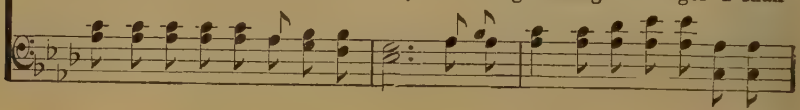
Fanny J. Crosby. Jno. R. Sweney.



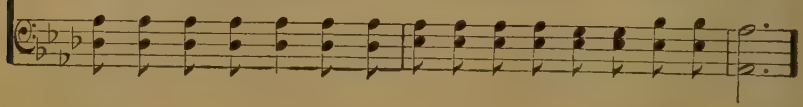
1. When my life work is end- ed, and I cross the swell-ing tide, When the
2. Oh, the soul-thrill-ing rapt-ure when I view His bless - ed face, And the
3. Oh, the dear ones in glo - ry, how they beck-on me to come, And our
4. Thro' the gates to the cit - y, in a robe of spot - less white He will

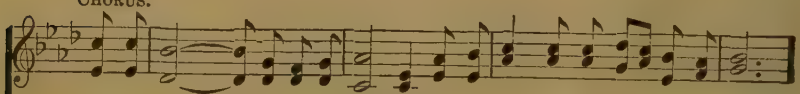


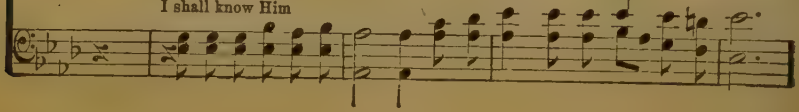
bright and glorious morning I shall see, I shall know my Re-deemer when I
lus - ter of His kind - ly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise Him for the
part - ing at the riv - er I re - call; To the sweet vales of E-den they will
lead me where no tears will ev-er fall; In the glad song of a - ges I shall

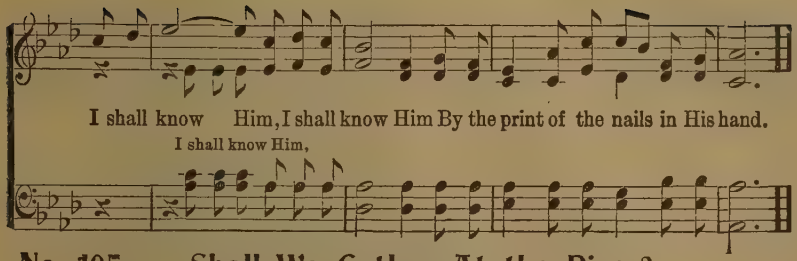


reach the oth - er side, And His smile will be the first to wel - come me.
mer - cy, love and grace, That pre-pare for me a man-sion in the sky.
sing my wel-come home; But I long to meet my Sav-ior first of all.
min - gle with de - light; But I long to meet my Sav-ior first of all.



CHORUS.

I shall know Him, I shall know Him, And redeem'd by His side I shall stand,

I shall know Him

My Savior First of All.



No. 105. Shall We Gather At the River?

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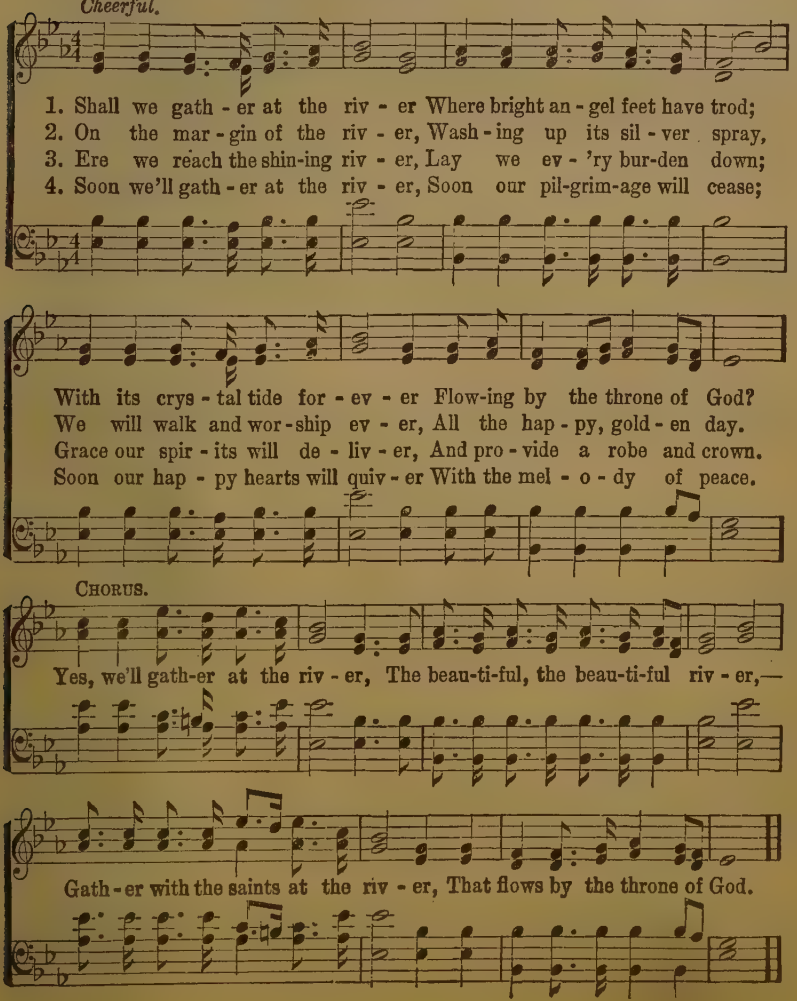
R. L.

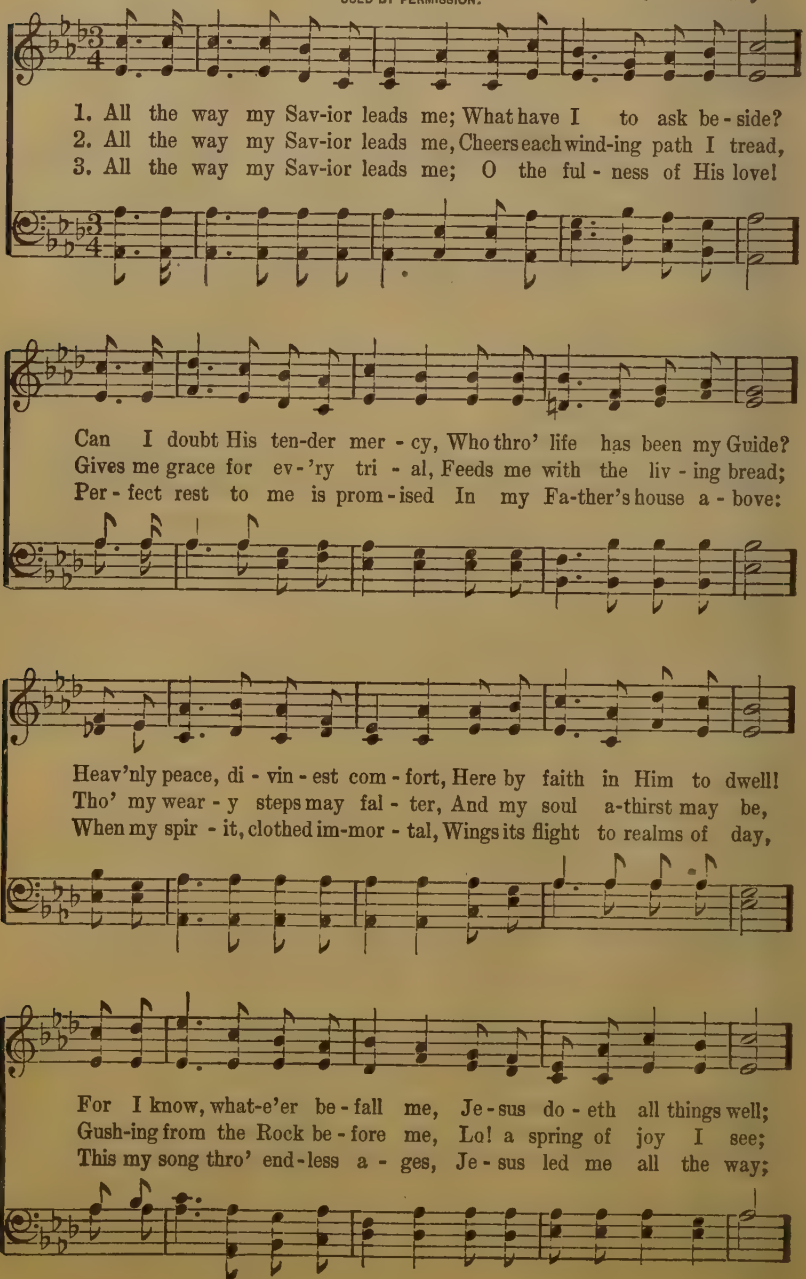
Cheerful.

Rev. Robert Lowry.

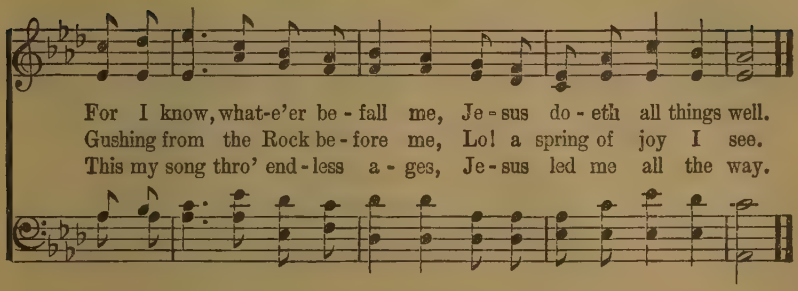

1. Shall we gath - er at the riv - er Where bright an - gel feet have trod;
2. On the mar - gin of the riv - er, Wash - ing up its sil - ver spray,
3. Ere we reach the shin-ing riv - er, Lay we ev - 'ry bur-den down;
4. Soon we'll gath - er at the riv - er, Soon our pil-grim-age will cease;
With its crys - tal tide for - ev - er Flow-ing by the throne of God?
We will walk and wor - ship ev - er, All the hap - py, gold - en day.
Grace our spir - its will de - liv - er, And pro - vide a robe and crown.
Soon our hap - py hearts will quiv - er With the mel - o - dy of peace.
CHORUS.
Yes, we'll gath-er at the riv - er, The beau-ti-ful, the beau-ti-ful riv - er,—
Gath - er with the saints at the riv - er, That flows by the throne of God.

No. 106. All the Way My Savior Leads Me.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION. Robert Lowry.


1. All the way my Sav-ior leads me; What have I to ask be-side?
2. All the way my Sav-ior leads me, Cheers each wind-ing path I tread,
3. All the way my Sav-ior leads me; O the ful-ness of His love!
Can I doubt His ten-der mer-cy, Who thro' life has been my Guide?
Gives me grace for ev-'ry tri-al, Feeds me with the liv-ing bread;
Per-fect rest to me is prom-ised In my Fa-ther's house a-bove:
Heav'nly peace, di-vin-est com-fort, Here by faith in Him to dwell!
Tho' my wear-y steps may fal-ter, And my soul a-thirst may be,
When my spir-it, clothed im-mor-tal, Wings its flight to realms of day,
For I know, what-e'er be-fall me, Je-sus do-eth all things well;
Gush-ing from the Rock be-fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I see;
This my song thro' end-less a-ges, Je-sus led me all the way;

All the Way My Savior Leads Me.


For I know, what-e'er be - fall me, Je - sus do - eth all things well.
Gushing from the Rock be - fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I see.
This my song thro' end - less a - ges, Je - sus led me all the way.

No. 107. More About Jesus.

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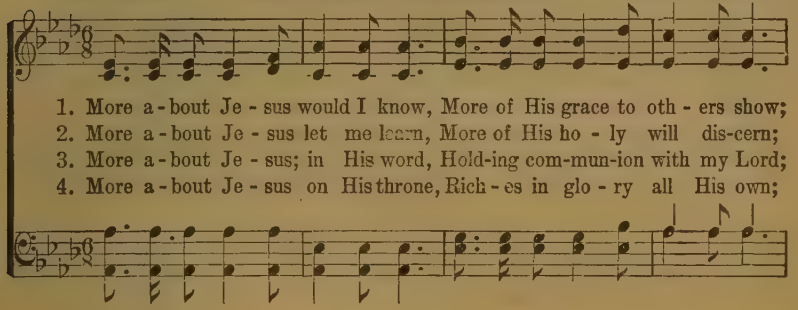
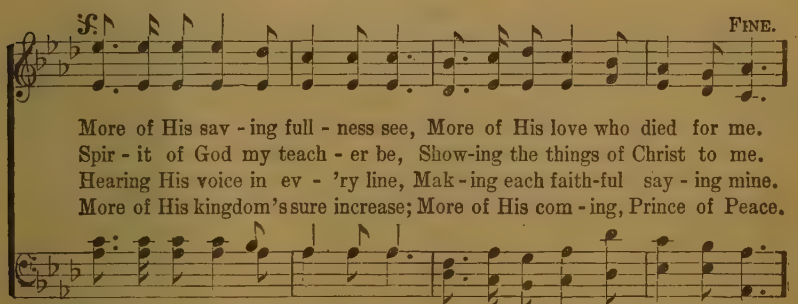
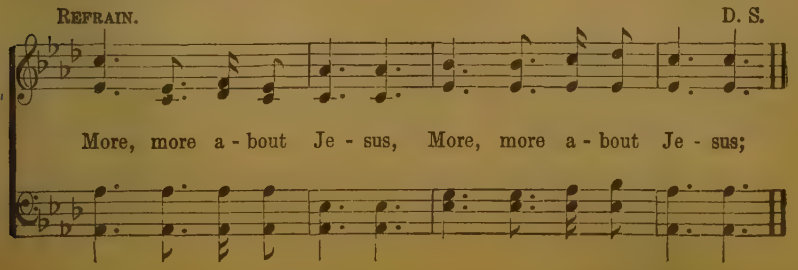
E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. More a - bout Je - sus would I know, More of His grace to oth - ers show;
2. More a - bout Je - sus let me learn, More of His ho - ly will dis-cern;
3. More a - bout Je - sus; in His word, Hold-ing com-mun-ion with my Lord;
4. More a - bout Je - sus on His throne, Rich - es in glo - ry all His own;


FINE.
More of His sav - ing full - ness see, More of His love who died for me.
Spir - it of God my teach - er be, Show-ing the things of Christ to me.
Hearing His voice in ev - 'ry line, Mak - ing each faith-ful say - ing mine.
More of His kingdom's sure increase; More of His com - ing, Prince of Peace.

D. S.—*More of His sav - ing full - ness see, More of His love who died for me.*



No. 108. The Hallelujah Song.

Mrs. C. H. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
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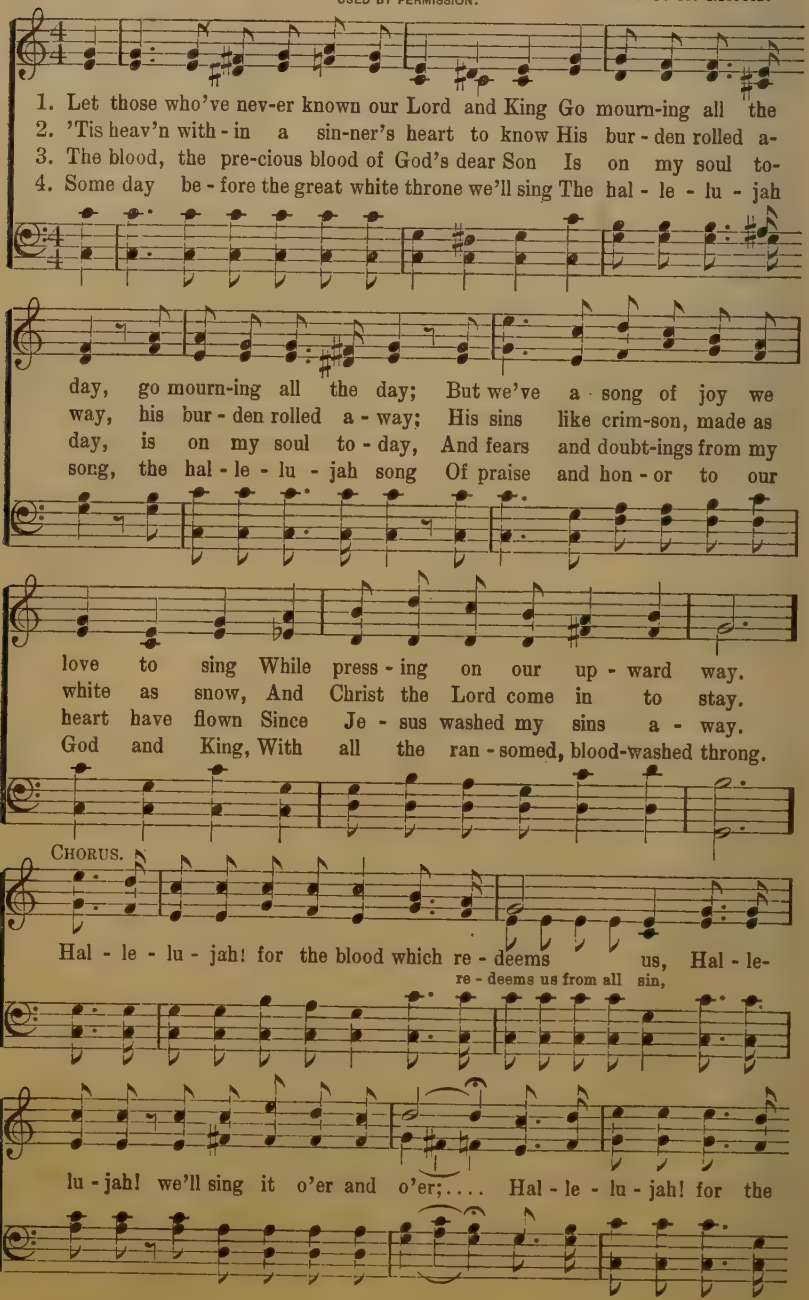
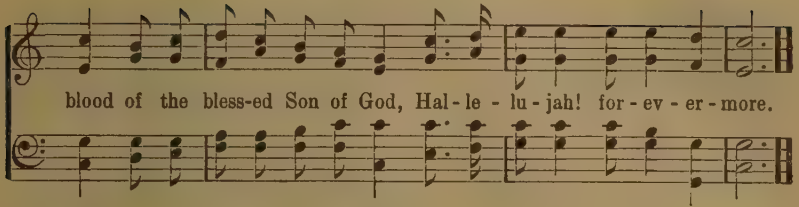
Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. Let those who've nev-er known our Lord and King Go mourn-ing all the day, go mourn-ing all the day; But we've a song of joy we
2. 'Tis heav'n with-in a sin-ner's heart to know His bur-den rolled a-way, his bur-den rolled a-way; His sins like crim-son, made as
3. The blood, the pre-cious blood of God's dear Son Is on my soul to-day, is on my soul to-day, And fears and doubt-ings from my
4. Some day be-fore the great white throne we'll sing The hal-le-lu-jah song, the hal-le-lu-jah song Of praise and hon-or to our
love to sing While press-ing on our up-ward way.
white as snow, And Christ the Lord come in to stay.
heart have flown Since Je-sus washed my sins a-way.
God and King, With all the ran-somed, blood-washed throng.
CHORUS.
Hal-le-lu-jah! for the blood which re-deems us, Hal-le-
re-deems us from all sin,
lu-jah! we'll sing it o'er and o'er;.... Hal-le-lu-jah! for the

The Hallelujah Song.



No. 109. No Night There.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY J. B. HERBERT.
RODEHEAVER & HERBERT, OWNERS.

Johnson Oatman, Jr. **J. B. Herbert.**

Andante.

1. In yon - der cit - y, Cloud-less and fair, Comes dark-ness nev - er;
2. Here we have darkness, Long nights of care; No dark-ness yon-der,
3. Here we have sor-row, Each one his share; No tears in heav-en,
4. Here we have cross-es That we must bear; No tri - als yon-der,
5. That Light up yon - der, Ra-diant and fair, Is Christ, our Sav-ior!

CHORUS. *Brighter.*

p

No night there. No night there, No night there,

No night there, No night there,

cres.

Light ev - er - last-ing! No night there, No night there!

No night there, No night there!

cres. *f* *p*

No night there! God's ho - ly cit - y; No night there!

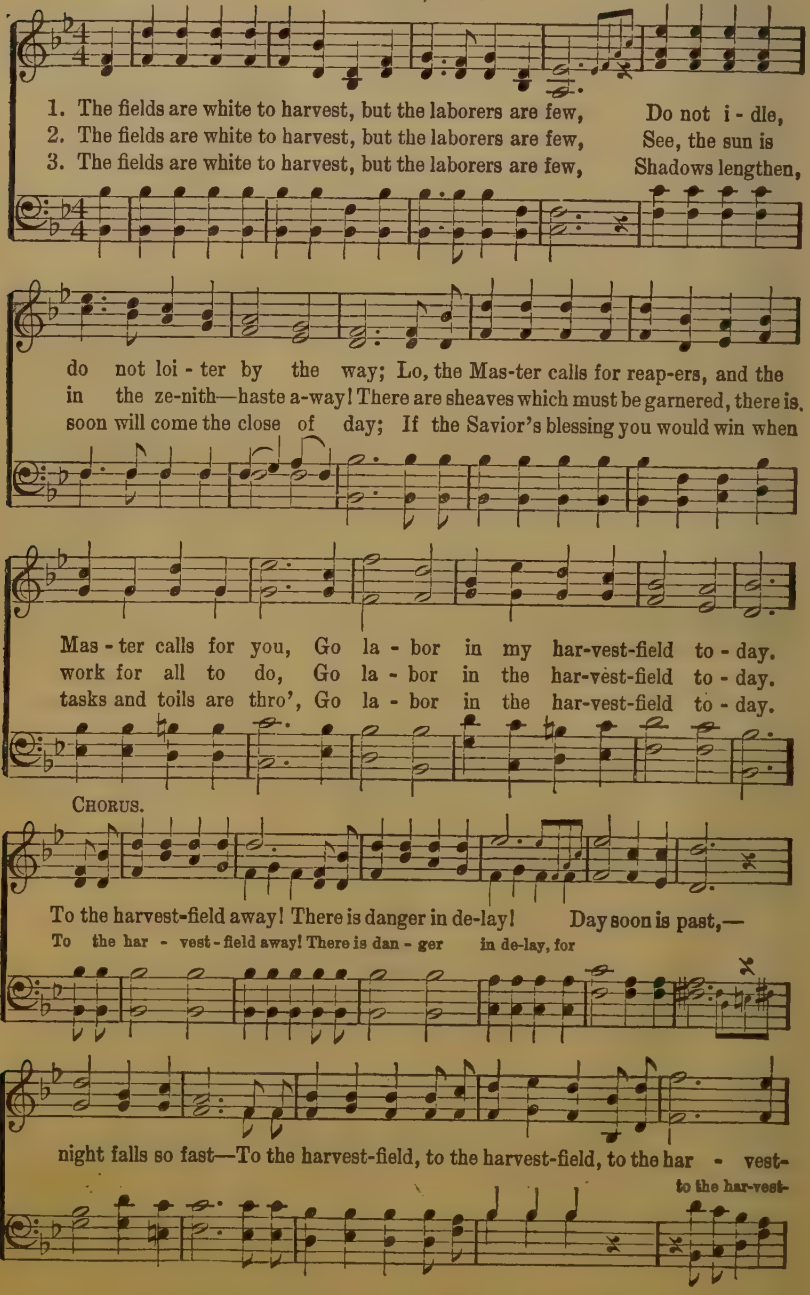
No night there!

No. 110. White Harvest-Fields.

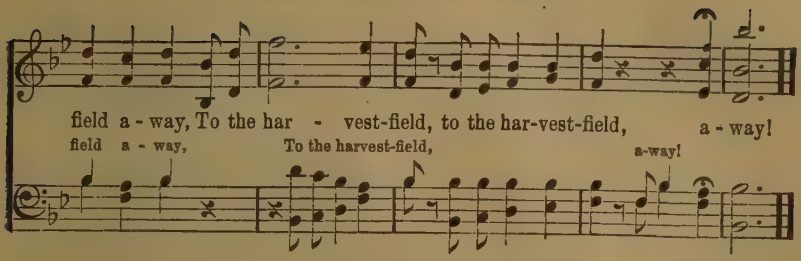
Eleanor W. Long.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

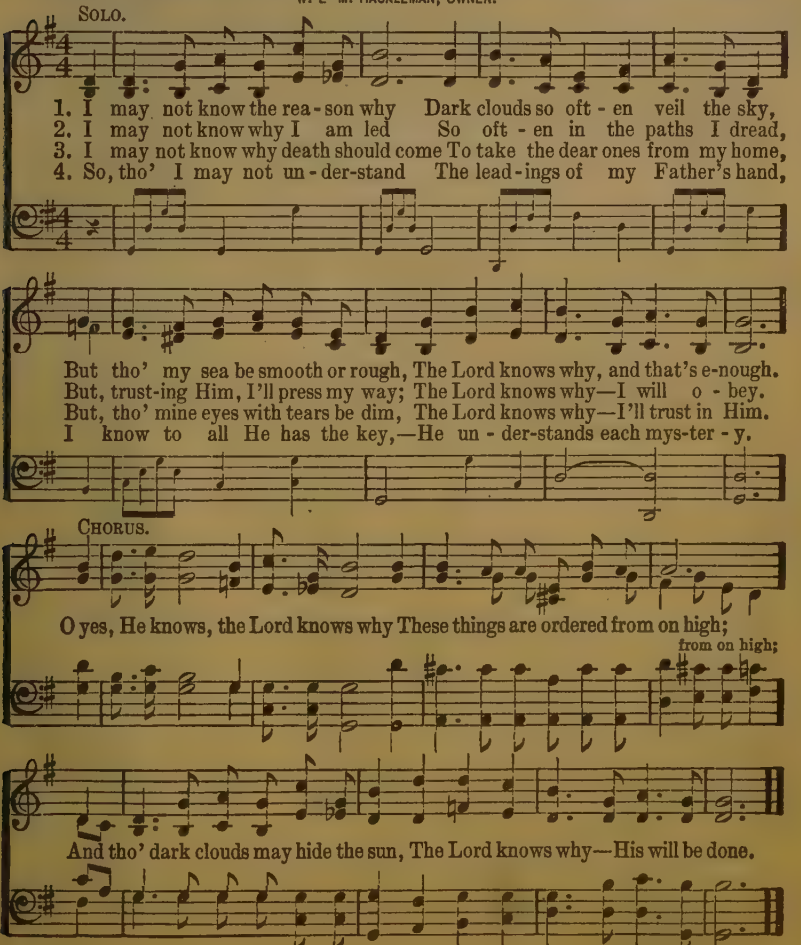

1. The fields are white to harvest, but the laborers are few, Do not i - dle,
2. The fields are white to harvest, but the laborers are few, See, the sun is
3. The fields are white to harvest, but the laborers are few, Shadows lengthen,
do not loi - ter by the way; Lo, the Mas-ter calls for reap-ers, and the
in the ze-nith—haste a-way! There are sheaves which must be garnered, there is.
soon will come the close of day; If the Savior's blessing you would win when
Mas - ter calls for you, Go la - bor in my har-vest-field to - day.
work for all to do, Go la - bor in the har-vest-field to - day.
tasks and toils are thro', Go la - bor in the har-vest-field to - day.
CHORUS.
To the harvest-field away! There is danger in de-lay! Day soon is past,—
To the har - vest - field away! There is dan - ger in de-lay, for
night falls so fast—To the harvest-field, to the harvest-field, to the har - vest-
to the har-vest-

White Harvest-Fields.



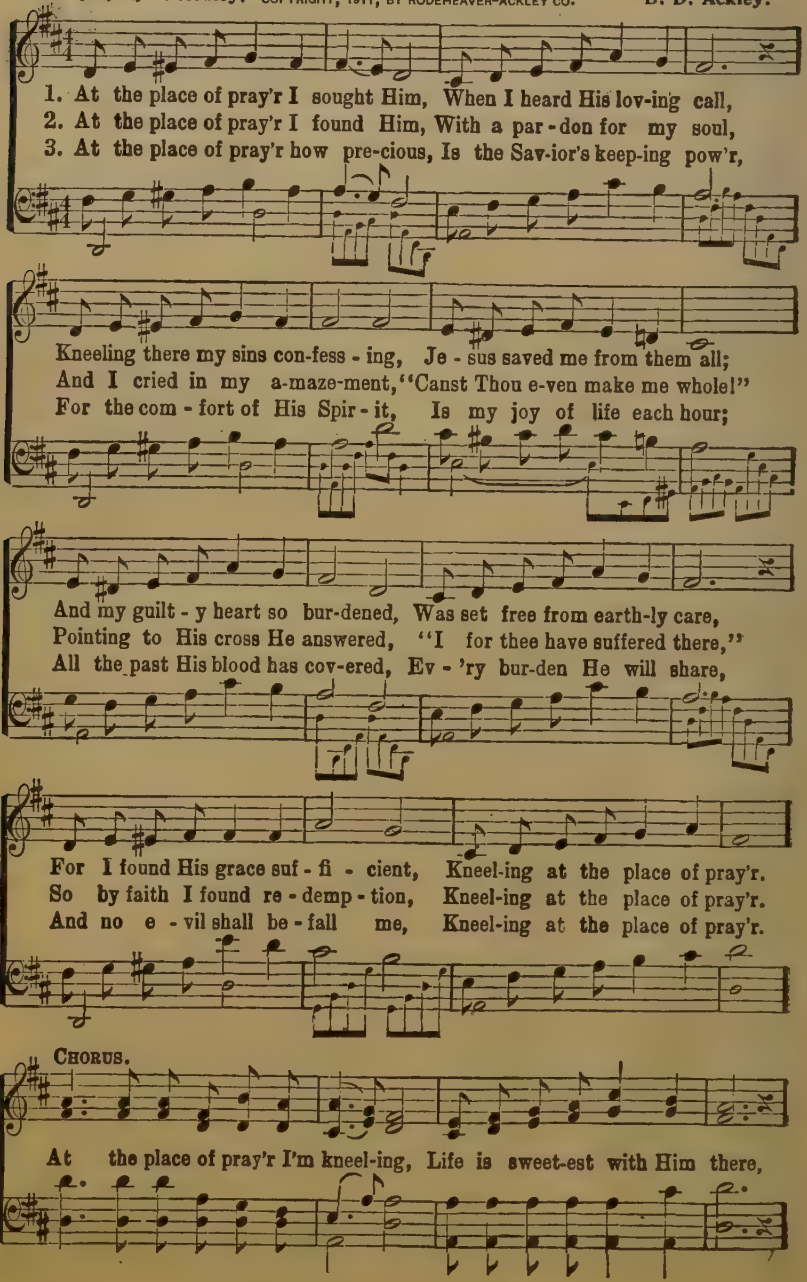
No. 111. The Lord Knows Why.

Johnson Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY CHAS. H GABRIEL. W. E M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

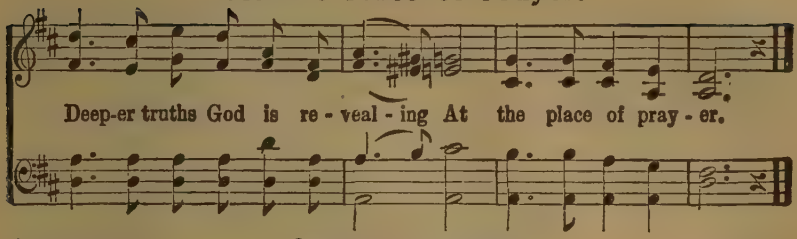

SOLO.
1. I may not know the rea - son why Dark clouds so oft - en veil the sky,
2. I may not know why I am led So oft - en in the paths I dread,
3. I may not know why death should come To take the dear ones from my home,
4. So, tho' I may not un - der-stand The lead - ings of my Father's hand,
But tho' my sea be smooth or rough, The Lord knows why, and that's e-nough.
But, trust-ing Him, I'll press my way; The Lord knows why—I will o - bey.
But, tho' mine eyes with tears be dim, The Lord knows why—I'll trust in Him.
I know to all He has the key,—He un - der-stands each mys-ter - y.
CHORUS.
O yes, He knows, the Lord knows why These things are ordered from on high;
from on high;
And tho' dark clouds may hide the sun, The Lord knows why—His will be done.

No. 112. At the Place of Prayer.

Rev. A. H. Ackley. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO. B. D. Ackley.


1. At the place of pray'r I sought Him, When I heard His lov-ing call,
2. At the place of pray'r I found Him, With a par-don for my soul,
3. At the place of pray'r how pre-cious, Is the Sav-ior's keep-ing pow'r,
Kneeling there my sins con-fess-ing, Je-sus saved me from them all;
And I cried in my a-maze-ment, "Canst Thou e-ven make me whole!"
For the com-fort of His Spir-it, Is my joy of life each hour;
And my guilt-y heart so bur-dened, Was set free from earth-ly care,
Pointing to His cross He answered, "I for thee have suffered there,"
All the past His blood has cov-ered, Ev-'ry bur-den He will share,
For I found His grace suf-fi-cient, Kneel-ing at the place of pray'r.
So by faith I found re-demp-tion, Kneel-ing at the place of pray'r.
And no e-vil shall be-fall me, Kneel-ing at the place of pray'r.
CHORUS.
At the place of pray'r I'm kneel-ing, Life is sweet-est with Him there,

At the Place of Prayer.



No. 113. Jesus is Calling.

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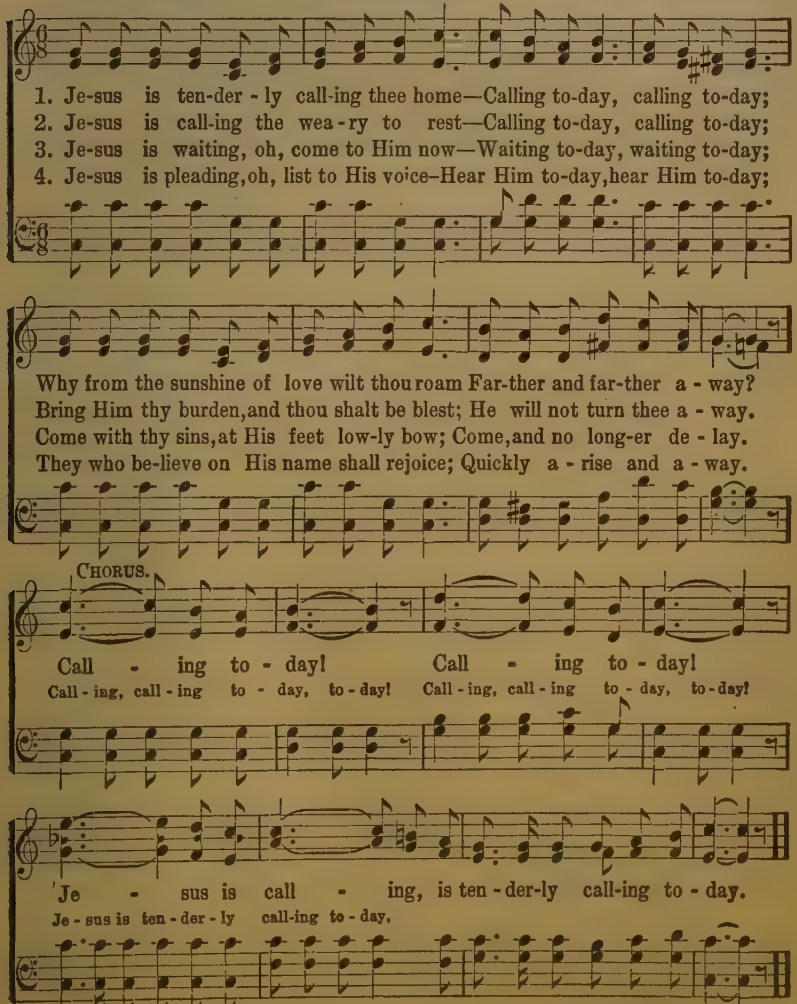
Fanny J. Crosby. George C. Stebbins.


1. Je-sus is ten-der - ly call-ing thee home—Calling to-day, calling to-day;
2. Je-sus is call-ing the wea - ry to rest—Calling to-day, calling to-day;
3. Je-sus is waiting, oh, come to Him now—Waiting to-day, waiting to-day;
4. Je-sus is pleading, oh, list to His voice—Hear Him to-day, hear Him to-day;
Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou roam Far-ther and far-ther a - way?
Bring Him thy burden, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee a - way.
Come with thy sins, at His feet low-ly bow; Come, and no long-er de - lay.
They who be-lieve on His name shall rejoice; Quickly a - rise and a - way.
CHORUS.
Call - ing to - day! Call - ing to - day!
Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day! Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day!
Je - sus is call - ing, is ten - der-ly call-ing to - day.
Je - sus is ten - der - ly call-ing to - day.

No. 114. "But for a Moment."

A. A. P.

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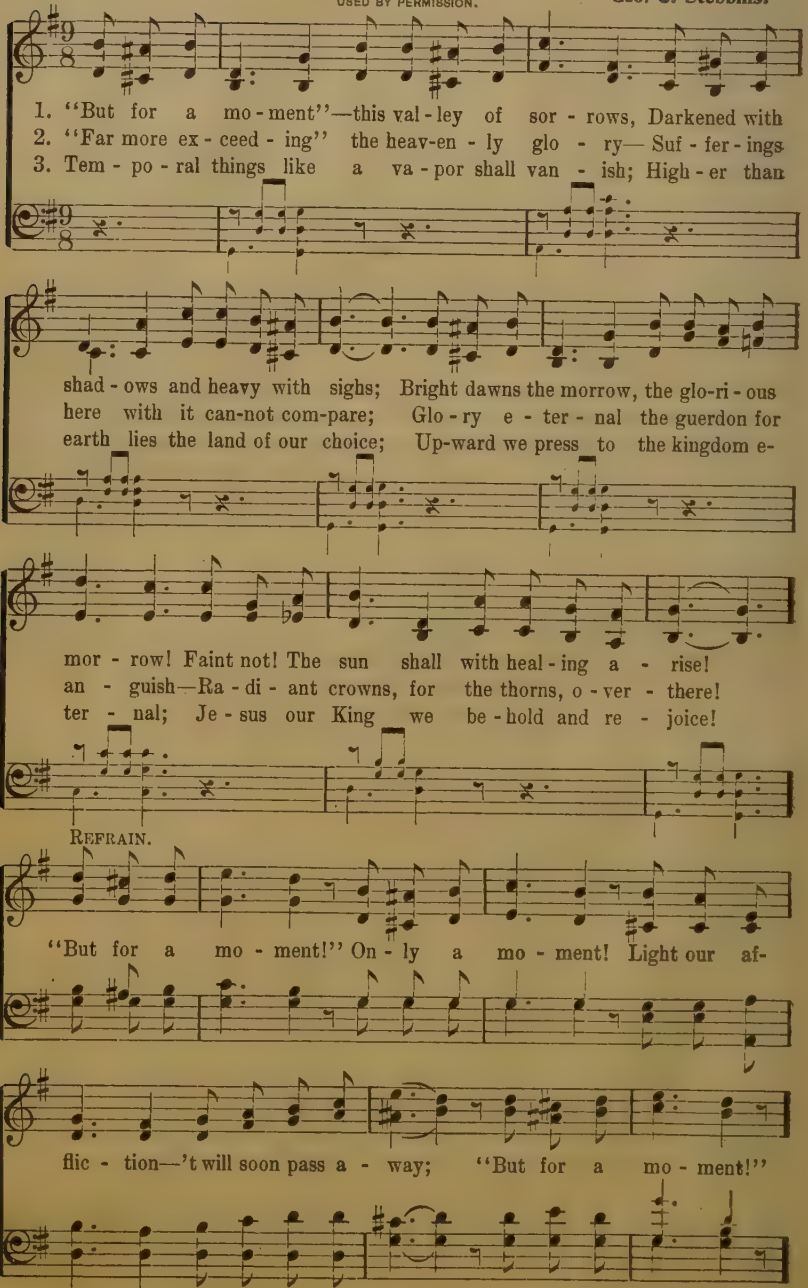
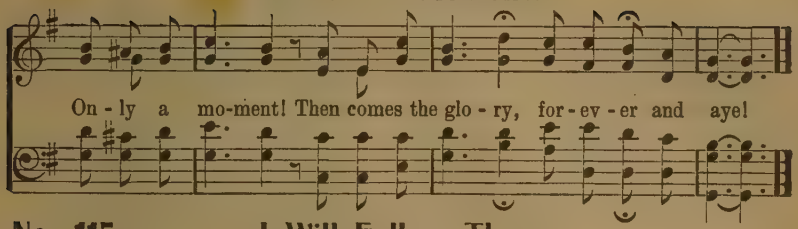

1. "But for a mo - ment"—this val - ley of sor - rows, Darkened with
2. "Far more ex - ceed - ing" the heav-en - ly glo - ry— Suf - fer - ings
3. Tem - po - ral things like a va - por shall van - ish; High - er than
shad - ows and heavy with sighs; Bright dawns the morrow, the glo-ri - ous
here with it can-not com-pare; Glo - ry e - ter - nal the guerdon for
earth lies the land of our choice; Up-ward we press to the kingdom e-
mor - row! Faint not! The sun shall with heal - ing a - rise!
an - guish—Ra - di - ant crowns, for the thorns, o - ver - there!
ter - nal; Je - sus our King we be - hold and re - joice!
REFRAIN.
"But for a mo - ment!" On - ly a mo - ment! Light our af-
flic - tion—'t will soon pass a - way; "But for a mo - ment!"

"But for a Moment."



No. 115. I Will Follow Thee.

Blanche Thornely.

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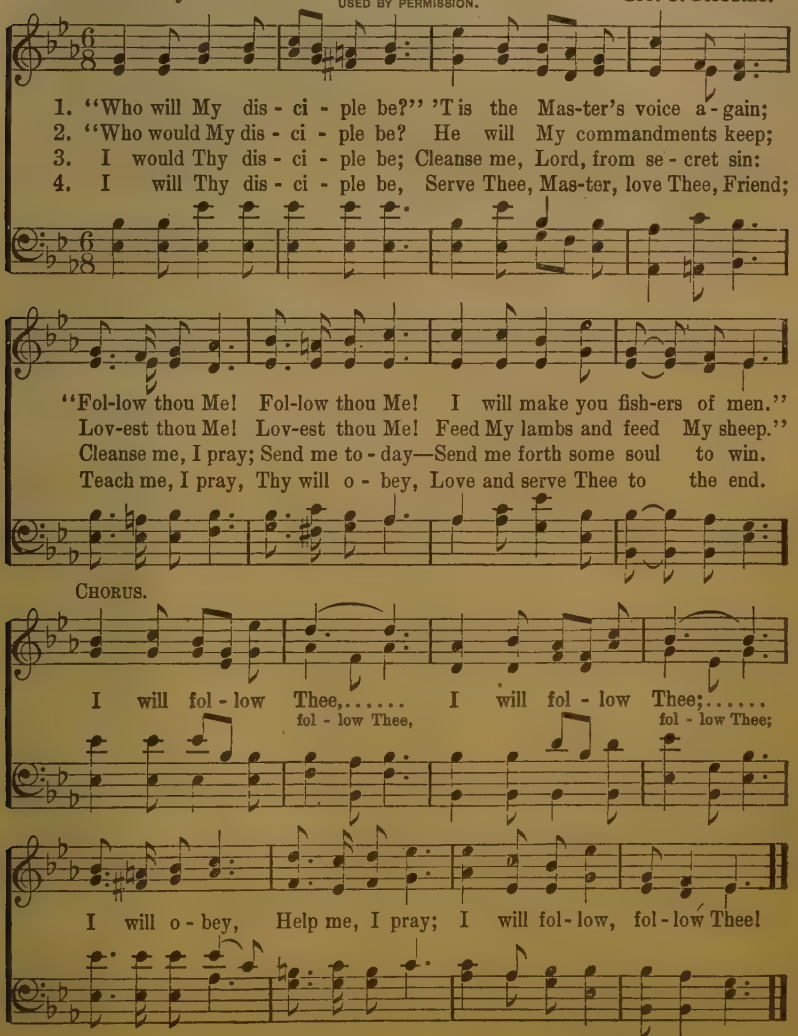
Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. "Who will My dis - ci - ple be?" 'T is the Mas-ter's voice a - gain;
2. "Who would My dis - ci - ple be? He will My commandments keep;
3. I would Thy dis - ci - ple be; Cleanse me, Lord, from se - cret sin:
4. I will Thy dis - ci - ple be, Serve Thee, Mas-ter, love Thee, Friend;
"Fol-low thou Me! Fol-low thou Me! I will make you fish-ers of men."
Lov-est thou Me! Lov-est thou Me! Feed My lambs and feed My sheep."
Cleanse me, I pray; Send me to - day—Send me forth some soul to win.
Teach me, I pray, Thy will o - bey, Love and serve Thee to the end.
CHORUS.
I will fol - low Thee,..... I will fol - low Thee;.....
fol - low Thee, fol - low Thee;
I will o - bey, Help me, I pray; I will fol - low, fol - low Thee!

No. 116. Then I Shall Understand.

James Rowe.

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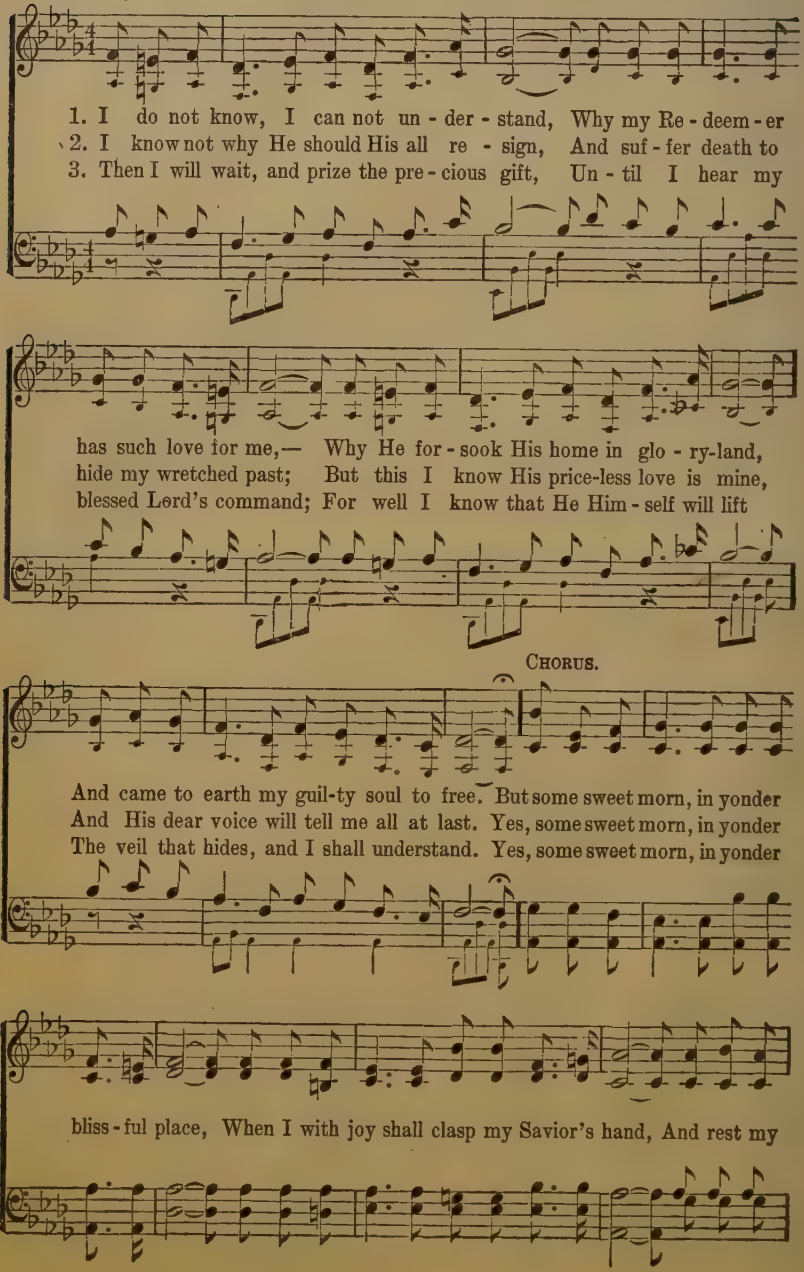
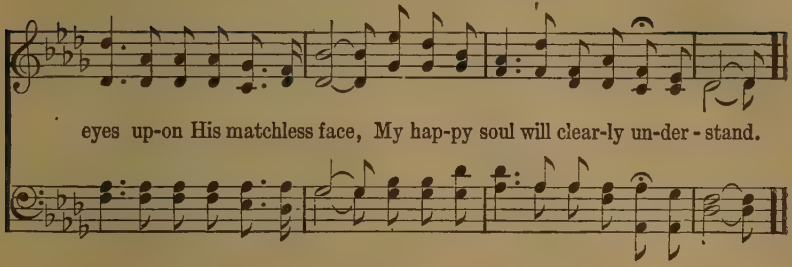
Ira B. Wilson.


1. I do not know, I can not un - der - stand, Why my Re - deem - er
2. I know not why He should His all re - sign, And suf - fer death to
3. Then I will wait, and prize the pre - cious gift, Un - til I hear my
has such love for me,— Why He for - sook His home in glo - ry-land,
hide my wretched past; But this I know His price-less love is mine,
blessed Lord's command; For well I know that He Him - self will lift
CHORUS.
And came to earth my guil-ty soul to free. But some sweet morn, in yonder
And His dear voice will tell me all at last. Yes, some sweet morn, in yonder
The veil that hides, and I shall understand. Yes, some sweet morn, in yonder
bliss - ful place, When I with joy shall clasp my Savior's hand, And rest my

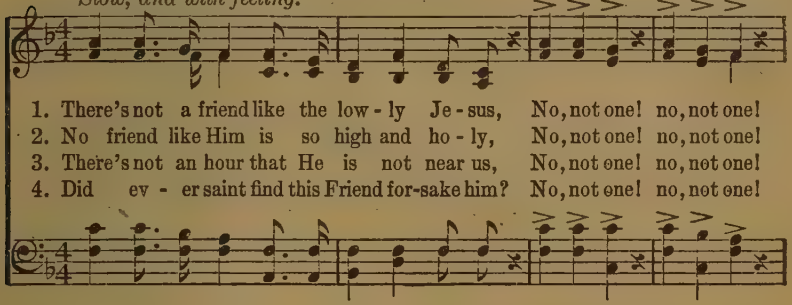
Then I Shall Understand.

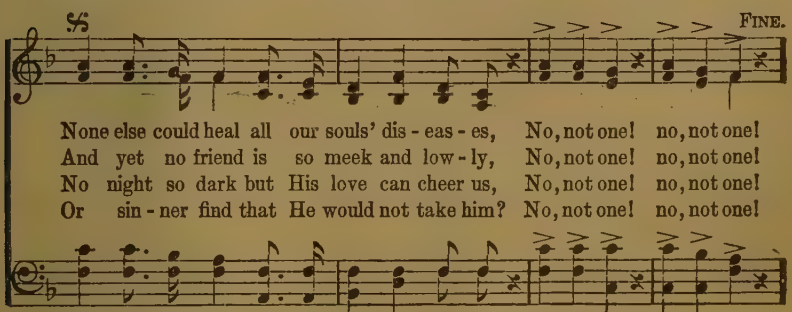


No. 117. No, Not One.

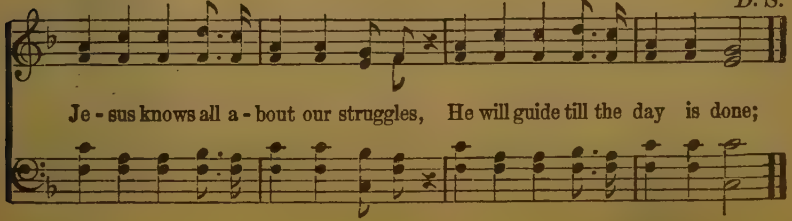
Johnson Oatman, Jr. USED BY PERMISSION OF GEO. C. HUGG, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. **Geo. C. Hugg.**

Slow, and with feeling.


1. There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!
2. No friend like Him is so high and ho - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
3. There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
4. Did ev - er saint find this Friend for-sake him? No, not one! no, not one!


𝄋
FINE.
None else could heal all our souls' dis - eas - es, No, not one! no, not one!
And yet no friend is so meek and low - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
Or sin - ner find that He would not take him? No, not one! no, not one!

D. S.–*There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!*



No. 118 My Father Knows.

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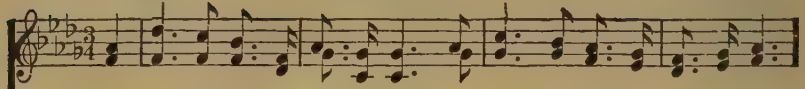
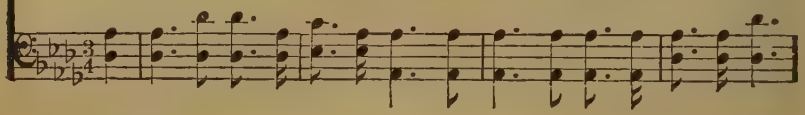
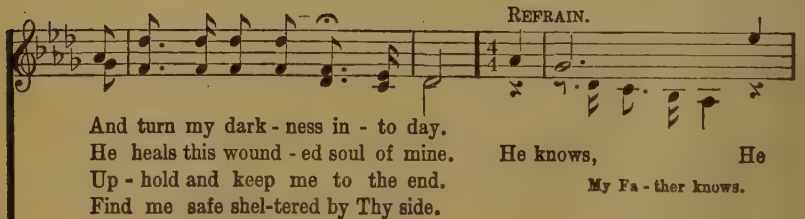
S. M. I. Henry. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.



1. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows The storms that would my way oppose;
2. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows The balm I need to soothe my woes,
3. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows How frail I am to meet my foes,
4. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows The hour my journey here will close,



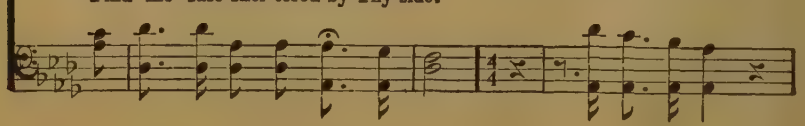
But He can drive the clouds a - way, And turn my dark-ness in - to day,
And with His touch of love di - vine, He heals this wounded soul of mine,
But He my cause will e'er de - fend, Up - hold and keep me to the end,
And may that hour, O faith-ful Guide Find me safe shel-tered by Thy side,

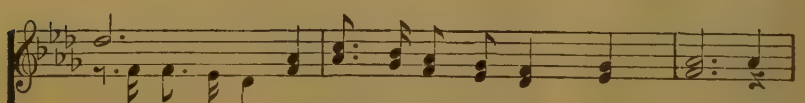


REFRAIN.

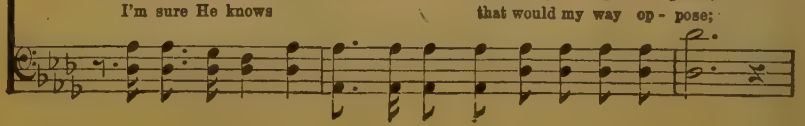
And turn my dark - ness in - to day.
He heals this wound - ed soul of mine.
Up - hold and keep me to the end.
Find me safe shel-tered by Thy side.

He knows, He
My Fa - ther knows.

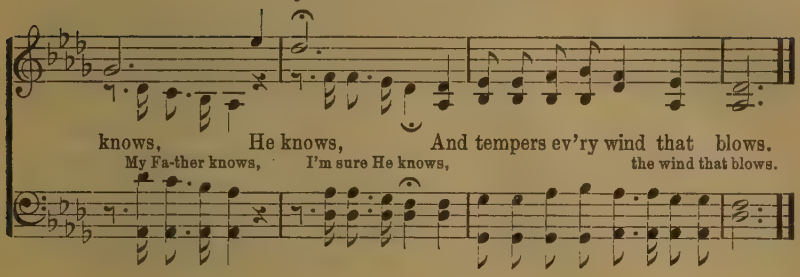




knows The storms that would my way op - pose; He
I'm sure He knows that would my way op - pose;



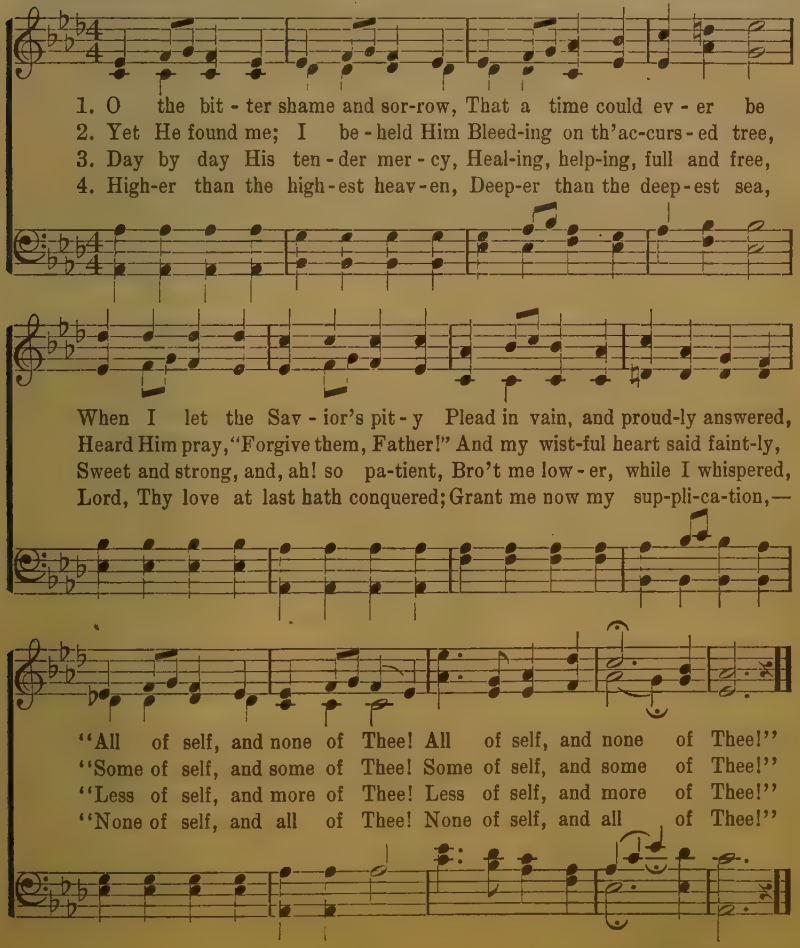
My Father Knows.



No. 119. None of Self, and All of Thee!

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY J. B. HERBERT.

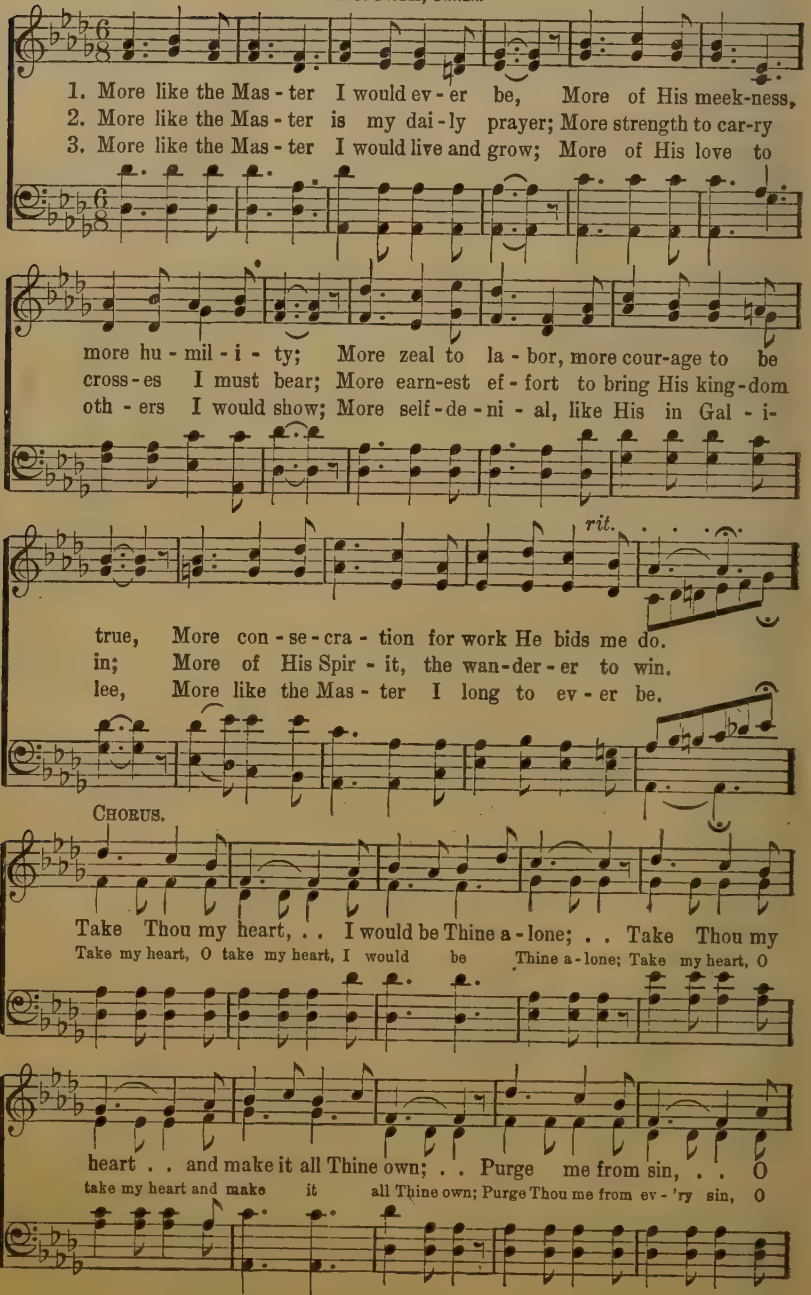
Theodore Monod. J. B. Herbert.


1. O the bit - ter shame and sor-row, That a time could ev - er be
2. Yet He found me; I be - held Him Bleed-ing on th'ac-curs - ed tree,
3. Day by day His ten - der mer - cy, Heal-ing, help-ing, full and free,
4. High-er than the high - est heav - en, Deep-er than the deep - est sea,
When I let the Sav - ior's pit - y Plead in vain, and proud-ly answered,
Heard Him pray, "Forgive them, Father!" And my wist-ful heart said faint-ly,
Sweet and strong, and, ah! so pa-tient, Bro't me low - er, while I whispered,
Lord, Thy love at last hath conquered; Grant me now my sup-pli-ca-tion,—
"All of self, and none of Thee! All of self, and none of Thee!"
"Some of self, and some of Thee! Some of self, and some of Thee!"
"Less of self, and more of Thee! Less of self, and more of Thee!"
"None of self, and all of Thee! None of self, and all of Thee!"

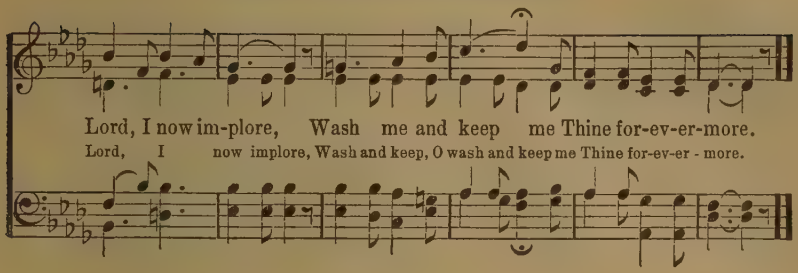
No. 120. More Like the Master.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

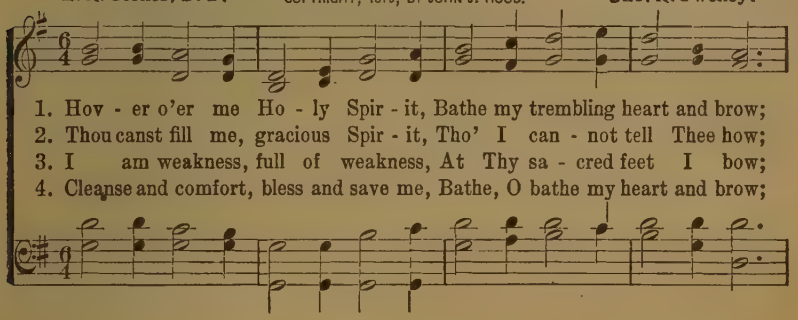
Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. More like the Mas - ter I would ev - er be, More of His meek-ness,
2. More like the Mas - ter is my dai - ly prayer; More strength to car-ry
3. More like the Mas - ter I would live and grow; More of His love to
more hu - mil - i - ty; More zeal to la - bor, more cour-age to be
cross - es I must bear; More earn-est ef - fort to bring His king-dom
oth - ers I would show; More self - de - ni - al, like His in Gal - i-
rit.
true, More con - se - cra - tion for work He bids me do.
in; More of His Spir - it, the wan-der - er to win.
lee, More like the Mas - ter I long to ev - er be.
CHORUS.
Take Thou my heart, . . I would be Thine a - lone; . . Take Thou my
Take my heart, O take my heart, I would be Thine a - lone; Take my heart, O
heart . . and make it all Thine own; . . Purge me from sin, . . O
take my heart and make it all Thine own; Purge Thou me from ev - 'ry sin, O

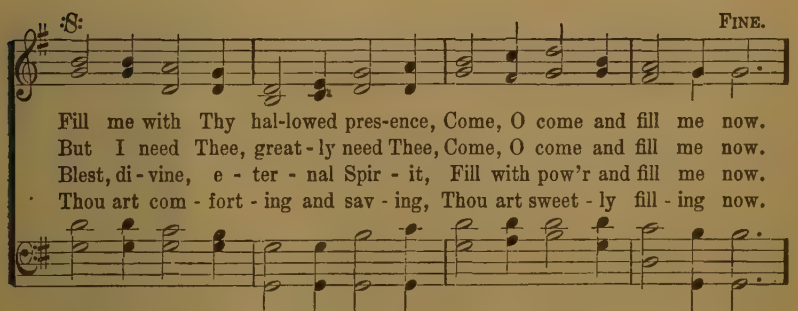
More Like the Master.


Lord, I now im-plore, Wash me and keep me Thine for-ev-er-more.
Lord, I now implore, Wash and keep, O wash and keep me Thine for-ev-er - more.

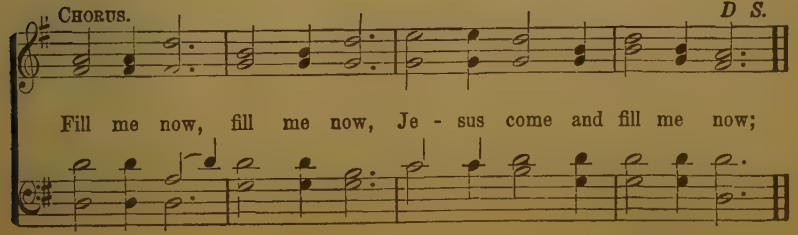
No. 121. Fill Me Now.

E. R. Stokes, D. D. COPYRIGHT, 1879, BY JOHN J. HOOD. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. Hov - er o'er me Ho - ly Spir - it, Bathe my trembling heart and brow;
2. Thou canst fill me, gracious Spir - it, Tho' I can - not tell Thee how;
3. I am weakness, full of weakness, At Thy sa - cred feet I bow;
4. Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me, Bathe, O bathe my heart and brow;


Fill me with Thy hal-lowed pres-ence, Come, O come and fill me now.
But I need Thee, great - ly need Thee, Come, O come and fill me now.
Blest, di - vine, e - ter - nal Spir - it, Fill with pow'r and fill me now.
Thou art com - fort - ing and sav - ing, Thou art sweet - ly fill - ing now.

D.S.–*Fill me with Thy hal-lowed pres-ence, Come, O come and fill me now.*

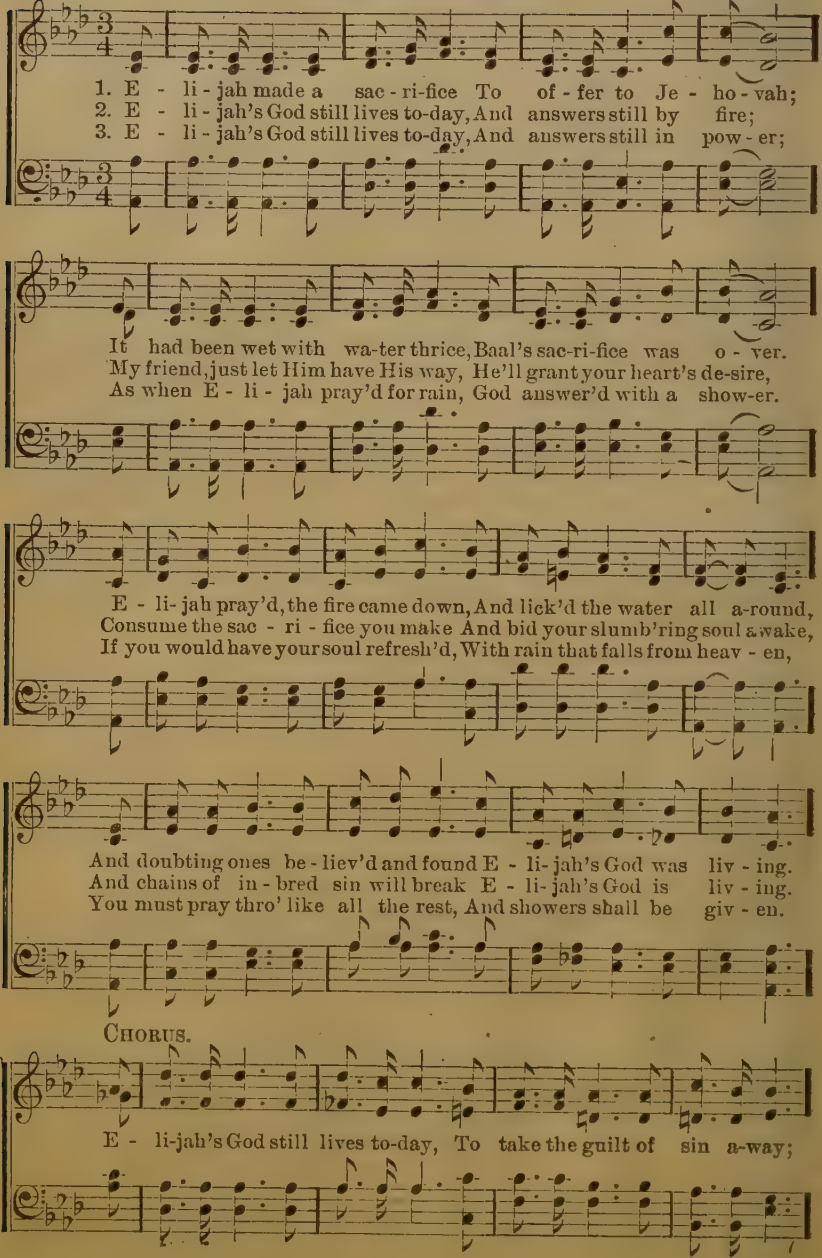


No. 122. Elijah's God Still Lives.

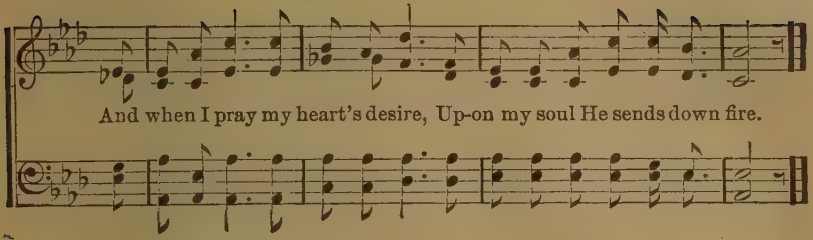
Rev, W. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY W. GRUM.
RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO., OWNERS.

Rev. W. Grum.


1. E - li - jah made a sac - ri-fice To of - fer to Je - ho - vah;
2. E - li - jah's God still lives to-day, And answers still by fire;
3. E - li - jah's God still lives to-day, And answers still in pow - er;
It had been wet with wa-ter thrice, Baal's sac-ri-fice was o - ver.
My friend, just let Him have His way, He'll grant your heart's de-sire,
As when E - li - jah pray'd for rain, God answer'd with a show-er.
E - li- jah pray'd, the fire came down, And lick'd the water all a-round,
Consume the sac - ri - fice you make And bid your slumb'ring soul awake,
If you would have your soul refresh'd, With rain that falls from heav - en,
And doubting ones be - liev'd and found E - li-jah's God was liv - ing.
And chains of in - bred sin will break E - li-jah's God is liv - ing.
You must pray thro' like all the rest, And showers shall be giv - en.
CHORUS.
E - li-jah's God still lives to-day, To take the guilt of sin a-way;

Elijah's God Still Lives.



No. 123. Anywhere With Jesus.

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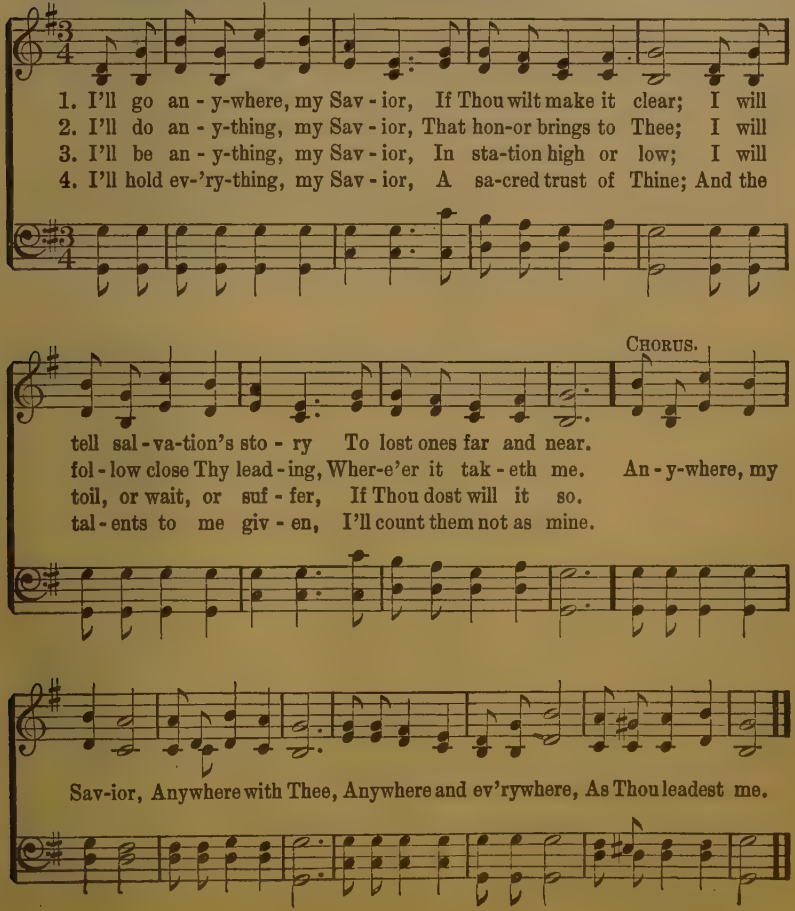
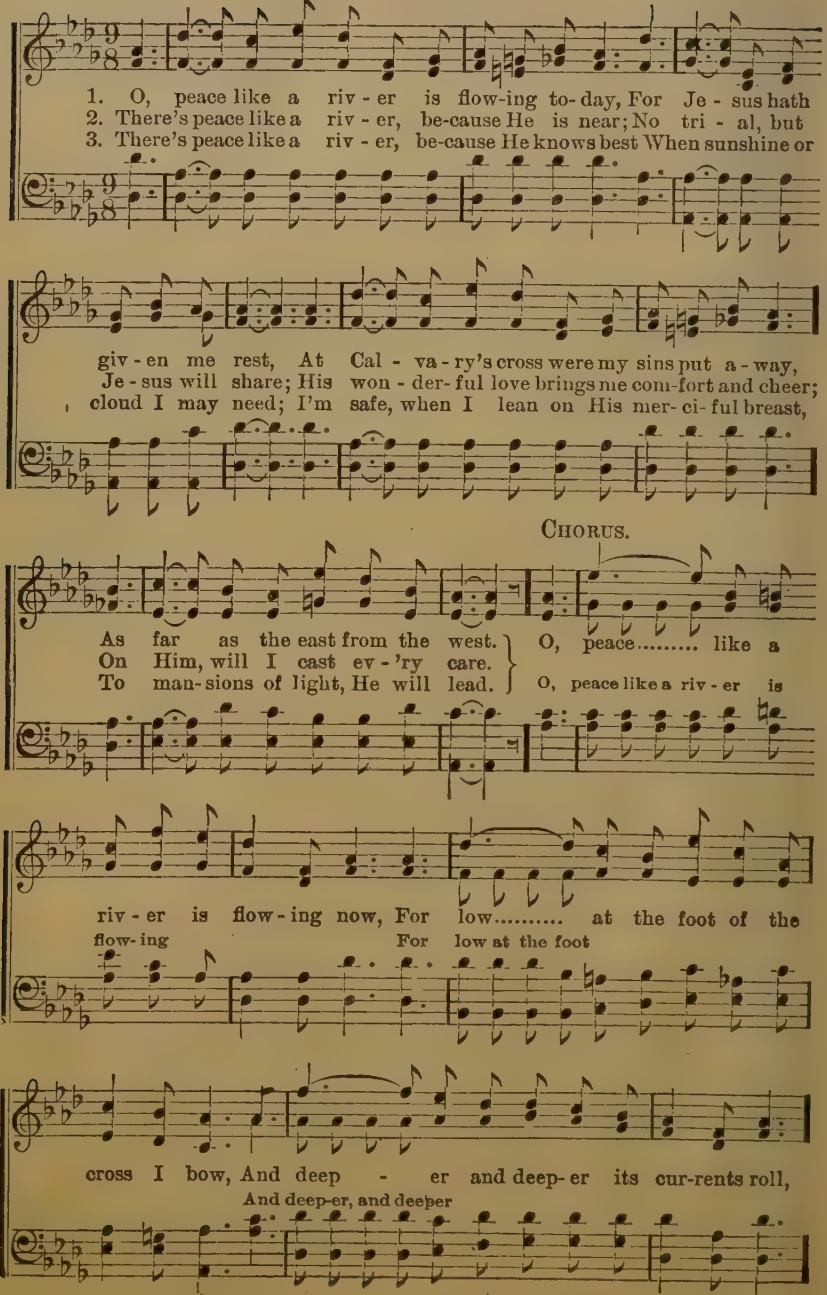
John R. Clements. E. O. Excell.

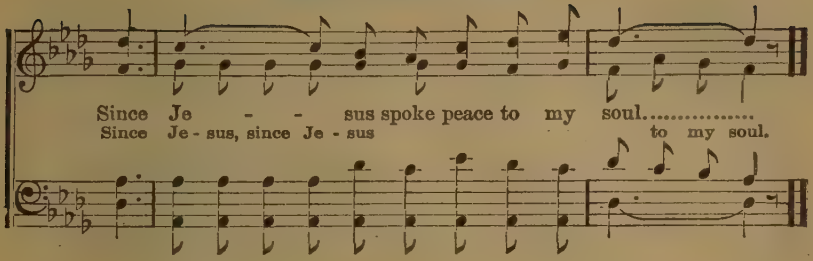

1. I'll go an - y-where, my Sav - ior, If Thou wilt make it clear; I will
2. I'll do an - y-thing, my Sav - ior, That hon-or brings to Thee; I will
3. I'll be an - y-thing, my Sav - ior, In sta-tion high or low; I will
4. I'll hold ev-'ry-thing, my Sav - ior, A sa-cred trust of Thine; And the
Chorus.
tell sal - va-tion's sto - ry To lost ones far and near.
fol - low close Thy lead - ing, Wher-e'er it tak - eth me. An - y-where, my
toil, or wait, or suf - fer, If Thou dost will it so.
tal - ents to me giv - en, I'll count them not as mine.
Sav-ior, Anywhere with Thee, Anywhere and ev'rywhere, As Thou leadest me.

No. 124. Peace Like a River.

E. E. Hewitt. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO. B. D. Ackley.

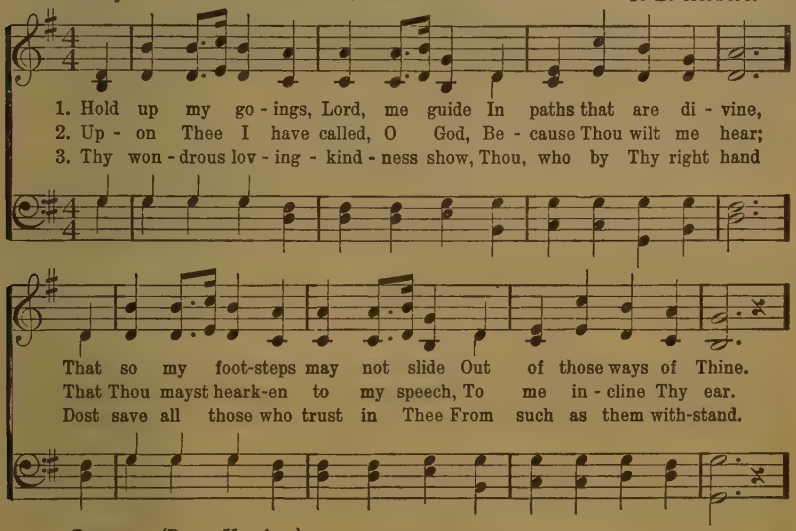

1. O, peace like a riv - er is flow-ing to-day, For Je - sus hath
2. There's peace like a riv - er, be-cause He is near; No tri - al, but
3. There's peace like a riv - er, be-cause He knows best When sunshine or
giv - en me rest, At Cal - va - ry's cross were my sins put a - way,
Je - sus will share; His won - der-ful love brings me com-fort and cheer;
cloud I may need; I'm safe, when I lean on His mer- ci- ful breast,
CHORUS.
As far as the east from the west.
On Him, will I cast ev - 'ry care.
To man-sions of light, He will lead.
O, peace..... like a
O, peace like a riv - er is
riv - er is flow - ing now, For low..... at the foot of the
flow-ing
For low at the foot
cross I bow, And deep - er and deep-er its cur-rents roll,
And deep-er, and deeper

Peace Like a River.

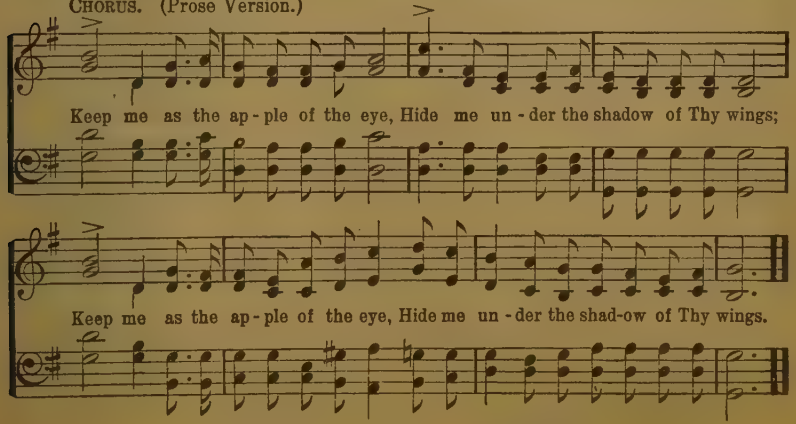


No. 125. Our Need of Divine Help.

Psalm 17. COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY J. B. HERBERT. J. B. Herbert.


1. Hold up my go - ings, Lord, me guide In paths that are di - vine,
2. Up - on Thee I have called, O God, Be - cause Thou wilt me hear;
3. Thy won - drous lov - ing - kind - ness show, Thou, who by Thy right hand
That so my foot-steps may not slide Out of those ways of Thine.
That Thou mayst heark-en to my speech, To me in - cline Thy ear.
Dost save all those who trust in Thee From such as them with-stand.

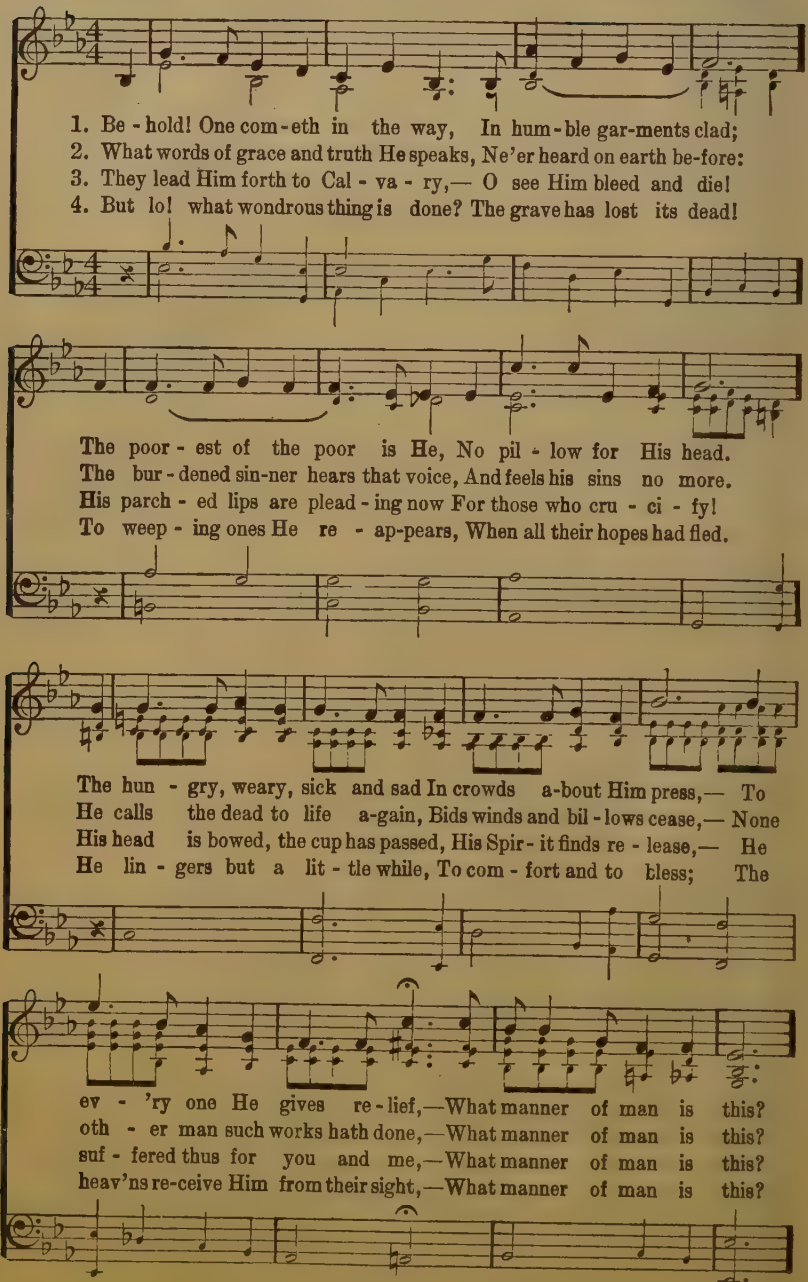
CHORUS. (Prose Version.)


Keep me as the ap - ple of the eye, Hide me un - der the shadow of Thy wings;
Keep me as the ap - ple of the eye, Hide me un - der the shad-ow of Thy wings.

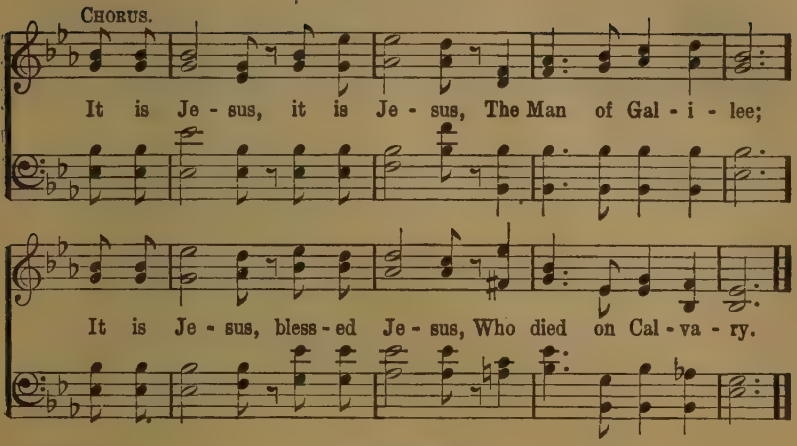
"UNDER THE SHADOW OF THY WING." USED BY PERMISSION.

No. 126. It Is Jesus.

T. O. Chisholm. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Be - hold! One com - eth in the way, In hum - ble gar - ments clad;
2. What words of grace and truth He speaks, Ne'er heard on earth be - fore:
3. They lead Him forth to Cal - va - ry,— O see Him bleed and die!
4. But lo! what wondrous thing is done? The grave has lost its dead!
The poor - est of the poor is He, No pil - low for His head.
The bur - dened sin - ner hears that voice, And feels his sins no more.
His parch - ed lips are plead - ing now For those who cru - ci - fy!
To weep - ing ones He re - ap - pears, When all their hopes had fled.
The hun - gry, weary, sick and sad In crowds a - bout Him press,— To
He calls the dead to life a - gain, Bids winds and bil - lows cease,— None
His head is bowed, the cup has passed, His Spir - it finds re - lease,— He
He lin - gers but a lit - tle while, To com - fort and to bless; The
ev - 'ry one He gives re - lief,—What manner of man is this?
oth - er man such works hath done,—What manner of man is this?
suf - fered thus for you and me,—What manner of man is this?
heav'ns re - ceive Him from their sight,—What manner of man is this?

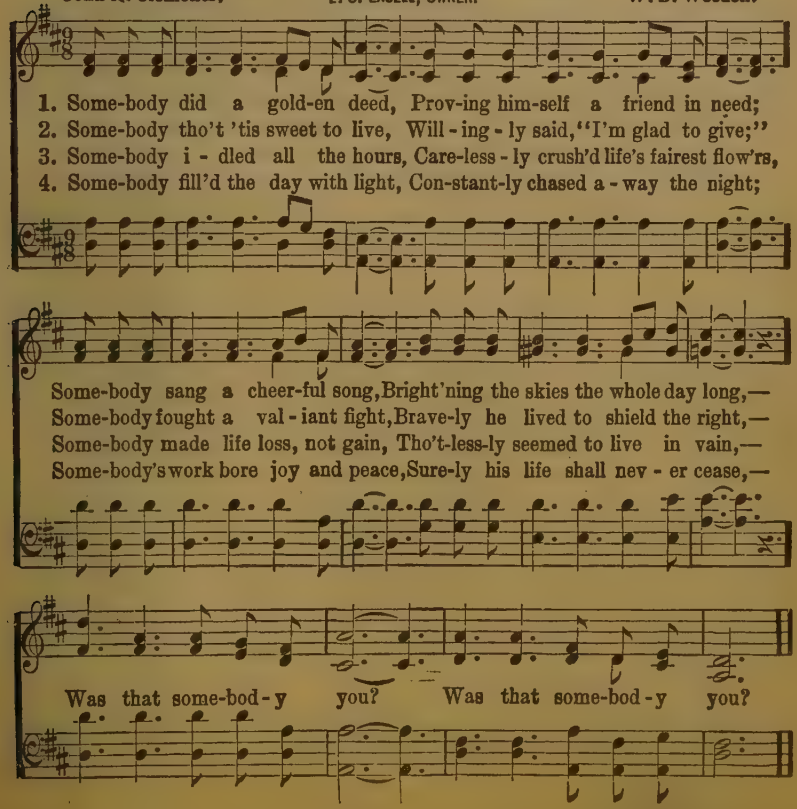
It Is Jesus.



No. 127. Somebody.

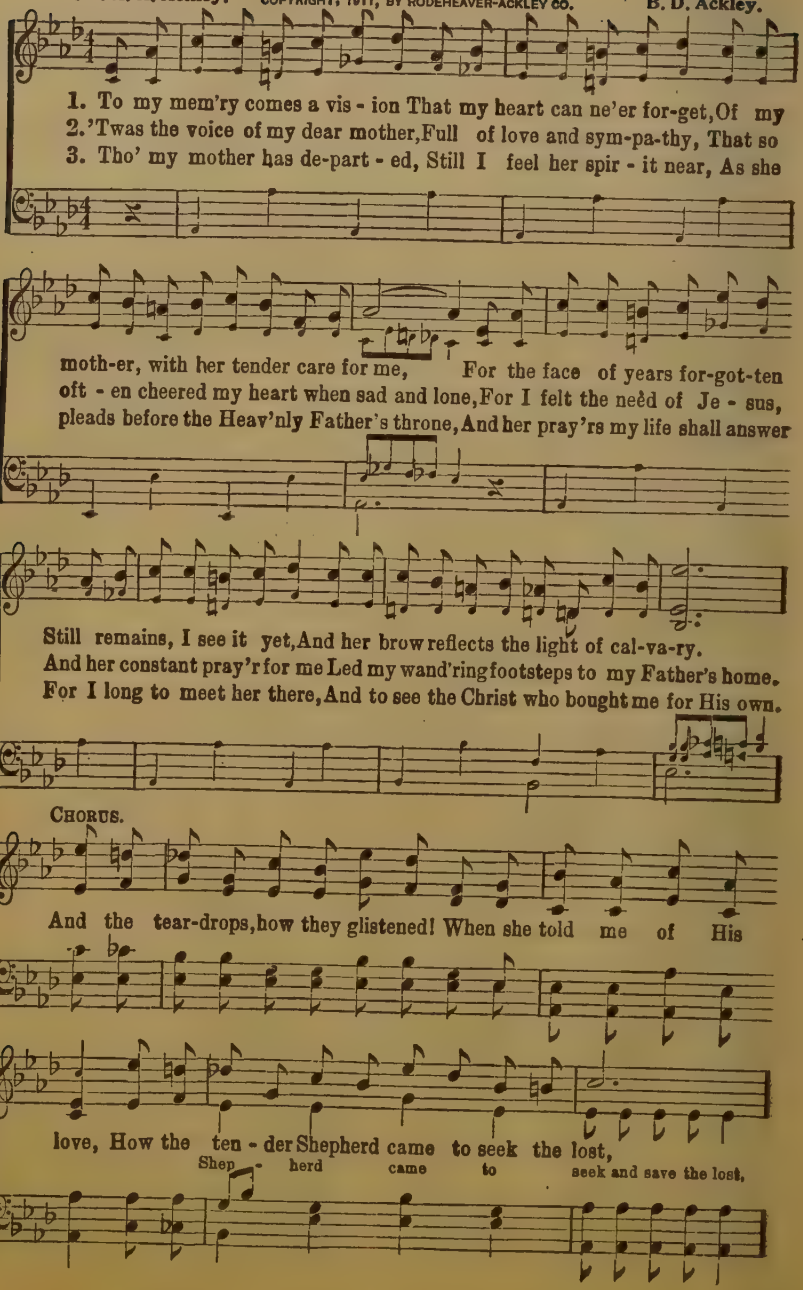
WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT 1901 BY W. S. WEEDEN.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

John R. Clements, W. S. Weeden.

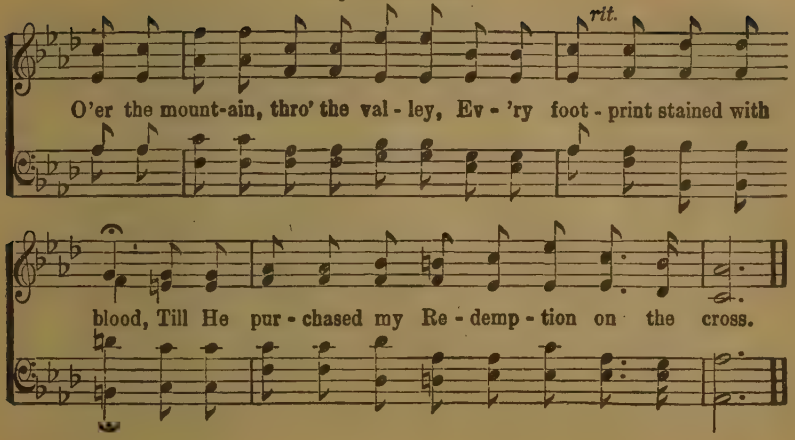

1. Some-body did a gold-en deed, Prov-ing him-self a friend in need;
2. Some-body tho't 'tis sweet to live, Will - ing - ly said, "I'm glad to give;"
3. Some-body i - dled all the hours, Care-less - ly crush'd life's fairest flow'rs,
4. Some-body fill'd the day with light, Con-stant-ly chased a - way the night;
Some-body sang a cheer-ful song, Bright'ning the skies the whole day long,—
Some-body fought a val - iant fight, Brave-ly he lived to shield the right,—
Some-body made life loss, not gain, Tho't-less-ly seemed to live in vain,—
Some-body's work bore joy and peace, Sure-ly his life shall nev - er cease,—
Was that some-bod - y you? Was that some-bod - y you?

No. 128. My Mother.

Rev. A. H. Ackley. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO. B. D. Ackley.

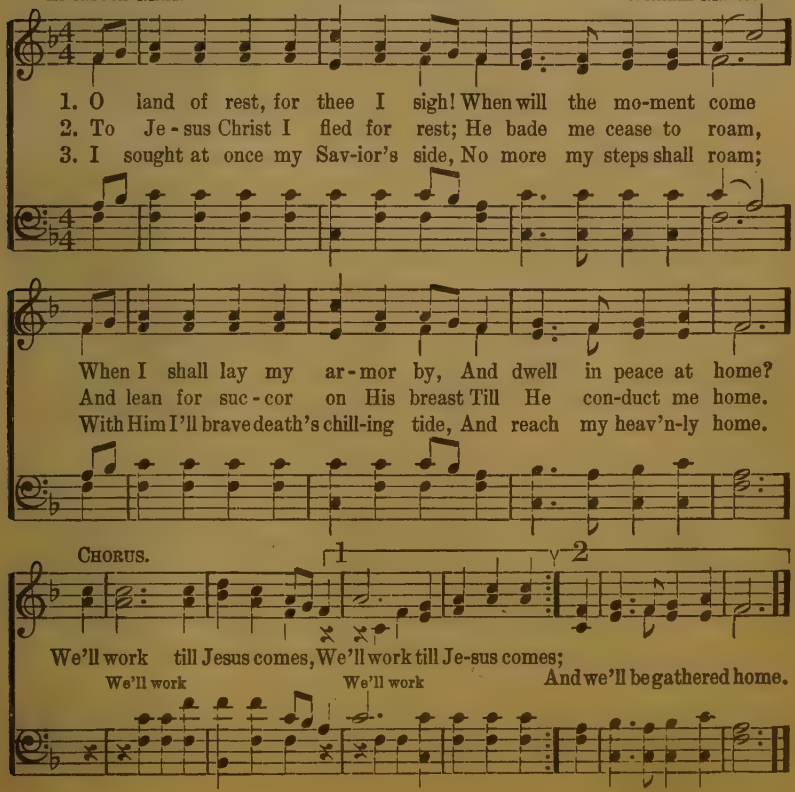

1. To my mem'ry comes a vis - ion That my heart can ne'er for-get, Of my
2. 'Twas the voice of my dear mother, Full of love and sym-pa-thy, That so
3. Tho' my mother has de-part - ed, Still I feel her spir - it near, As she
moth-er, with her tender care for me, For the face of years for-got-ten
oft - en cheered my heart when sad and lone, For I felt the need of Je - sus,
pleads before the Heav'nly Father's throne, And her pray'rs my life shall answer
Still remains, I see it yet, And her brow reflects the light of cal-va-ry.
And her constant pray'r for me Led my wand'ring footsteps to my Father's home.
For I long to meet her there, And to see the Christ who bought me for His own.
CHORUS.
And the tear-drops, how they glistened! When she told me of His
love, How the ten - der Shepherd came to seek the lost,
Shep - herd came to seek and save the lost,

My Mother.



No. 129. We'll Work till Jesus Comes.

Elizabeth Mills. USED BY PERMISSION. William Miller.

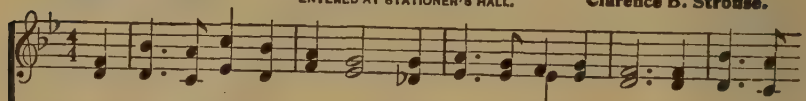

1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh! When will the mo-ment come
2. To Je - sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam,
3. I sought at once my Sav-ior's side, No more my steps shall roam;
When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell in peace at home?
And lean for suc - cor on His breast Till He con-duct me home.
With Him I'll brave death's chill-ing tide, And reach my heav'n-ly home.
Chorus.
1
2
We'll work till Jesus comes, We'll work till Je-sus comes;
And we'll be gathered home.
We'll work
We'll work

No. 130. It's Just Like His Great Love.

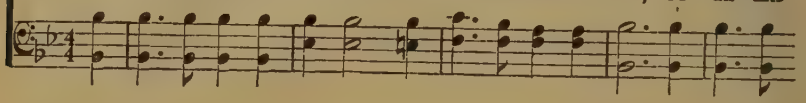
Edna R. Worrell.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CLARENCE B. STROUSE.
ENTERED AT STATIONER'S HALL.

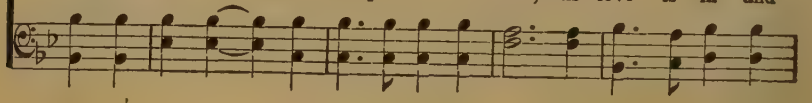
Clarence B. Strouse.



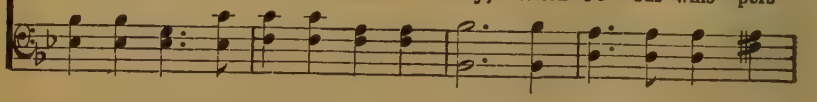
1. A friend I have call'd Je - sus Whose love is strong and true, And nev - er
2. Sometimes the clouds of trou - ble Be - dim the sky a - bove, I can - not
3. When sorrow's clouds o'ertake me, And break up-on my head, When life seems
4. O I could sing for - ev - er Of Je - sus' love di - vine, Of all His



fails how - e'er 'tis tried, No mat - ter what I do; I've sinn'd a-gainst this
see my Sav - ior's face, I doubt His wondrous love; But He, from heaven's
worse than use - less, And I were bet - ter dead; I take my grief to
care and ten - der - ness For this poor life of mine; His love is in and

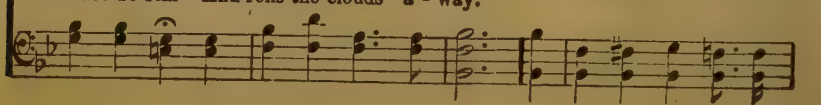


love of His, But when I knelt to pray Con - fess - ing all my
mer - cy - seat Be - hold - ing my de - spair, In pit - y bursts the
Je - sus then, Nor do I go in vain, For heav'n-ly hope He
o - ver all And wind and waves o - bey, When Je - sus whis - pers

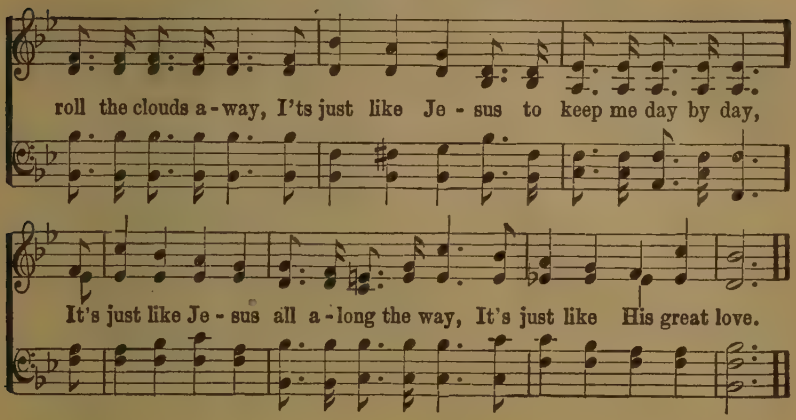


CHORUS.

guilt to Him, The sin-clouds roll'd a - way.
clouds between, And shows me He is there. It's just like Je - sus to
gives that cheers, Like sunshine af - ter rain.
"Peace be still" And rolls the clouds a - way.

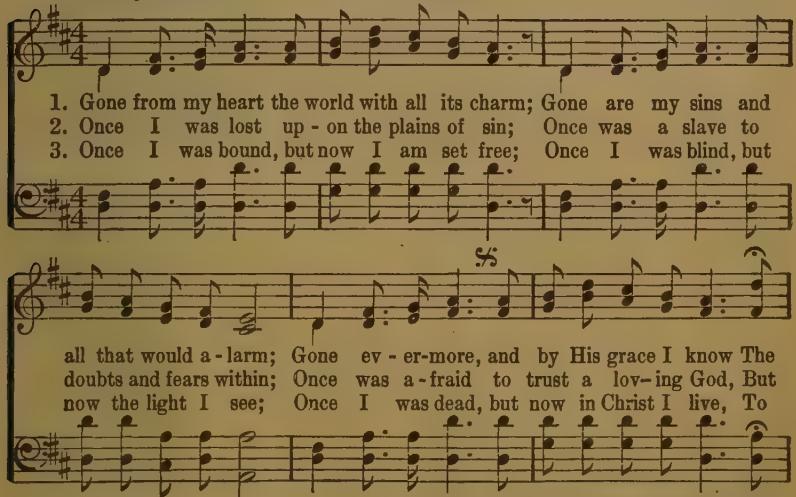


It's Just Like His Great Love.


roll the clouds a - way, I'ts just like Je - sus to keep me day by day,
It's just like Je - sus all a - long the way, It's just like His great love.

No. 131. I Love Him.

London Hymn Book. USED BY PERMISSION. **S. C. Foster.**


1. Gone from my heart the world with all its charm; Gone are my sins and
2. Once I was lost up - on the plains of sin; Once was a slave to
3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free; Once I was blind, but
all that would a - larm; Gone ev - er-more, and by His grace I know The
doubts and fears within; Once was a - fraid to trust a lov - ing God, But
now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live, To
D. S.—*Because He first loved me, And*
FINE.
CHORUS.
D.S.
pre-cious blood of Je-sus cleanses white as snow.
now my guilt is washed a-way in Je - sus' blood. I love Him, I love Him,
tell the world the peace that He a-lone can give.
purchased my sal-va - tion On Calv'ry's tree.

No. 132. The Good Old-Fashioned Way.

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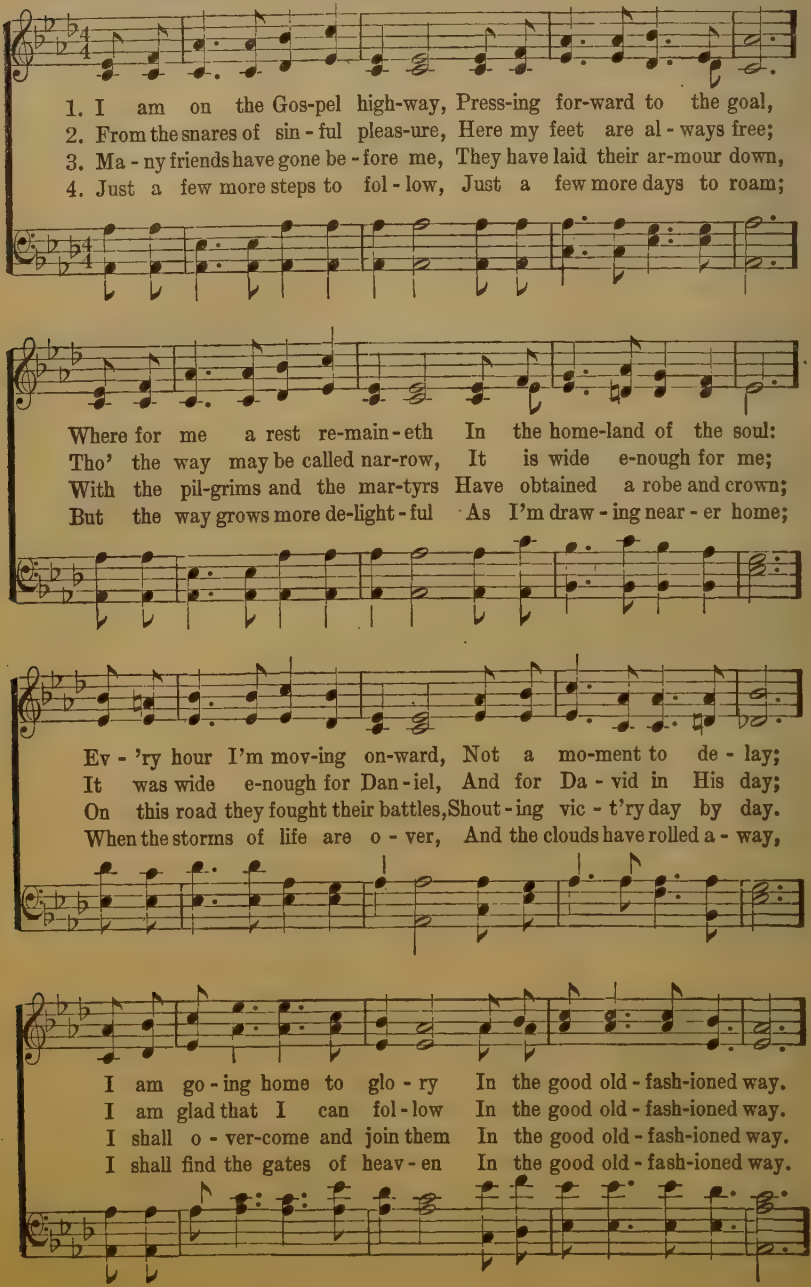
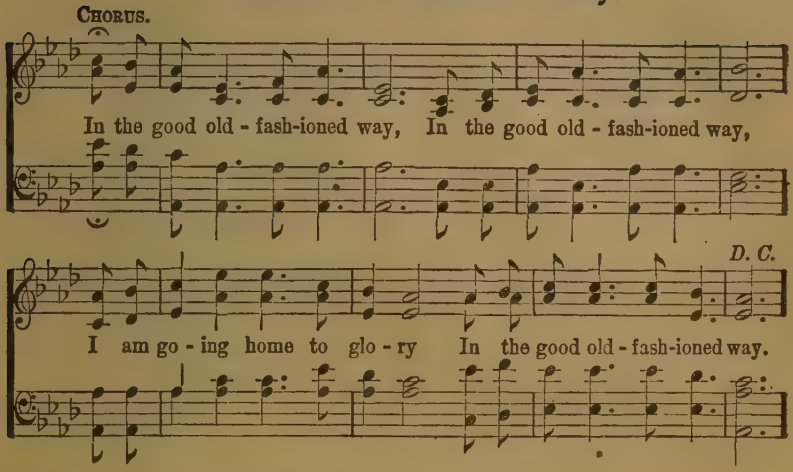
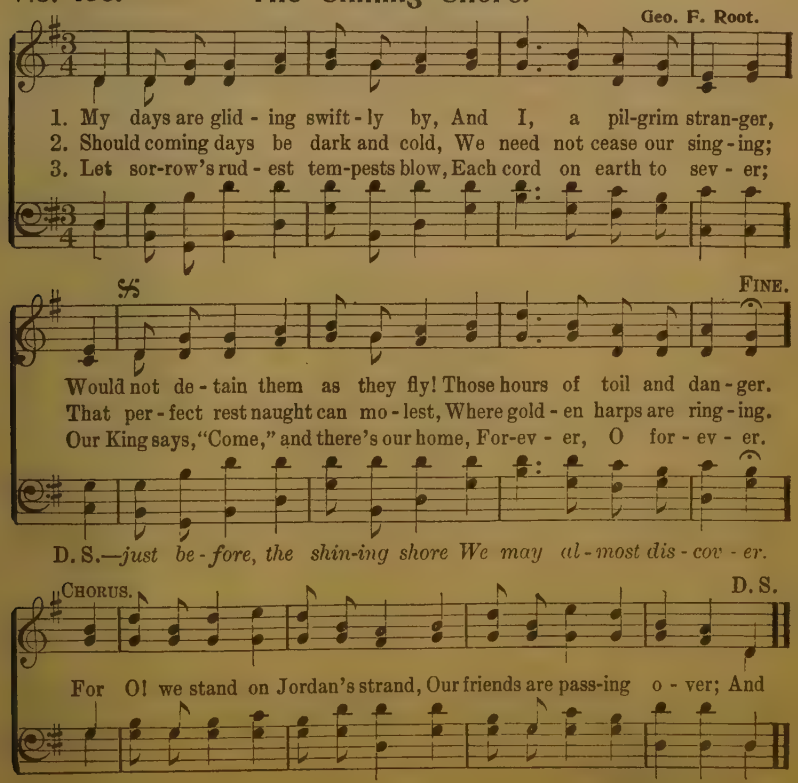
Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. E. O. Excell.


1. I am on the Gos-pel high-way, Press-ing for-ward to the goal,
2. From the snares of sin-ful pleas-ure, Here my feet are al-ways free;
3. Ma-ny friends have gone be-fore me, They have laid their ar-mour down,
4. Just a few more steps to fol-low, Just a few more days to roam;
Where for me a rest re-main-eth In the home-land of the soul:
Tho' the way may be called nar-row, It is wide e-nough for me;
With the pil-grims and the mar-tyrs Have obtained a robe and crown;
But the way grows more de-light-ful As I'm draw-ing near-er home;
Ev-'ry hour I'm mov-ing on-ward, Not a mo-ment to de-lay;
It was wide e-nough for Dan-iel, And for Da-vid in His day;
On this road they fought their battles, Shout-ing vic-t'ry day by day.
When the storms of life are o-ver, And the clouds have rolled a-way,
I am go-ing home to glo-ry In the good old-fash-ioned way.
I am glad that I can fol-low In the good old-fash-ioned way.
I shall o-ver-come and join them In the good old-fash-ioned way.
I shall find the gates of heav-en In the good old-fash-ioned way.

The Good Old Fashioned Way.

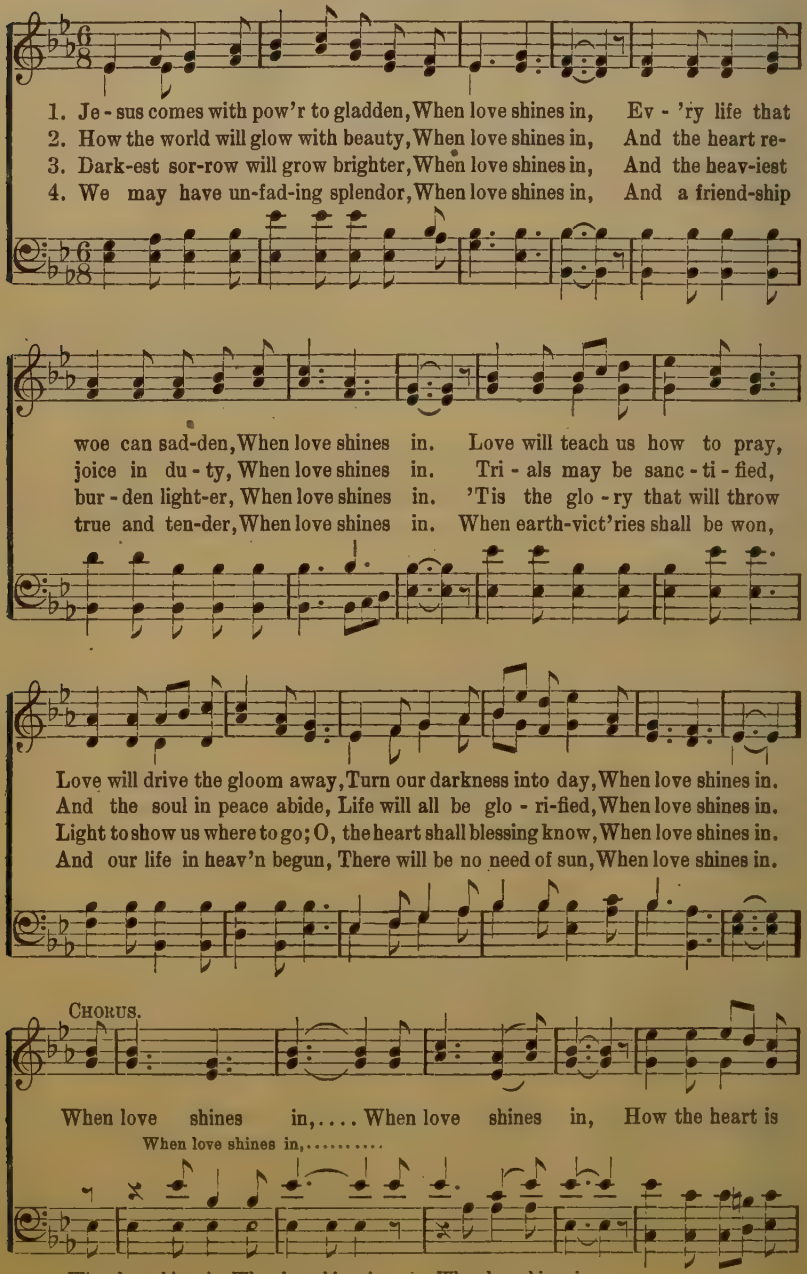


No. 133. The Shining Shore.

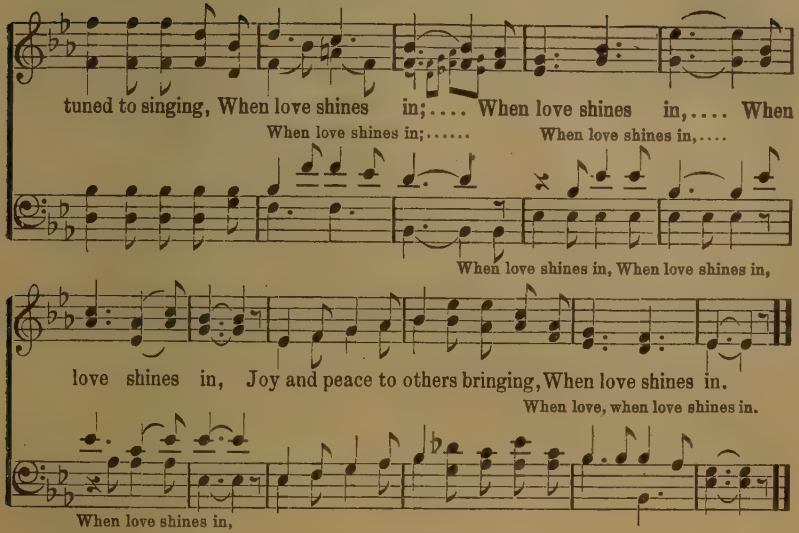

Geo. F. Root.
1. My days are glid - ing swift - ly by, And I, a pil-grim stran-ger,
2. Should coming days be dark and cold, We need not cease our sing - ing;
3. Let sor-row's rud - est tem-pests blow, Each cord on earth to sev - er;
Fine.
Would not de - tain them as they fly! Those hours of toil and dan - ger.
That per - fect rest naught can mo - lest, Where gold - en harps are ring - ing.
Our King says, "Come," and there's our home, For-ev - er, O for - ev - er.
D. S.—*just be - fore, the shin-ing shore We may al - most dis - cov - er.*
Chorus.
D. S.
For O! we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are pass-ing o - ver; And

No. 134. When Love Shines In.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. USED BY PERMISSION. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Je - sus comes with pow'r to gladden, When love shines in, Ev - 'ry life that
2. How the world will glow with beauty, When love shines in, And the heart re-
3. Dark-est sor-row will grow brighter, When love shines in, And the heav-iest
4. We may have un-fad-ing splendor, When love shines in, And a friend-ship
woe can sad-den, When love shines in. Love will teach us how to pray,
joice in du - ty, When love shines in. Tri - als may be sanc - ti - fied,
bur - den light-er, When love shines in. 'Tis the glo - ry that will throw
true and ten-der, When love shines in. When earth-vict'ries shall be won,
Love will drive the gloom away, Turn our darkness into day, When love shines in.
And the soul in peace abide, Life will all be glo - ri-fied, When love shines in.
Light to show us where to go; O, the heart shall blessing know, When love shines in.
And our life in heav'n begun, There will be no need of sun, When love shines in.
CHORUS.
When love shines in, ... When love shines in, How the heart is
When love shines in, ...
When love shines in, When love shines in, When love shines in,

When Love Shines In.


tuned to singing, When love shines in;.... When love shines in,.... When
When love shines in;..... When love shines in,....
When love shines in, When love shines in,
love shines in, Joy and peace to others bringing, When love shines in.
When love, when love shines in.
When love shines in,

No. 135. One Thing Needful.

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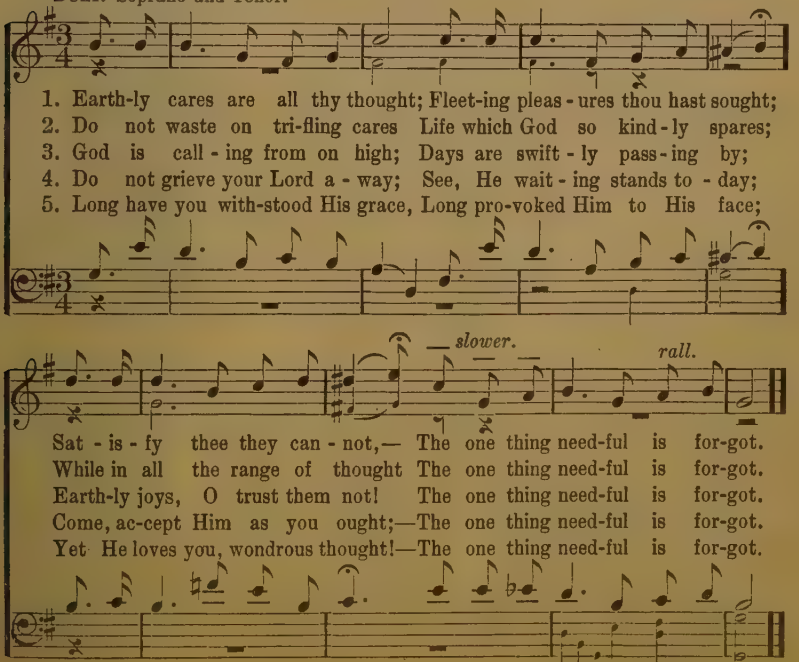
Words arranged. **J. B. Herbert.**

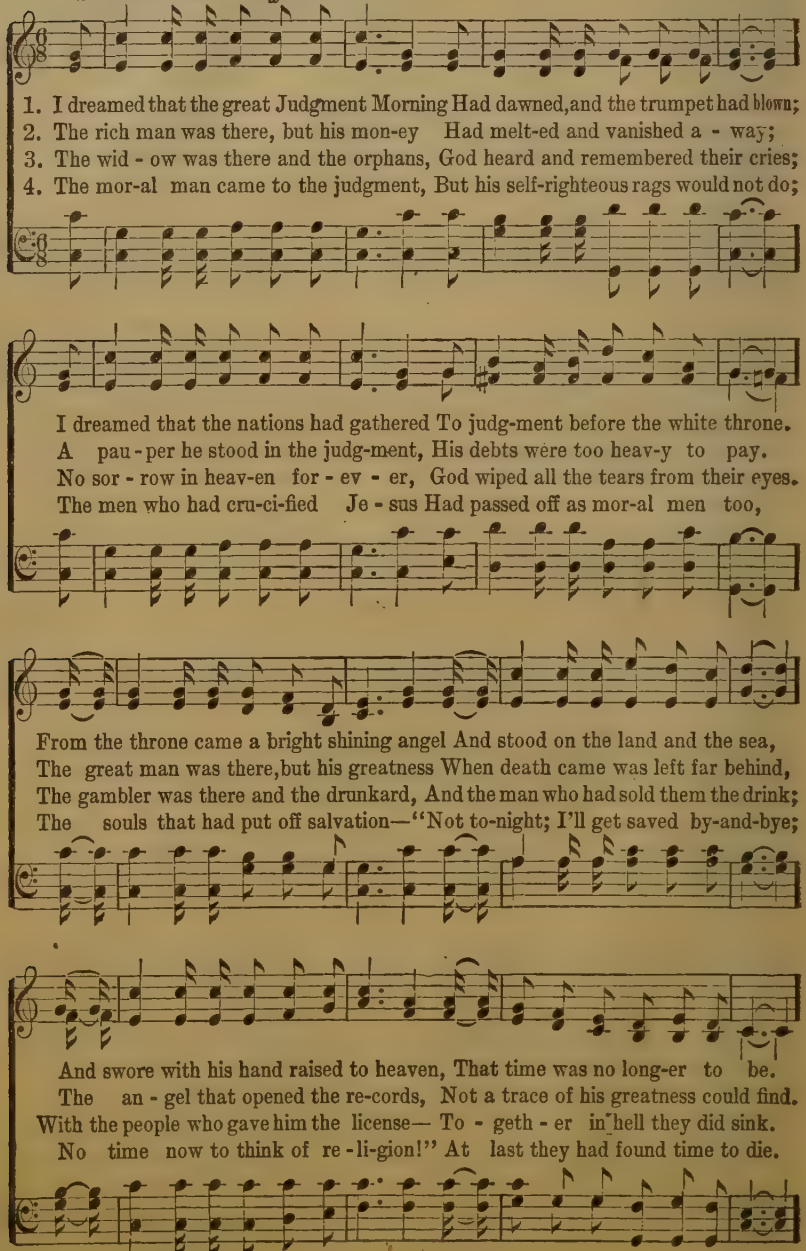
DUET. Soprano and Tenor.


1. Earth-ly cares are all thy thought; Fleet-ing pleas - ures thou hast sought;
2. Do not waste on tri-fling cares Life which God so kind - ly spares;
3. God is call - ing from on high; Days are swift - ly pass - ing by;
4. Do not grieve your Lord a - way; See, He wait - ing stands to - day;
5. Long have you with-stood His grace, Long pro-voked Him to His face;
slower.
rall.
Sat - is - fy thee they can - not,— The one thing need-ful is for-got.
While in all the range of thought The one thing need-ful is for-got.
Earth-ly joys, O trust them not! The one thing need-ful is for-got.
Come, ac-cept Him as you ought;—The one thing need-ful is for-got.
Yet He loves you, wondrous thought!—The one thing need-ful is for-got.

No. 136. The Great Judgment Morning.

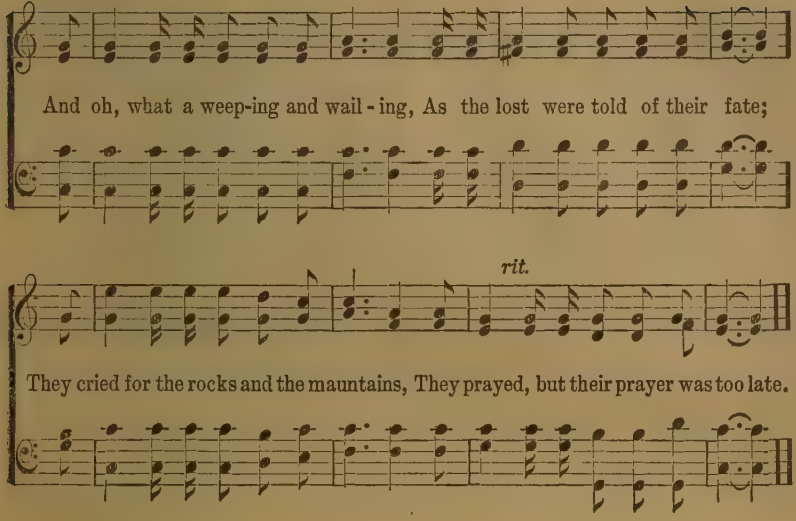
War Cry. COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY L. L. PICKETT. L. L. Pickett.

Slow and solemn. Effective as a solo.


1. I dreamed that the great Judgment Morning Had dawned, and the trumpet had blown;
2. The rich man was there, but his mon-ey Had melt-ed and vanished a - way;
3. The wid - ow was there and the orphans, God heard and remembered their cries;
4. The mor-al man came to the judgment, But his self-righteous rags would not do;
I dreamed that the nations had gathered To judg-ment before the white throne.
A pau - per he stood in the judg-ment, His debts were too heav-y to pay.
No sor - row in heav-en for - ev - er, God wiped all the tears from their eyes.
The men who had cru-ci-fied Je - sus Had passed off as mor-al men too,
From the throne came a bright shining angel And stood on the land and the sea,
The great man was there, but his greatness When death came was left far behind,
The gambler was there and the drunkard, And the man who had sold them the drink;
The souls that had put off salvation—"Not to-night; I'll get saved by-and-bye;
And swore with his hand raised to heaven, That time was no long-er to be.
The an - gel that opened the re-cords, Not a trace of his greatness could find.
With the people who gave him the license— To - geth - er in hell they did sink.
No time now to think of re - li-gion!" At last they had found time to die.

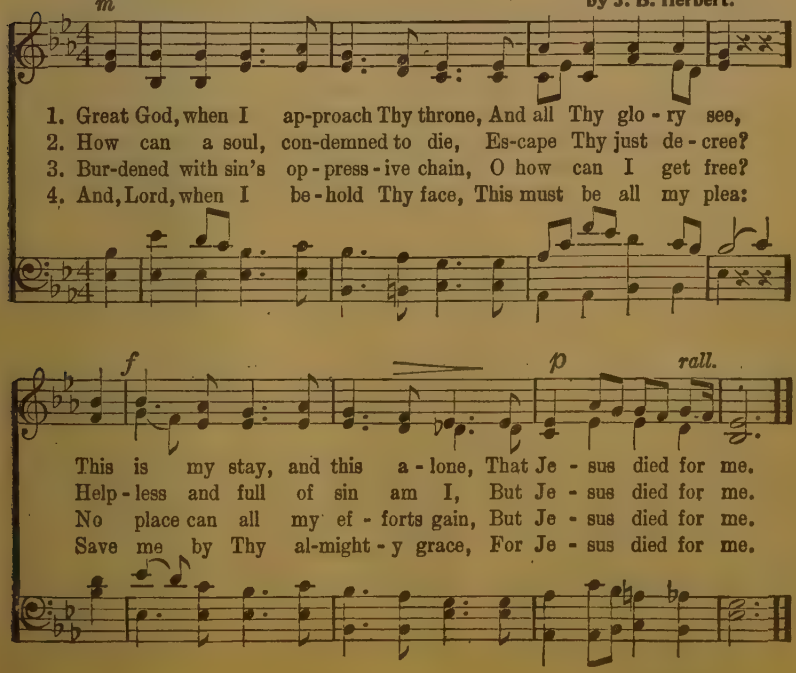
The Great Judgment Morning.

CHORUS.


And oh, what a weep-ing and wail-ing, As the lost were told of their fate;
rit.
They cried for the rocks and the mauntains, They prayed, but their prayer was too late.

No. 137. Jesus Died for Me.

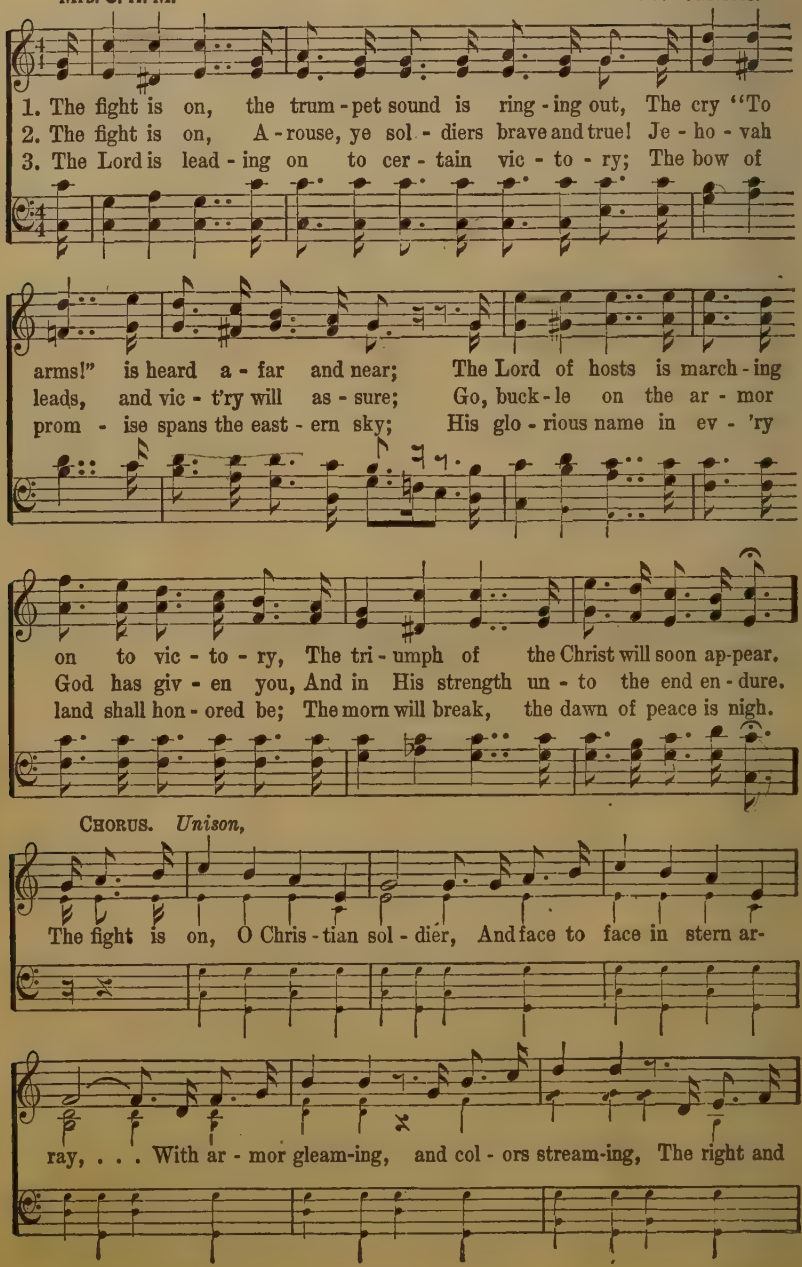
Bathurst. Arr. from the German by J. B. Herbert.


m
1. Great God, when I ap-proach Thy throne, And all Thy glo-ry see,
2. How can a soul, con-demned to die, Es-cape Thy just de-cree?
3. Bur-dened with sin's op-press-ive chain, O how can I get free?
4. And, Lord, when I be-hold Thy face, This must be all my plea:
f
p
rall.
This is my stay, and this a-lone, That Je-sus died for me.
Help-less and full of sin am I, But Je-sus died for me.
No place can all my ef-forts gain, But Je-sus died for me.
Save me by Thy al-might-y grace, For Je-sus died for me.

No. 138. The Fight is On.

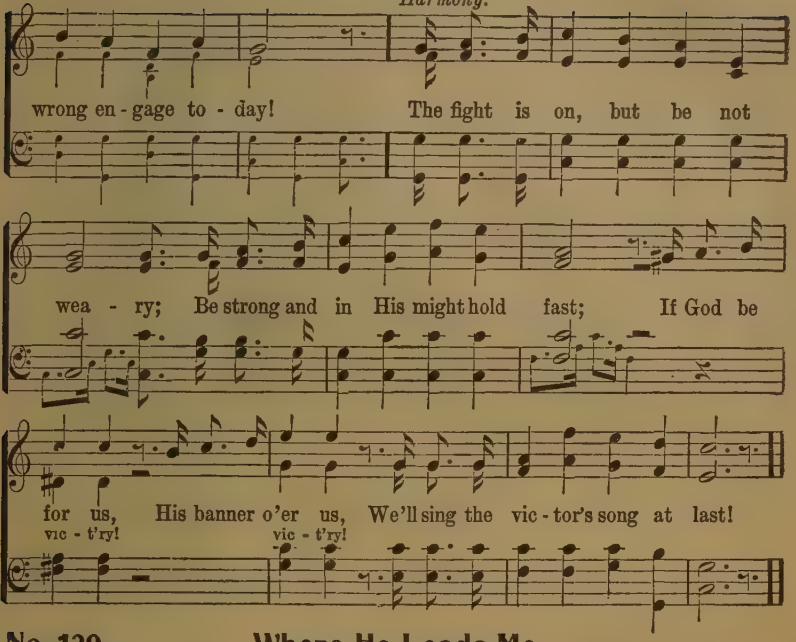
COPYRIGHR, 1905, BY J. 'M, KIRKPATRICK.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. The fight is on, the trum - pet sound is ring - ing out, The cry "To
2. The fight is on, A - rouse, ye sol - diers brave and true! Je - ho - vah
3. The Lord is lead - ing on to cer - tain vic - to - ry; The bow of
arms!" is heard a - far and near; The Lord of hosts is march - ing
leads, and vic - t'ry will as - sure; Go, buck - le on the ar - mor
prom - ise spans the east - ern sky; His glo - rious name in ev - 'ry
on to vic - to - ry, The tri - umph of the Christ will soon ap - pear.
God has giv - en you, And in His strength un - to the end en - dure.
land shall hon - ored be; The morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.
CHORUS. Unison,
The fight is on, O Chris - tian sol - dier, And face to face in stern ar -
ray, . . . With ar - mor gleam - ing, and col - ors stream - ing, The right and

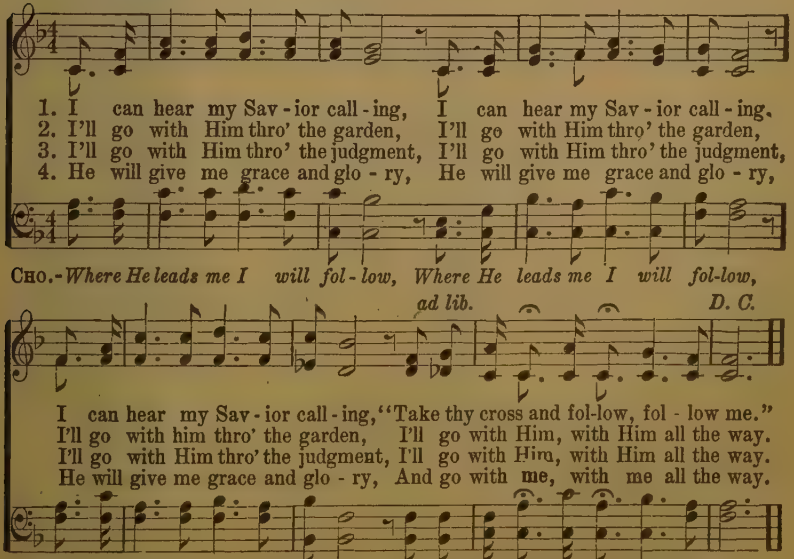
The Fight is On.

Harmony.


wrong en - gage to - day! The fight is on, but be not
wea - ry; Be strong and in His might hold fast; If God be
for us, His banner o'er us, We'll sing the vic - tor's song at last!
vic - t'ry! vic - t'ry!

No. 139. Where He Leads Me.

E. W. Blandly. Arr.


1. I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the garden, I'll go with Him thro' the garden,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry,
Cho.- *Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He leads me I will fol-low,*
ad lib.
D. C.
I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, "Take thy cross and fol-low, fol - low me."
I'll go with him thro' the garden, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way.
Where He leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

No. 140. Singing All the Time.

D. R. van Sickle.

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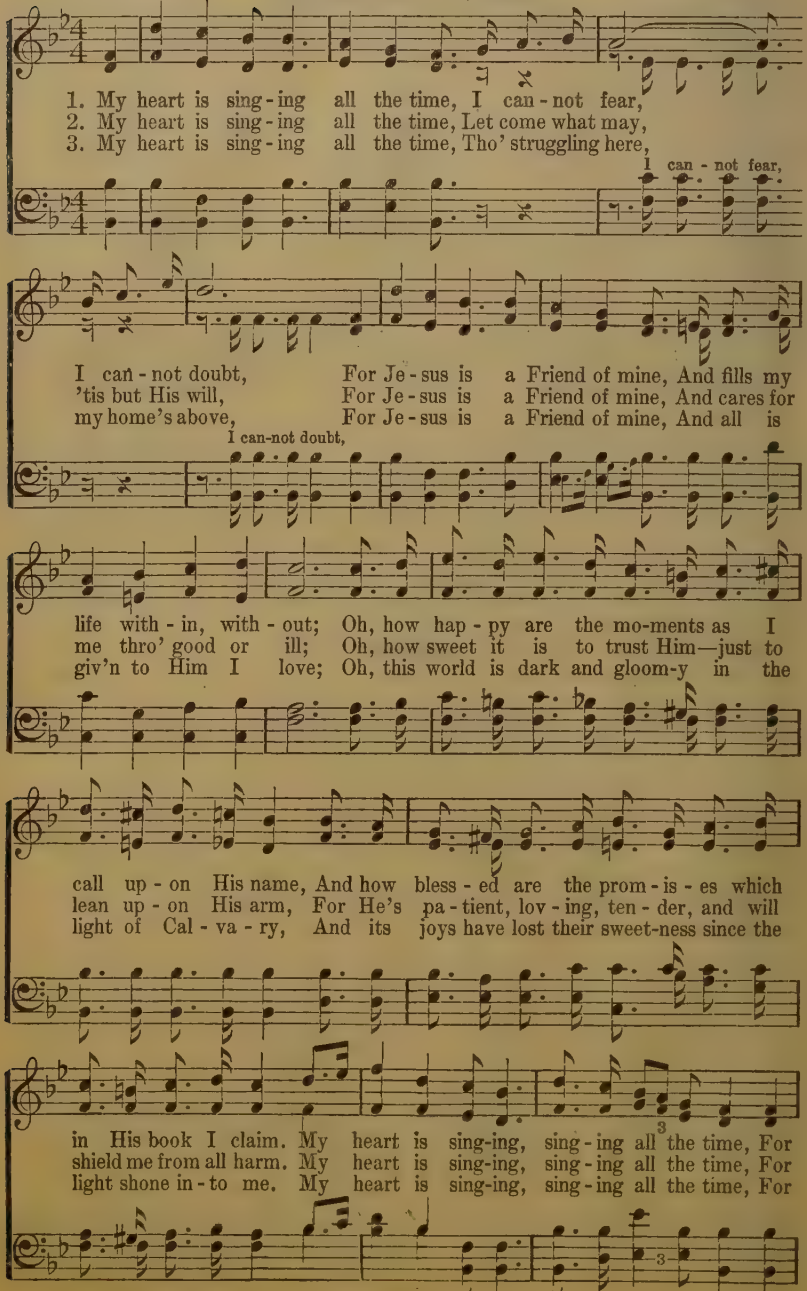
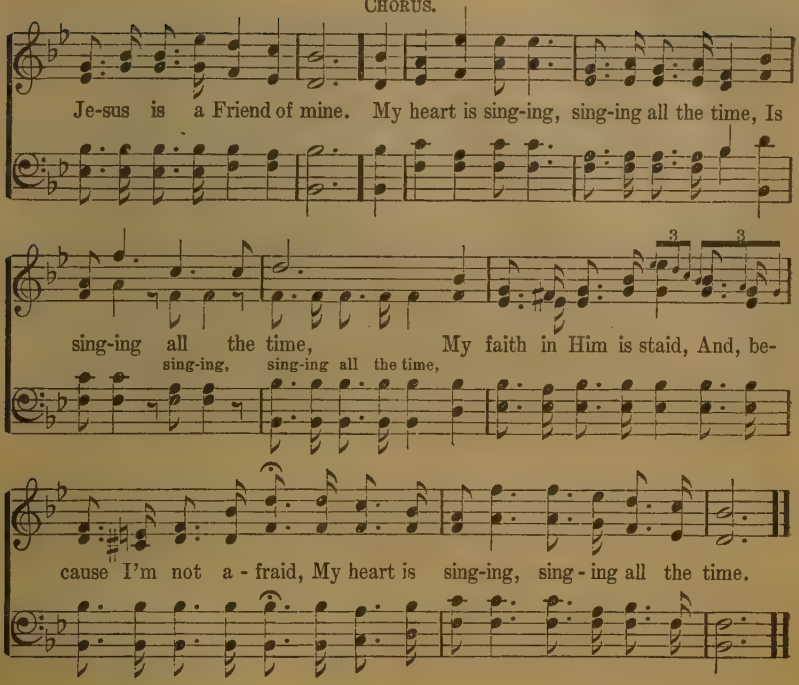
Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. My heart is sing-ing all the time, I can-not fear,
2. My heart is sing-ing all the time, Let come what may,
3. My heart is sing-ing all the time, Tho' struggling here,
I can-not fear,
I can-not doubt, For Je-sus is a Friend of mine, And fills my
'tis but His will, For Je-sus is a Friend of mine, And cares for
my home's above, For Je-sus is a Friend of mine, And all is
I can-not doubt,
life with-in, with-out; Oh, how hap-py are the mo-ments as I
me thro' good or ill; Oh, how sweet it is to trust Him—just to
giv'n to Him I love; Oh, this world is dark and gloom-y in the
call up-on His name, And how bless-ed are the prom-is-es which
lean up-on His arm, For He's pa-tient, lov-ing, ten-der, and will
light of Cal-va-ry, And its joys have lost their sweet-ness since the
in His book I claim. My heart is sing-ing, sing-ing all the time, For
shield me from all harm. My heart is sing-ing, sing-ing all the time, For
light shone in-to me. My heart is sing-ing, sing-ing all the time, For

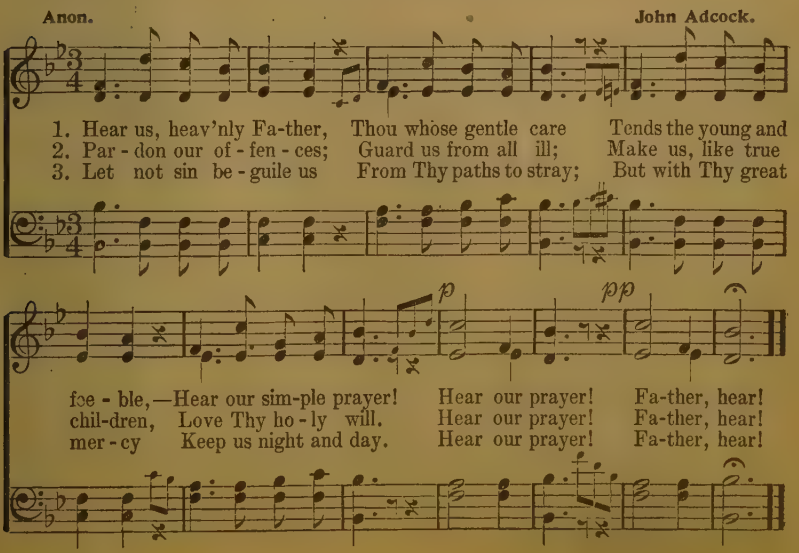
Singing All the Time.

CHORUS.


Je-sus is a Friend of mine. My heart is sing-ing, sing-ing all the time, Is
sing-ing all the time, My faith in Him is staid, And, be-
sing-ing, sing-ing all the time,
cause I'm not a - fraid, My heart is sing-ing, sing - ing all the time.

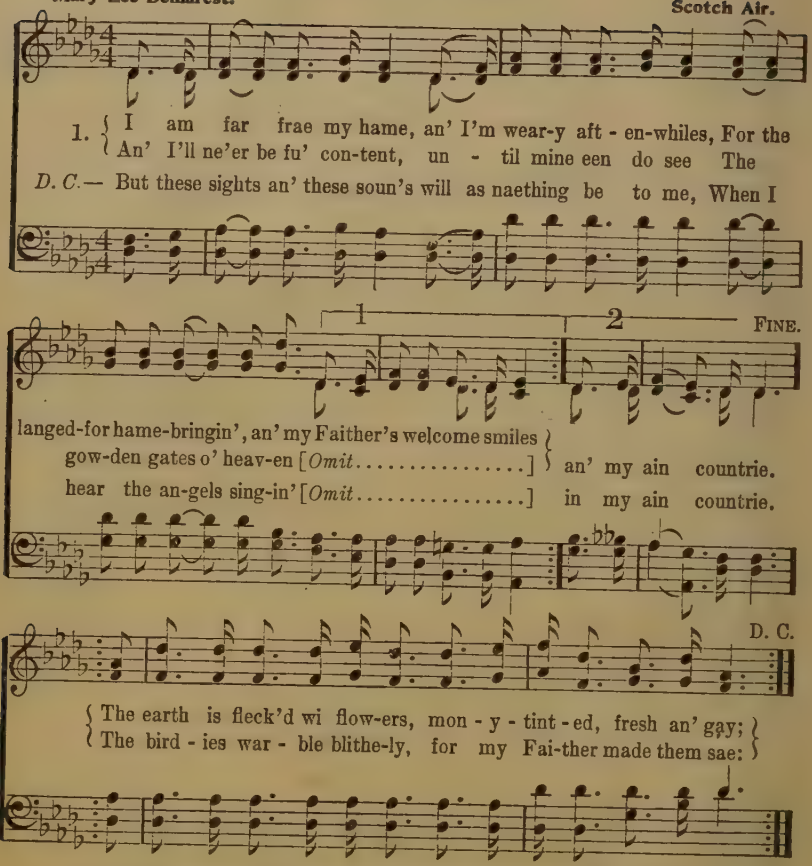
No. 141. Hear Our Prayer.

Anon. John Adcock.


1. Hear us, heav'nly Fa-ther, Thou whose gentle care Tends the young and
2. Par - don our of - fen - ces; Guard us from all ill; Make us, like true
3. Let not sin be - guile us From Thy paths to stray; But with Thy great
p
pp
foe - ble,—Hear our sim-ple prayer! Hear our prayer! Fa-ther, hear!
chil-dren, Love Thy ho - ly will. Hear our prayer! Fa-ther, hear!
mer - cy Keep us night and day. Hear our prayer! Fa-ther, hear!

No. 142. My Ain Countrie.

Mary Lee Demarest. Scotch Air.


1. I am far frae my hame, an' I'm wear-y aft - en-whiles, For the
An' I'll ne'er be fu' con-tent, un - til mine een do see The
D. C.— But these sights an' these soun's will as naething be to me, When I
1
2
FINE.
langed-for hame-bringin', an' my Faither's welcome smiles
gow-den gates o' heav-en [Omit.....] an' my ain countrie.
hear the an-gels sing-in' [Omit.....] in my ain countrie.
D. C.
The earth is fleck'd wi flow-ers, mon - y - tint - ed, fresh an' gay;
The bird - ies war - ble blithe-ly, for my Fai-ther made them sae:

2 I've His gude word o' promise that some gladsome day, the King
To His ain royal palace His banished hame will bring;
Wi' een an' wi' hert rinnin' owre, we shall see
The King in His beauty, in oor ain countrie.
My sins hae been mony, an' my sorrows hae been sair;
But there they'll never vex me, nor be remembered mair:
For His bluid has made me white, an' His han' shall dry my e'e,
When He brings me hame at last, to my ain countrie.

3 He is faithfu', that hath promised, an' He'll surely come again,
He'll keep His tryst wi' me, at what oor I dinna ken;
But He bids me still to wait, an' ready aye to be,
To gang at ony moment to my ain countrie.
Sae i'm watching aye, and singin' o' my hame, as I wait,
For the soun'in' o' His fitfa' this side the gowden gate:
God gie His grace to ilka ane wha' listens noo to me,
That we a' may gang in gladness to oor ain countrie.

Childrens Songs

No. 143. Dear Little Stranger.

C. H. G.

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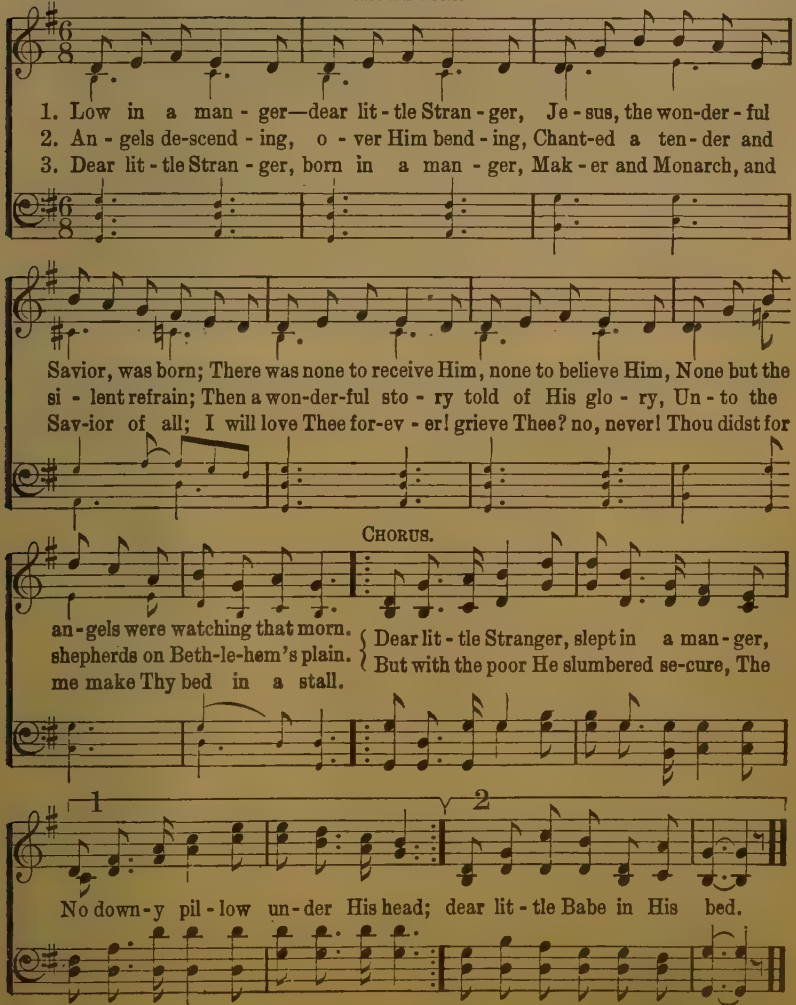
WORDS AND MUSIC.

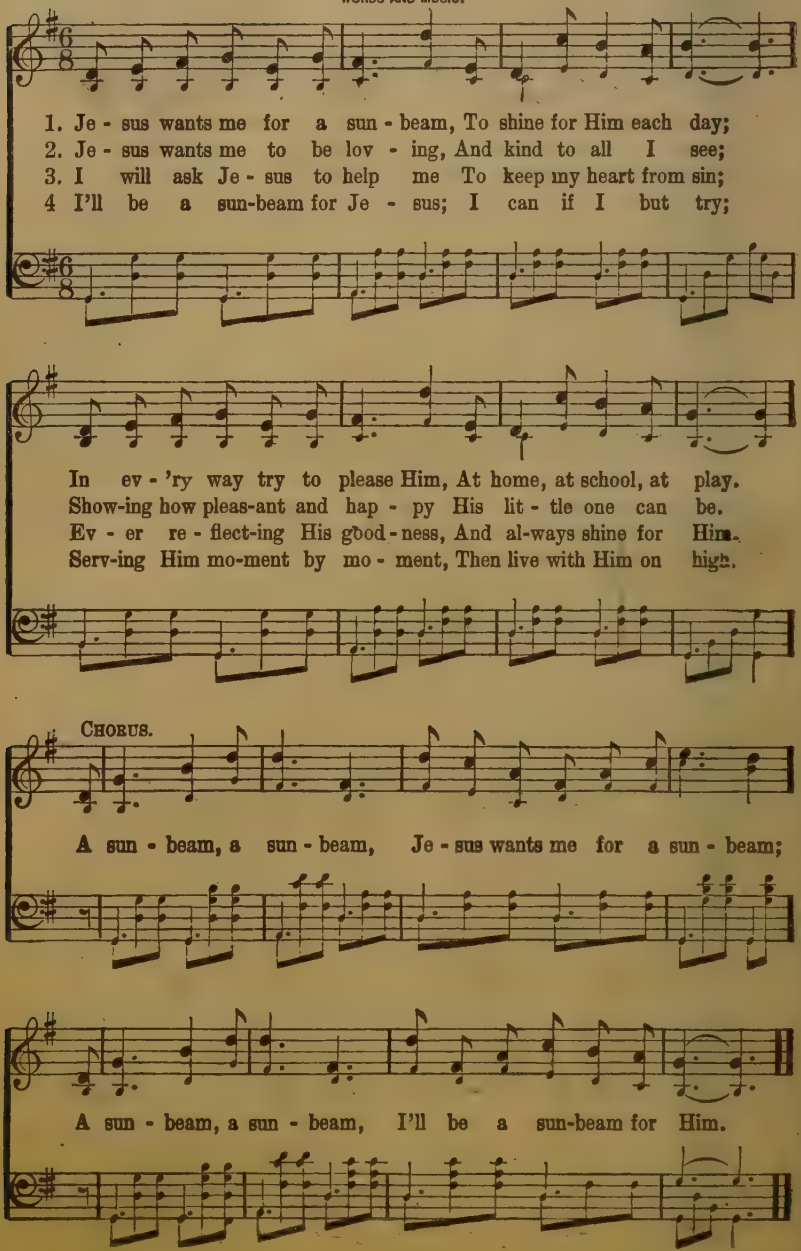
Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Low in a man - ger—dear lit - tle Stran - ger, Je - sus, the won-der - ful
2. An - gels de-scend - ing, o - ver Him bend - ing, Chant-ed a ten - der and
3. Dear lit - tle Stran - ger, born in a man - ger, Mak - er and Monarch, and
Savior, was born; There was none to receive Him, none to believe Him, None but the
si - lent refrain; Then a won-der-ful sto - ry told of His glo - ry, Un - to the
Sav-ior of all; I will love Thee for-ev - er! grieve Thee? no, never! Thou didst for
CHORUS.
an - gels were watching that morn.
shepherds on Beth-le-hem's plain.
me make Thy bed in a stall.
Dear lit - tle Stranger, slept in a man - ger,
But with the poor He slumbered se-cure, The
1
2
No down - y pil - low un - der His head; dear lit - tle Babe in His bed.

No. 144. I'll Be a Sunbeam.

To my grandson, Edwin O. Excell, Jr.

Nellie Talbot. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.


1. Je - sus wants me for a sun - beam, To shine for Him each day;
2. Je - sus wants me to be lov - ing, And kind to all I see;
3. I will ask Je - sus to help me To keep my heart from sin;
4 I'll be a sun-beam for Je - sus; I can if I but try;
In ev - 'ry way try to please Him, At home, at school, at play.
Show-ing how pleas-ant and hap - py His lit - tle one can be.
Ev - er re - flect-ing His good - ness, And al-ways shine for Him.
Serv-ing Him mo-ment by mo - ment, Then live with Him on high.
CHORUS.
A sun - beam, a sun - beam, Je - sus wants me for a sun - beam;
A sun - beam, a sun - beam, I'll be a sun-beam for Him.

No. 145. Little Evangels.

Ida L. Reed.

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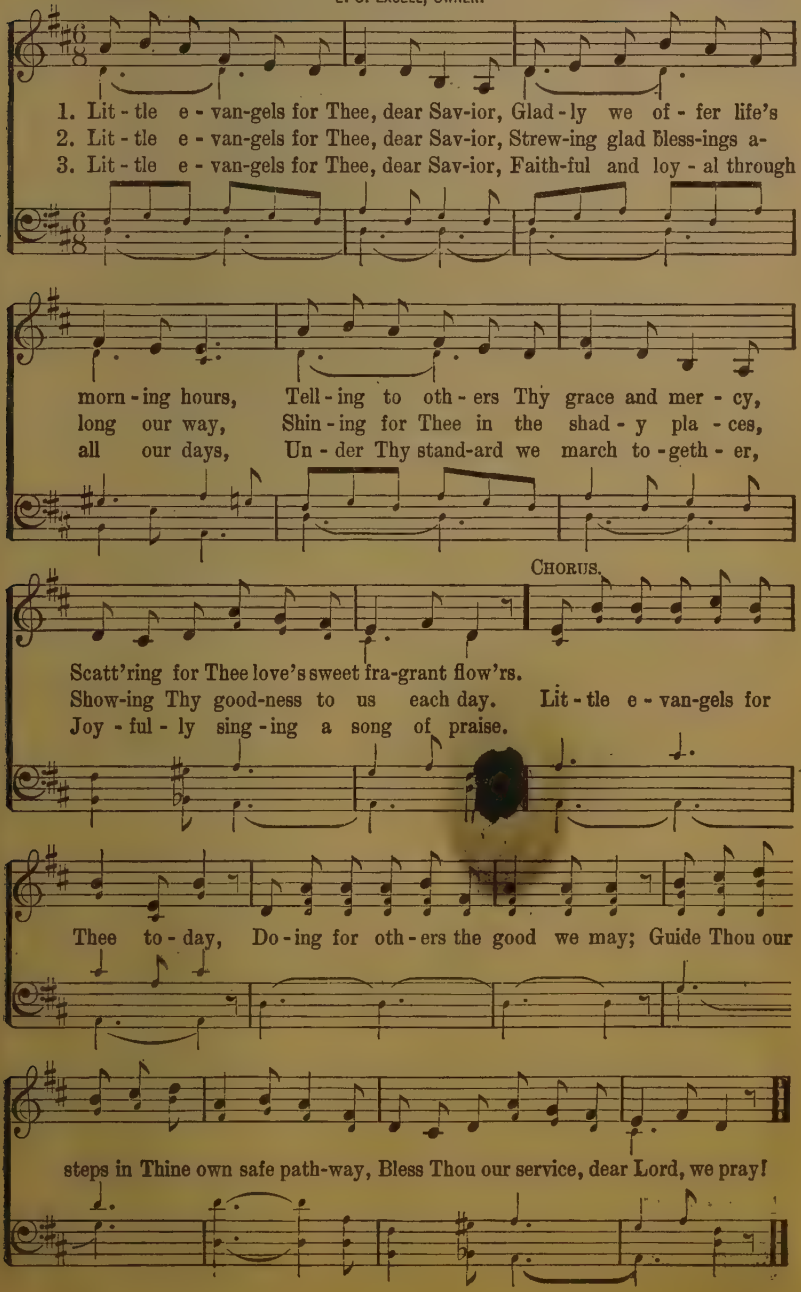
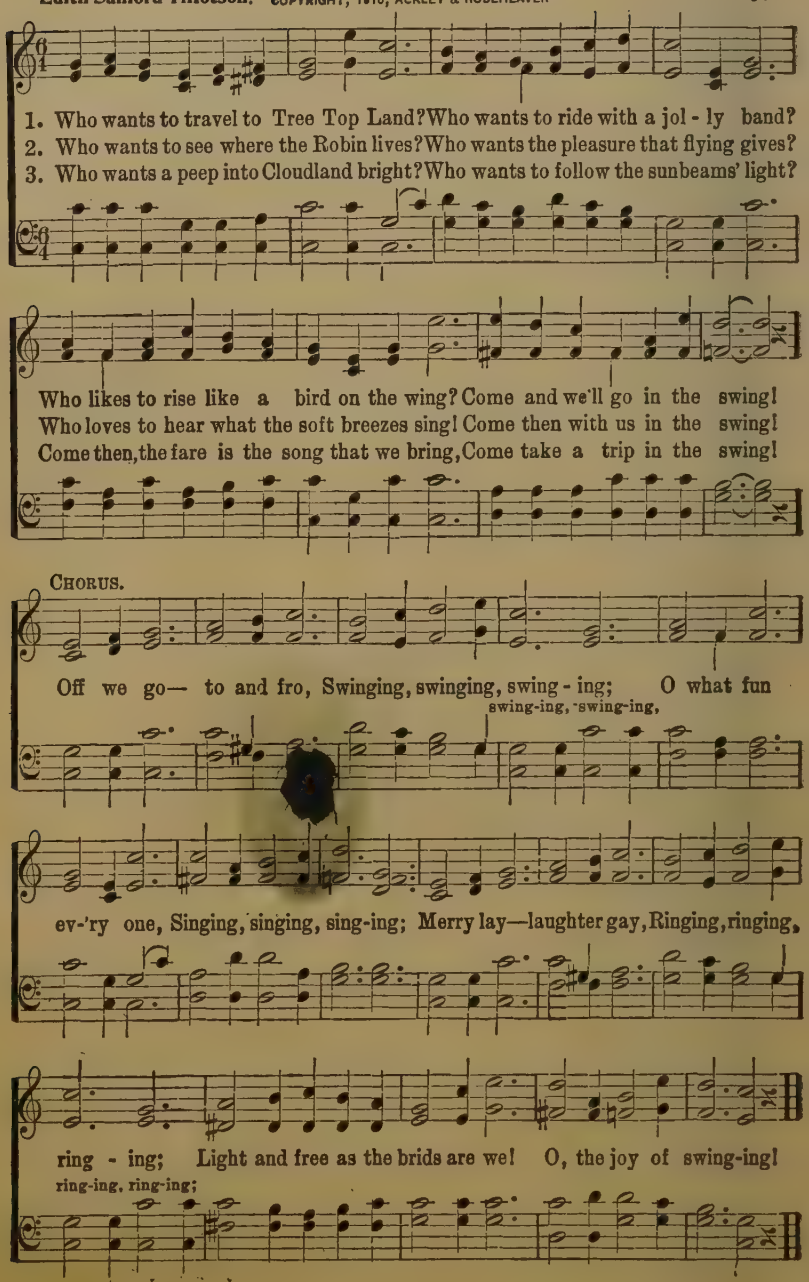
Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Lit - tle e - van-gels for Thee, dear Sav-ior, Glad - ly we of - fer life's
2. Lit - tle e - van-gels for Thee, dear Sav-ior, Strew-ing glad bless-ings a-
3. Lit - tle e - van-gels for Thee, dear Sav-ior, Faith-ful and loy - al through
morn - ing hours, Tell - ing to oth - ers Thy grace and mer - cy,
long our way, Shin - ing for Thee in the shad - y pla - ces,
all our days, Un - der Thy stand-ard we march to - geth - er,
CHORUS.
Scatt'ring for Thee love's sweet fra-grant flow'rs.
Show-ing Thy good-ness to us each day. Lit - tle e - van-gels for
Joy - ful - ly sing - ing a song of praise.
Thee to - day, Do - ing for oth - ers the good we may; Guide Thou our
steps in Thine own safe path-way, Bless Thou our service, dear Lord, we pray!

No. 146 Swing Song.

Edith Sanford Tillotson. COPYRIGHT, 1910, ACKLEY & RODEHEAVER B. D. Ackley.


1. Who wants to travel to Tree Top Land? Who wants to ride with a jol - ly band?
2. Who wants to see where the Robin lives? Who wants the pleasure that flying gives?
3. Who wants a peep into Cloudland bright? Who wants to follow the sunbeams' light?
Who likes to rise like a bird on the wing? Come and we'll go in the swing!
Who loves to hear what the soft breezes sing! Come then with us in the swing!
Come then, the fare is the song that we bring, Come take a trip in the swing!
CHORUS.
Off we go— to and fro, Swinging, swinging, swing - ing; O what fun
swing-ing, swing-ing,
ev-'ry one, Singing, singing, sing-ing; Merry lay—laughter gay, Ringing, ringing,
ring - ing; Light and free as the brids are we! O, the joy of swing-ing!
ring-ing, ring-ing;

No. 147. Let the Sunshine In.

Ada Blenkhorn.

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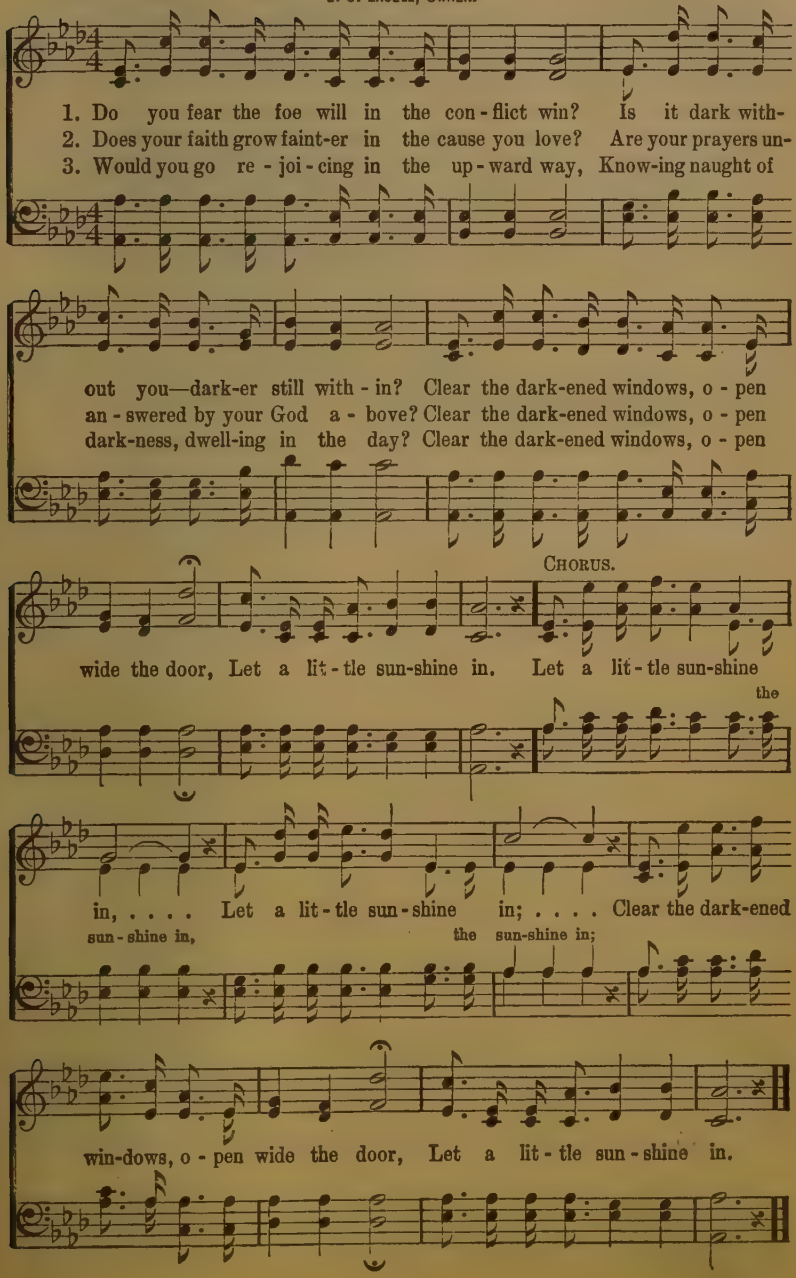
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Do you fear the foe will in the con-flict win? Is it dark with-
2. Does your faith grow faint-er in the cause you love? Are your prayers un-
3. Would you go re-joi-cing in the up-ward way, Know-ing naught of
out you—dark-er still with-in? Clear the dark-ened windows, o-pen
an-swered by your God a-bove? Clear the dark-ened windows, o-pen
dark-ness, dwell-ing in the day? Clear the dark-ened windows, o-pen
CHORUS.
wide the door, Let a lit-tle sun-shine in. Let a lit-tle sun-shine
the
in, ... Let a lit-tle sun-shine in; . . . . Clear the dark-ened
sun-shine in,
the sun-shine in;
win-dows, o-pen wide the door, Let a lit-tle sun-shine in.

No. 148.

Be a Hero.

Adam Craig.

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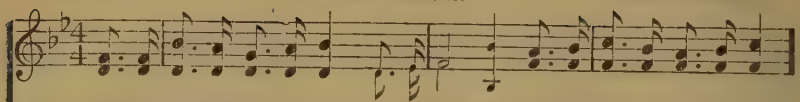
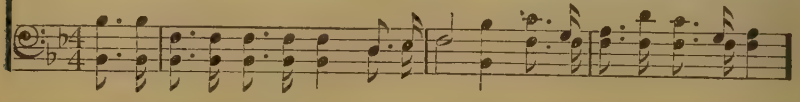
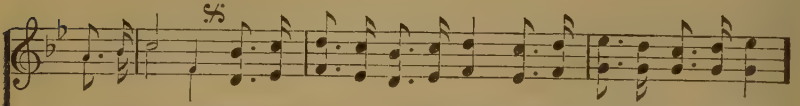
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

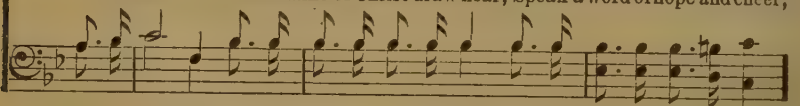


1. On the bat-tle-field of life Be a he - ro! In its tur-moil and its strife
2. There are gi-ants in the land, Be a he - ro! In the strength of Jesus stand,
3. When you see a broth-er fall, Be a he - ro! Lend a help-ing hand to all,



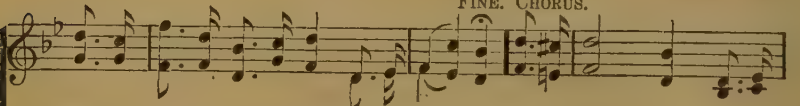


Be a he - ro! Show your col-ors in the fight, And, with sword and armor bright,
Be a he - ro! In the dark-ness and the light, Fight like Da-vid for the right,
Be a he - ro! In the name of Christ draw near, Speak a word of hope and cheer,



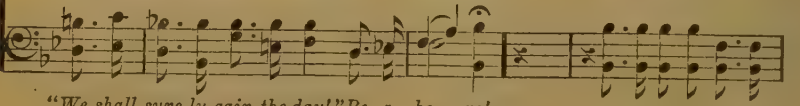
D. S.—*On, ye sol-diers, to the fray, Hear the great Com-man-der say,*

FINE. CHORUS.



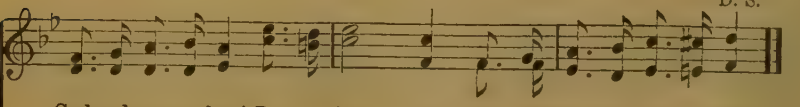
Strike out brave-ly for the right; Be a he - ro!
Stay the tempt-er in his might; Be a he - ro! Be a he - ro! Trust in
Do what good you can while here; Be a he - ro!

Be a he-ro!



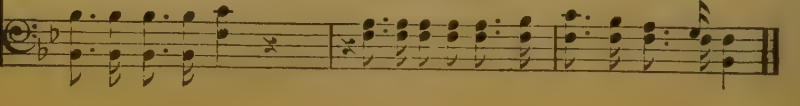
"We shall sure-ly gain the day!" Be a he - ro!

D. S.



God and nev-er fear! Be a he - ro! He will help you, He is near;

Be a he-ro!



No. 149. Sunshine and Rain.

C. H. G.

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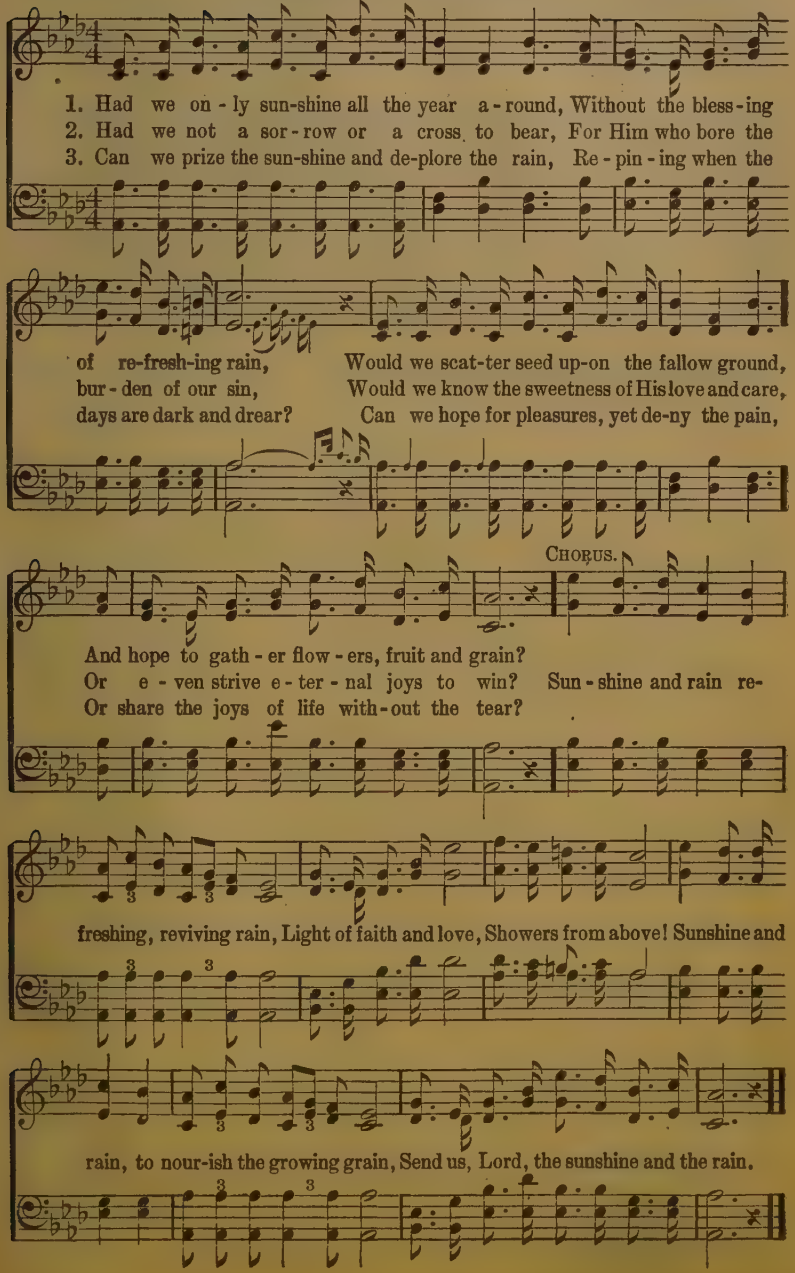
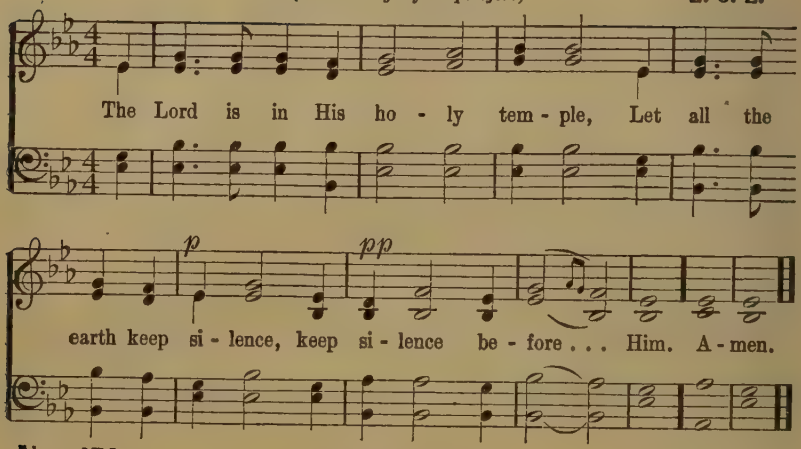
WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Had we on - ly sun-shine all the year a - round, Without the bless - ing
2. Had we not a sor - row or a cross to bear, For Him who bore the
3. Can we prize the sun-shine and de-plore the rain, Re - pin - ing when the
of re-fresh-ing rain, Would we scat-ter seed up-on the fallow ground,
bur - den of our sin, Would we know the sweetness of His love and care,
days are dark and drear? Can we hope for pleasures, yet de-ny the pain,
CHORUS.
And hope to gath - er flow - ers, fruit and grain?
Or e - ven strive e - ter - nal joys to win? Sun - shine and rain re-
Or share the joys of life with - out the tear?
freshing, reviving rain, Light of faith and love, Showers from above! Sunshine and
rain, to nour-ish the growing grain, Send us, Lord, the sunshine and the rain.

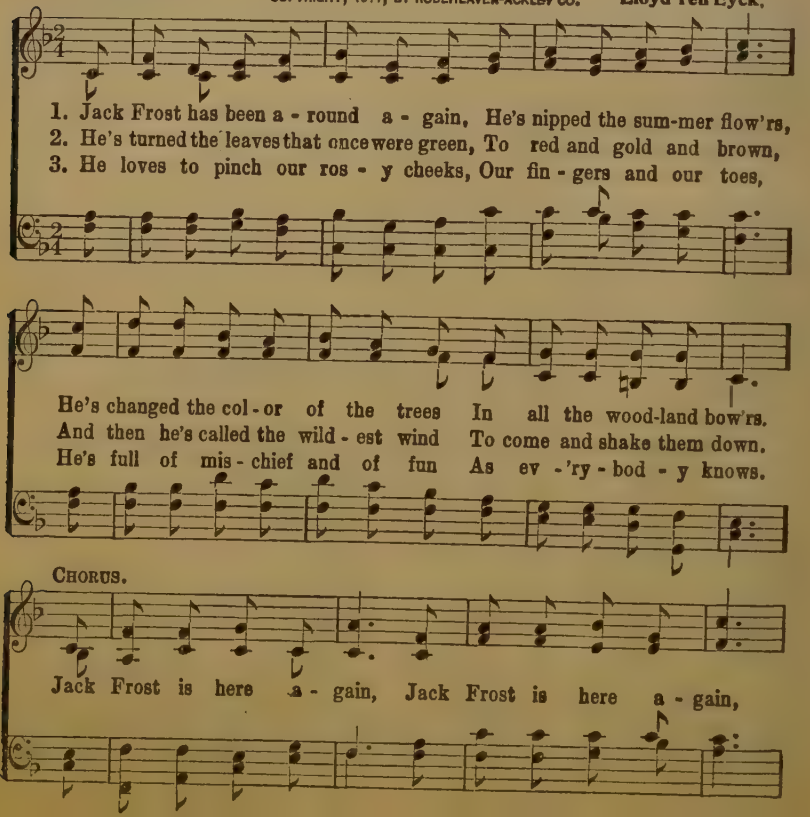
No. 150. His Holy Temple.

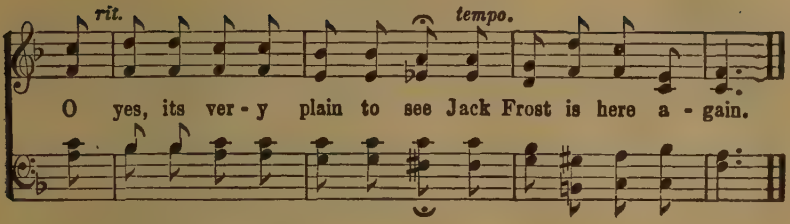
(To be sung before prayer.) E. O. E.



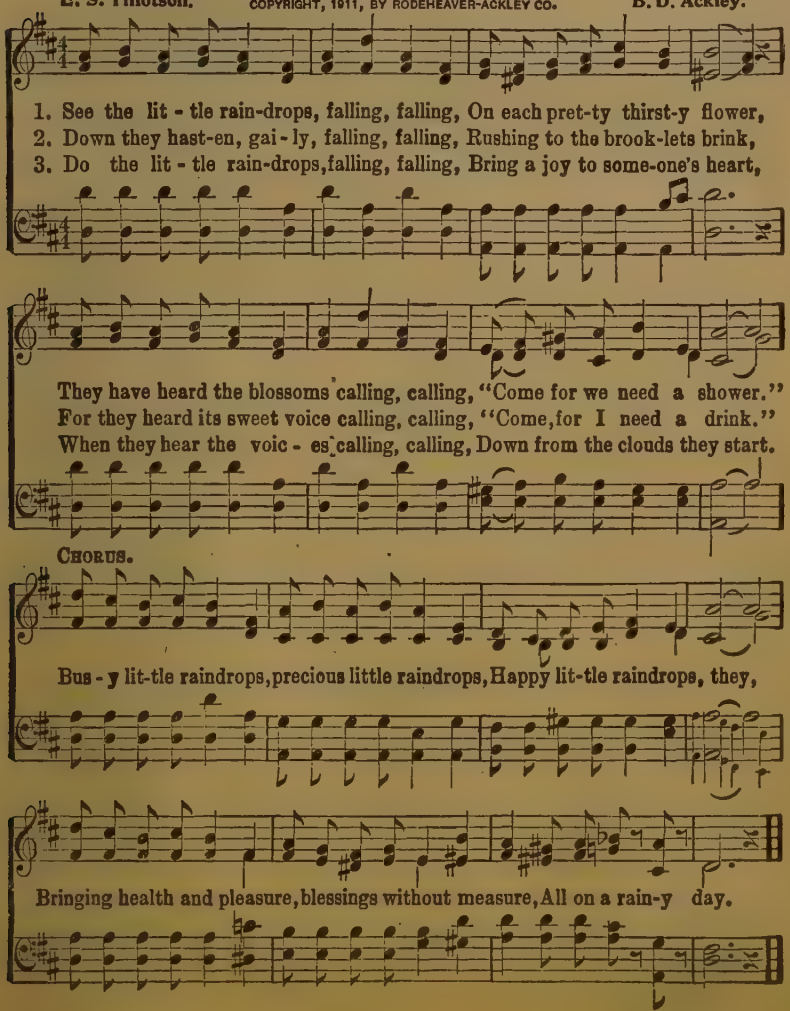
No. 151. Jack Frost.

E. S. Tillotson. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO. Lloyd Ten Eyck.


1. Jack Frost has been a - round a - gain, He's nipped the sum-mer flow'rs,
2. He's turned the leaves that once were green, To red and gold and brown,
3. He loves to pinch our ros - y cheeks, Our fin - gers and our toes,
He's changed the col - or of the trees In all the wood-land bow'rs.
And then he's called the wild - est wind To come and shake them down.
He's full of mis - chief and of fun As ev - 'ry - bod - y knows.
CHORUS.
Jack Frost is here a - gain, Jack Frost is here a - gain,

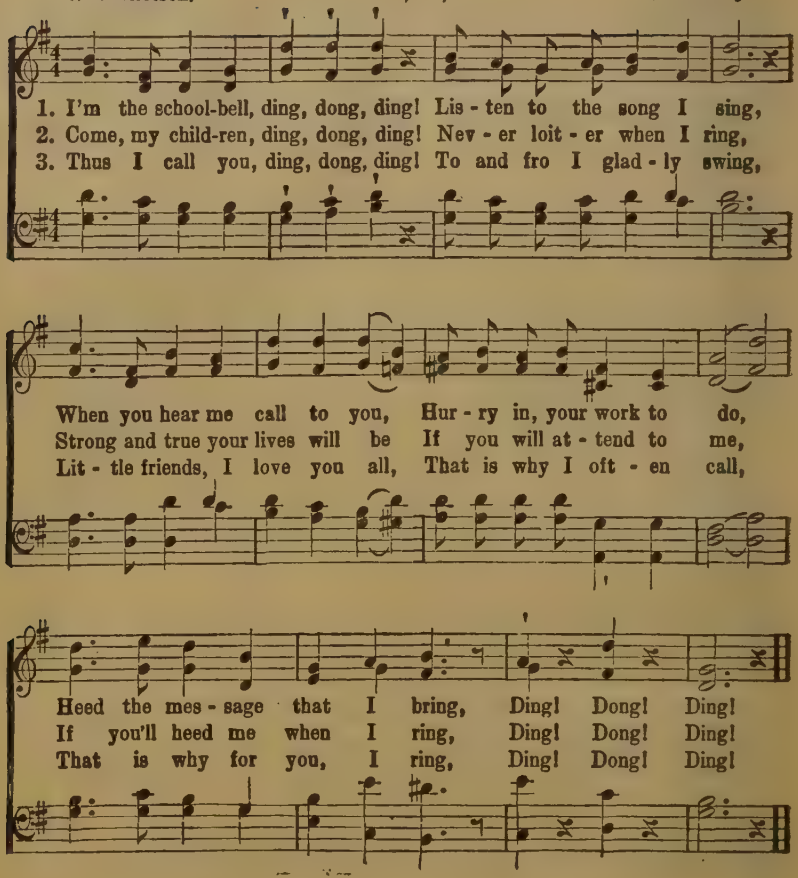
Jack Frost.

No. 152. The Raindrops.

E. S. Tillotson. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO. B. D. Ackley.


1. See the lit - tle rain-drops, falling, falling, On each pret-ty thirst-y flower,
2. Down they hast-en, gai - ly, falling, falling, Rushing to the brook-lets brink,
3. Do the lit - tle rain-drops, falling, falling, Bring a joy to some-one's heart,
They have heard the blossoms calling, calling, "Come for we need a shower."
For they heard its sweet voice calling, calling, "Come, for I need a drink."
When they hear the voic - es calling, calling, Down from the clouds they start.
Chorus.
Bus - y lit-tle raindrops, precious little raindrops, Happy lit-tle raindrops, they,
Bringing health and pleasure, blessings without measure, All on a rain-y day.

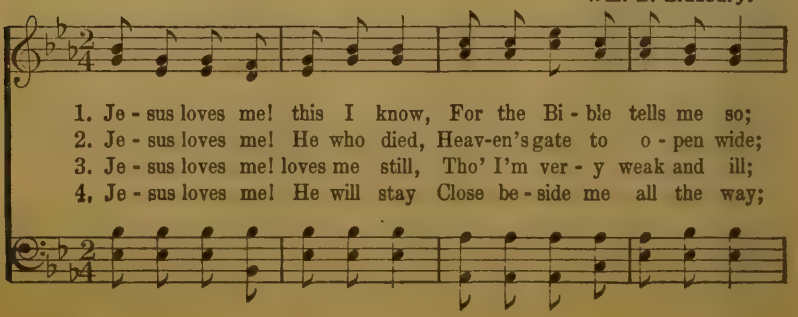
No. 153. The School Bell.

E. S. Tillotson. COPYRIGHT, 1911, B. D. Ackley.

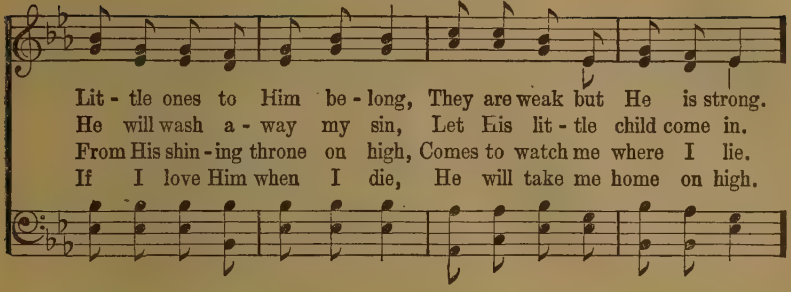

1. I'm the school-bell, ding, dong, ding! Lis - ten to the song I sing,
2. Come, my child-ren, ding, dong, ding! Nev - er loit - er when I ring,
3. Thus I call you, ding, dong, ding! To and fro I glad - ly swing,
When you hear me call to you, Hur - ry in, your work to do,
Strong and true your lives will be If you will at - tend to me,
Lit - tle friends, I love you all, That is why I oft - en call,
Heed the mes - sage that I bring, Ding! Dong! Ding!
If you'll heed me when I ring, Ding! Dong! Ding!
That is why for you, I ring, Ding! Dong! Ding!

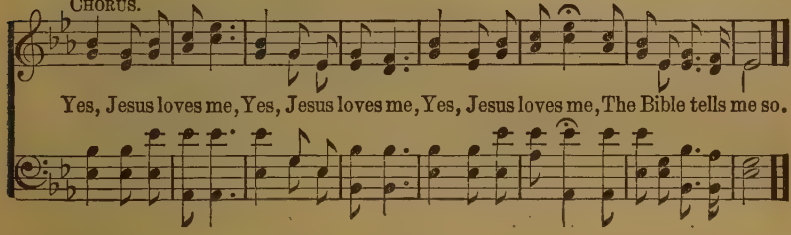
No. 154. Jesus Loves Me.

Wm. B. Bradbury.


1. Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so;
2. Je - sus loves me! He who died, Heav-en's gate to o - pen wide;
3. Je - sus loves me! loves me still, Tho' I'm ver - y weak and ill;
4. Je - sus loves me! He will stay Close be - side me all the way;

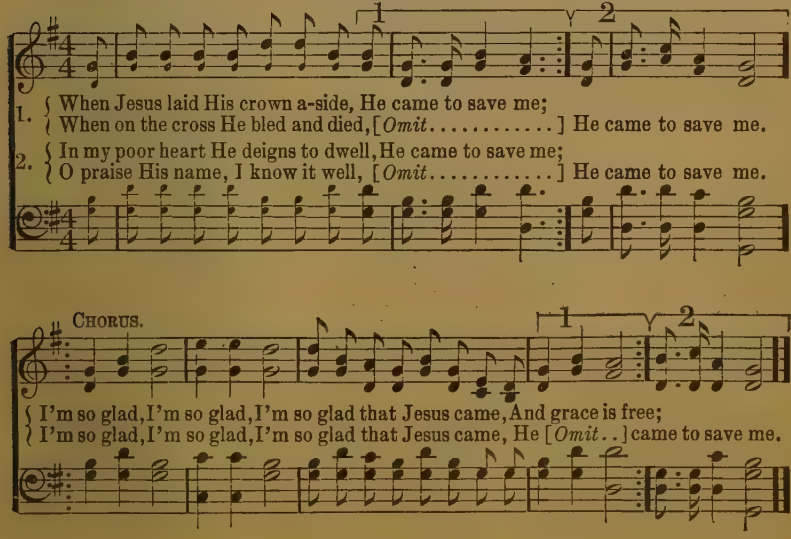
Jesus Loves Me.


Lit - tle ones to Him be - long, They are weak but He is strong.
He will wash a - way my sin, Let His lit - tle child come in.
From His shin - ing throne on high, Comes to watch me where I lie.
If I love Him when I die, He will take me home on high.



No. 155. He Came to Save Me.

H. E. Blair. COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. USED BY PERMISSION. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1
2
1. When Jesus laid His crown a-side, He came to save me;
When on the cross He bled and died, [Omit.....] He came to save me.
2. In my poor heart He deigns to dwell, He came to save me;
O praise His name, I know it well, [Omit.....] He came to save me.
CHORUS.
1
2
I'm so glad, I'm so glad, I'm so glad that Jesus came, And grace is free;
I'm so glad, I'm so glad, I'm so glad that Jesus came, He [Omit..] came to save me.

3 With gentle hand He leads me still,
He came to save me;
And trusting Him, I fear no ill,
He came to save me.

4 To Him my faith with rapture clings,
He came to save me;
To Him my heart looks up and sings,
He came to save me.

No. 156. They Didn't Think.

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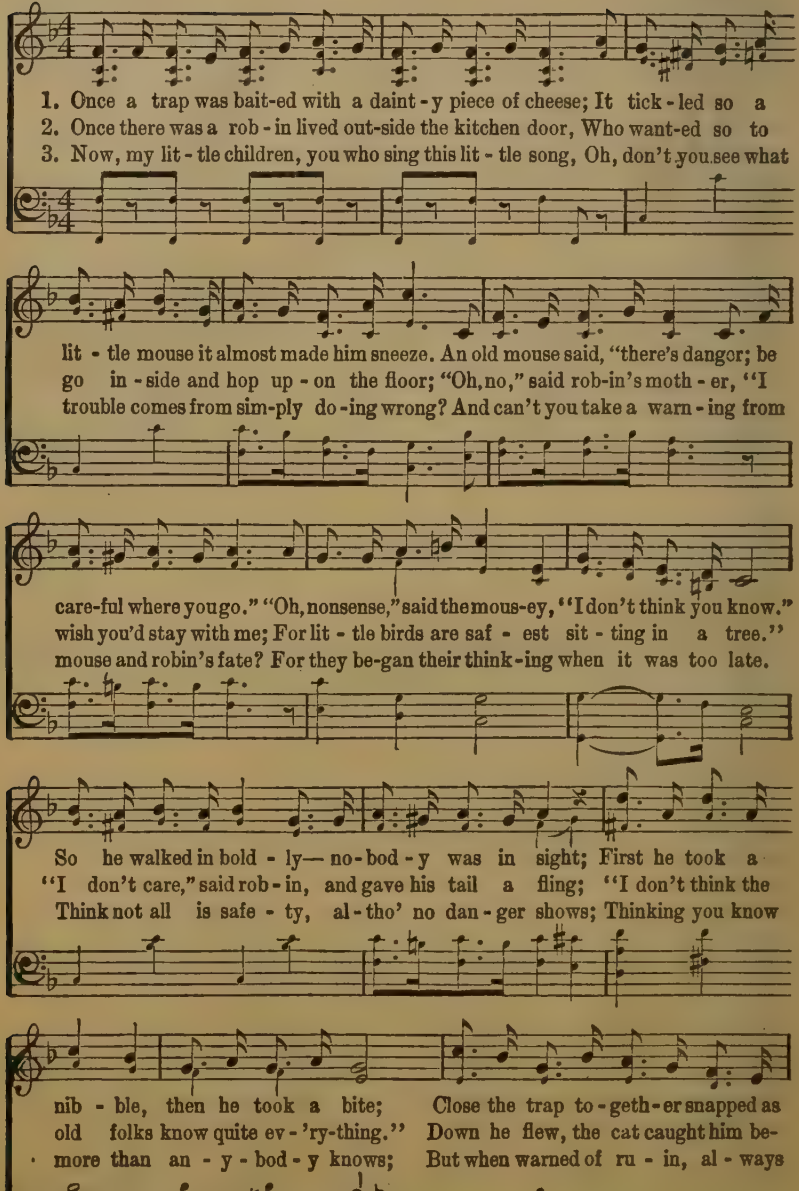
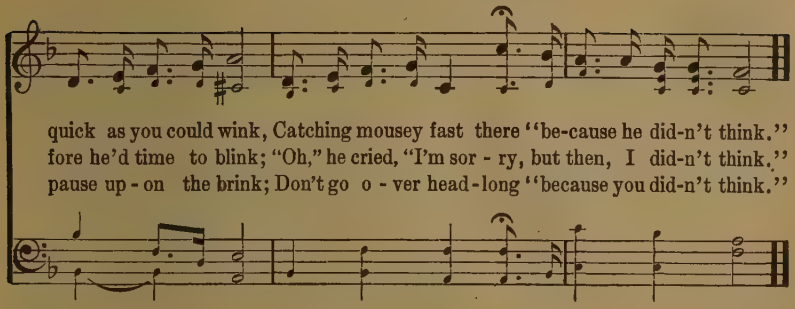
Phœbe Cary. Chas H. Gabriel.


1. Once a trap was bait-ed with a daint-y piece of cheese; It tick-led so a
2. Once there was a rob-in lived out-side the kitchen door, Who want-ed so to
3. Now, my lit-tle children, you who sing this lit-tle song, Oh, don't you see what
lit-tle mouse it almost made him sneeze. An old mouse said, "there's danger; be
go in-side and hop up-on the floor; "Oh, no," said rob-in's moth-er, "I
trouble comes from sim-ply do-ing wrong? And can't you take a warn-ing from
care-ful where you go." "Oh, nonsense," said the mous-ey, "I don't think you know."
wish you'd stay with me; For lit-tle birds are saf-est sit-ting in a tree."
mouse and robin's fate? For they be-gan their think-ing when it was too late.
So he walked in bold-ly— no-bod-y was in sight; First he took a
"I don't care," said rob-in, and gave his tail a fling; "I don't think the
Think not all is safe-ty, al-tho' no dan-ger shows; Thinking you know
nib-ble, then he took a bite; Close the trap to-geth-er snapped as
old folks know quite ev-'ry-thing." Down he flew, the cat caught him be-
more than an-y-bod-y knows; But when warned of ru-in, al-ways

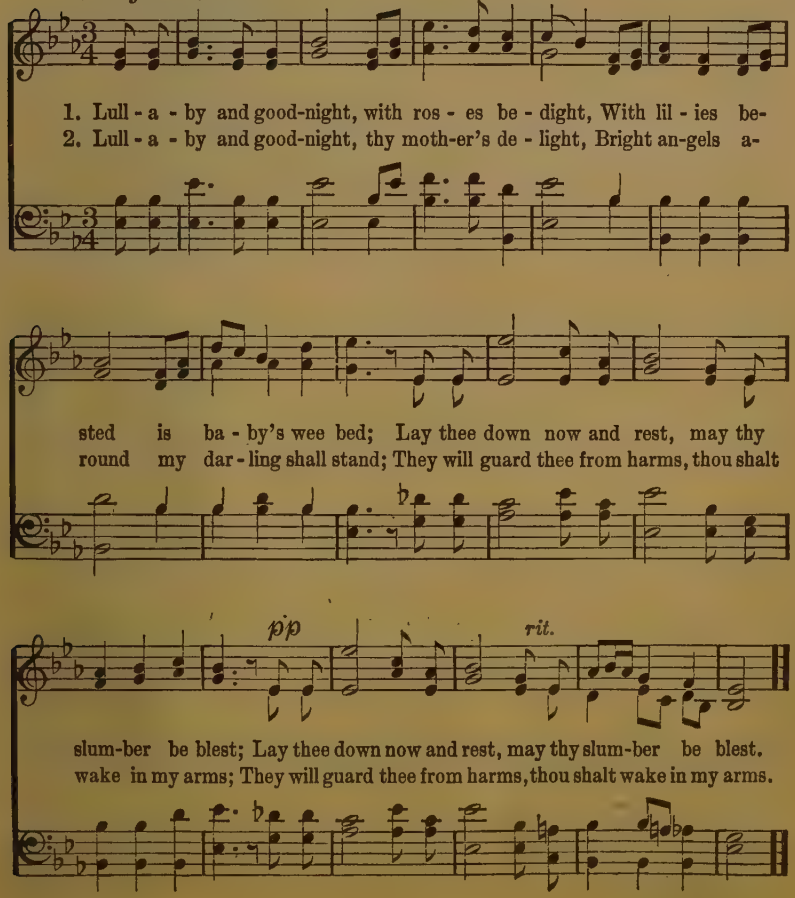
They Didn't Think.


quick as you could wink, Catching mousey fast there "be-cause he did-n't think."
fore he'd time to blink; "Oh," he cried, "I'm sor - ry, but then, I did-n't think."
pause up - on the brink; Don't go o - ver head-long "because you did-n't think."

No. 157. Lullaby.

Johannes Brahms.

With gentle animation.


1. Lull - a - by and good-night, with ros - es be - dight, With lil - ies be-
2. Lull - a - by and good-night, thy moth-er's de - light, Bright an-gels a-
sted is ba - by's wee bed; Lay thee down now and rest, may thy
round my dar - ling shall stand; They will guard thee from harms, thou shalt
pp
rit.
slum-ber be blest; Lay thee down now and rest, may thy slum-ber be blest.
wake in my arms; They will guard thee from harms, thou shalt wake in my arms.

No. 158. The Silly Little Duck.

Ida M. Budd.

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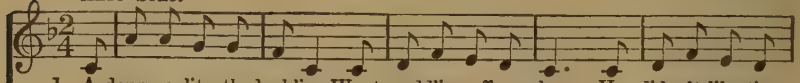
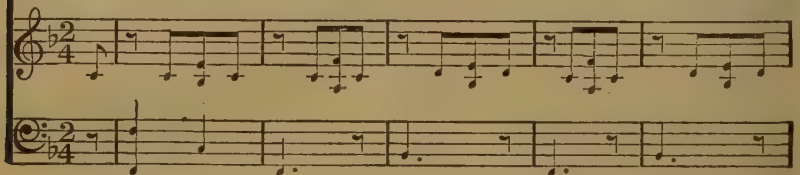
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

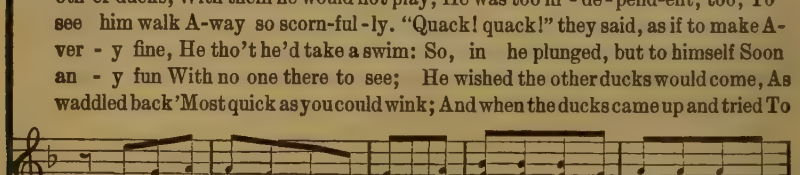
ALTO SOLO.



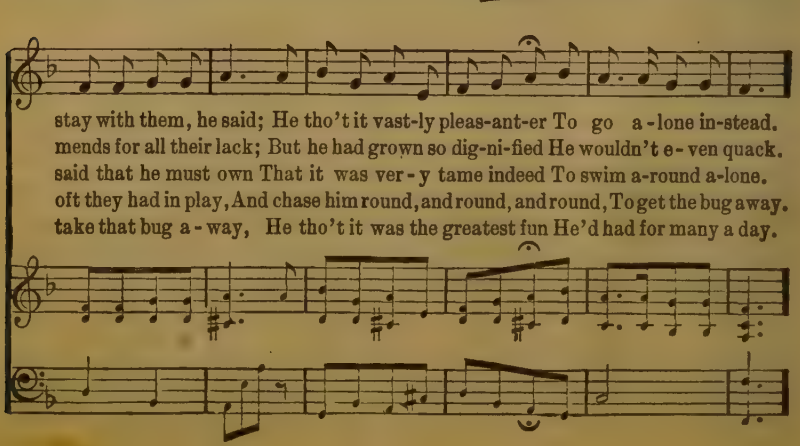
1. A down-y lit - tle duckling Went waddling off one day; He did-n't like the
2. The oth-er lit - tle ducklings Looked at him rue-ful-ly, And felt quite grieved to
3. The wa-ter in the duck-pond Looked cool and nice to him; The morning was so
4. He caught a great big June-bug, As fat as fat could be; But then it was-n't
5. And then this lonely duckling, What did he, do you think? He took that bug and



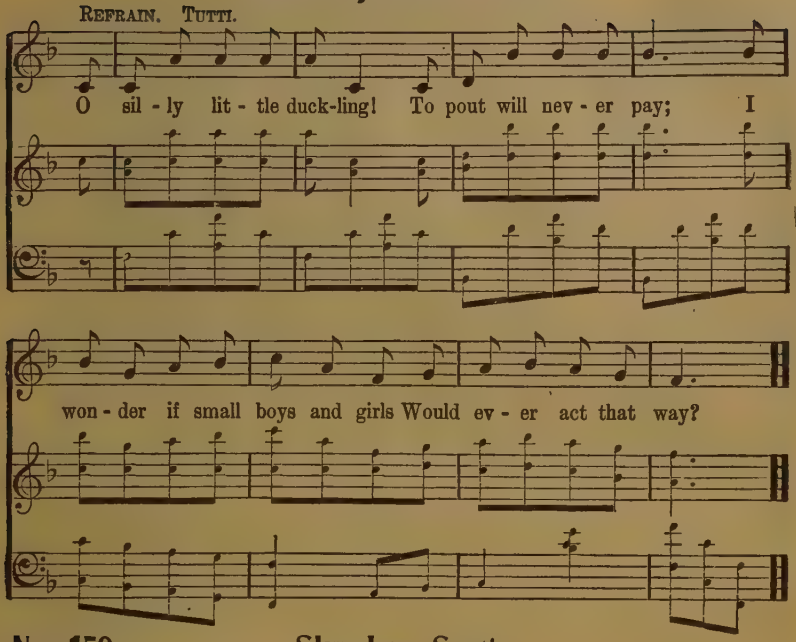
oth-er ducks; With them he would not play; He was too in - de-pend-ent, too, To
see him walk A-way so scorn-ful-ly. "Quack! quack!" they said, as if to make A-
ver - y fine, He tho't he'd take a swim: So, in he plunged, but to himself Soon
an - y fun With no one there to see; He wished the other ducks would come, As
waddled back 'Most quick as you could wink; And when the ducks came up and tried To



stay with them, he said; He tho't it vast-ly pleas-ant-er To go a-lone in-stead.
mends for all their lack; But he had grown so dig-ni-fied He wouldn't e-ven quack.
said that he must own That it was ver-y tame indeed To swim a-round a-lone.
oft they had in play, And chase him round, and round, and round, To get the bug a-way.
take that bug a-way, He tho't it was the greatest fun He'd had for many a day.



The Silly Little Duck.



No. 159. Slumber Song.

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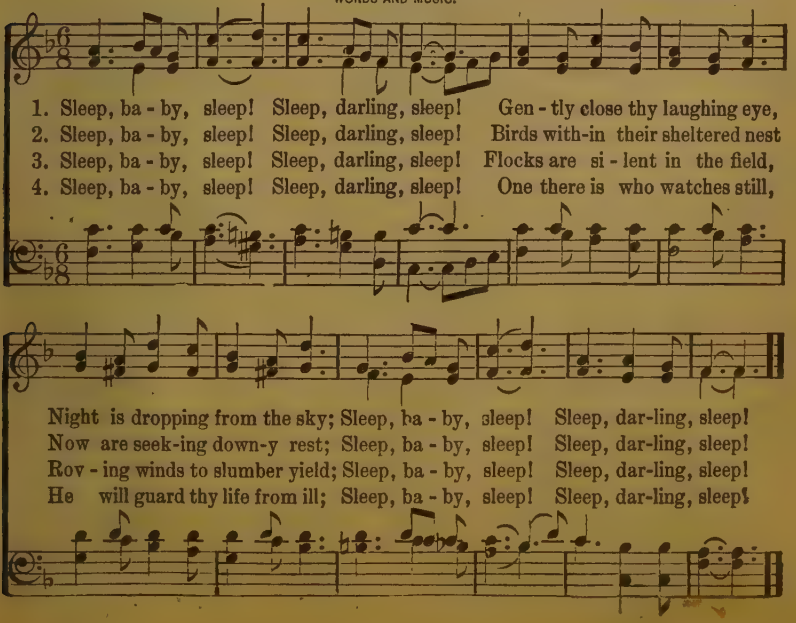
WORDS AND MUSIC.

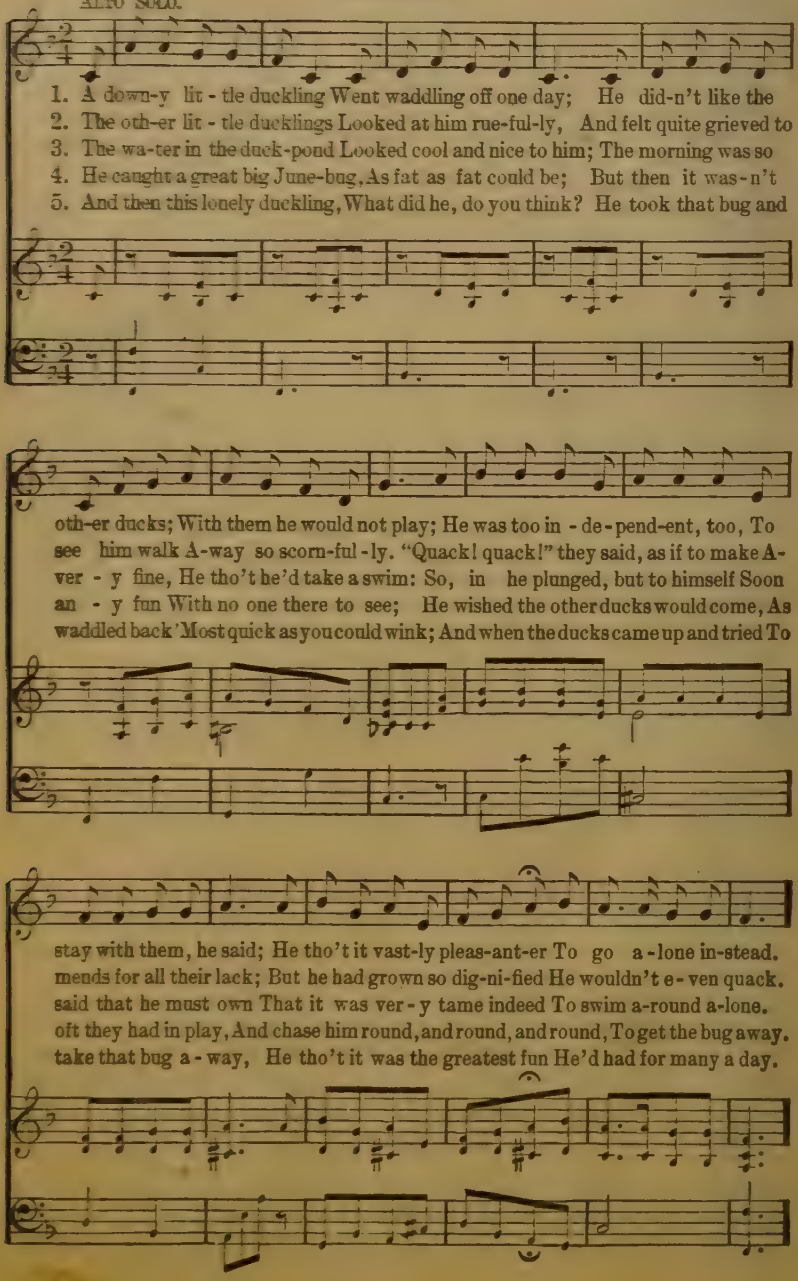
F. L. Robertshaw.


1. Sleep, ba - by, sleep! Sleep, darling, sleep! Gen - tly close thy laughing eye,
2. Sleep, ba - by, sleep! Sleep, darling, sleep! Birds with-in their sheltered nest
3. Sleep, ba - by, sleep! Sleep, darling, sleep! Flocks are si - lent in the field,
4. Sleep, ba - by, sleep! Sleep, darling, sleep! One there is who watches still,
Night is dropping from the sky; Sleep, ba - by, sleep! Sleep, dar-ling, sleep!
Now are seek-ing down-y rest; Sleep, ba - by, sleep! Sleep, dar-ling, sleep!
Rov - ing winds to slumber yield; Sleep, ba - by, sleep! Sleep, dar-ling, sleep!
He will guard thy life from ill; Sleep, ba - by, sleep! Sleep, dar-ling, sleep!

No. 158. The Silly Little Duck.

Ida M. Budd. COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.

ALTO SOLO.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2. The oth-er lit - tle ducklings Looked at him rue-ful-ly, And felt quite grieved to
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5. And then this lonely duckling, What did he, do you think? He took that bug and
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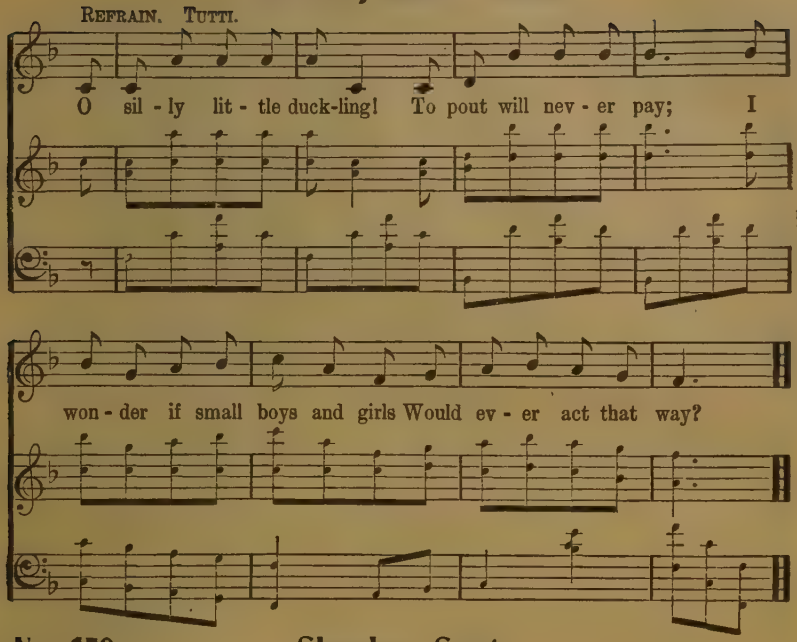
an - y fun With no one there to see; He wished the other ducks would come, As
waddled back Most quick as you could wink; And when the ducks came up and tried To
stay with them, he said; He tho't it vast-ly pleas-ant-er To go a-lone in-stead.
mends for all their lack; But he had grown so dig-ni-fied He wouldn't e-ven quack.
said that he must own That it was ver-y tame indeed To swim a-round a-lone.
oft they had in play, And chase him round, and round, and round, To get the bug away.
take that bug a-way, He tho't it was the greatest fun He'd had for many a day.

The Silly Little Duck.



No. 159. Slumber Song.

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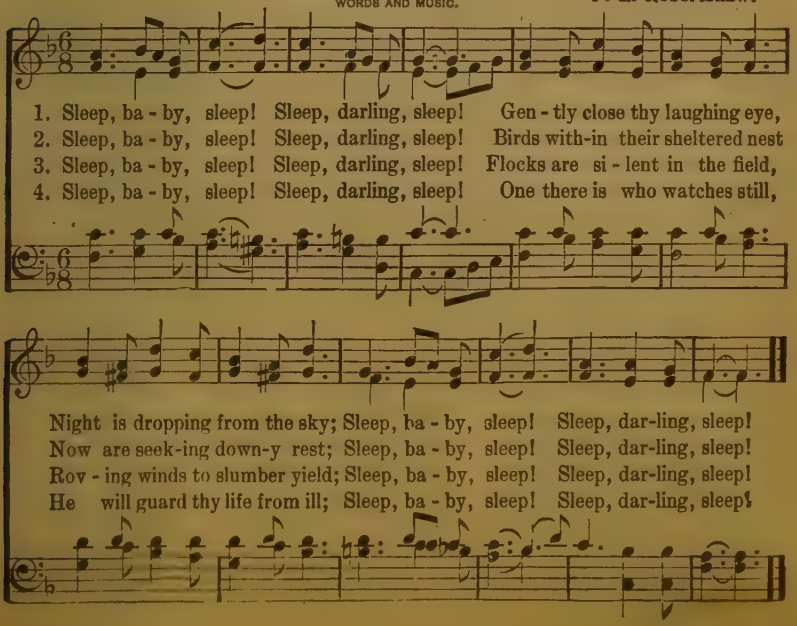
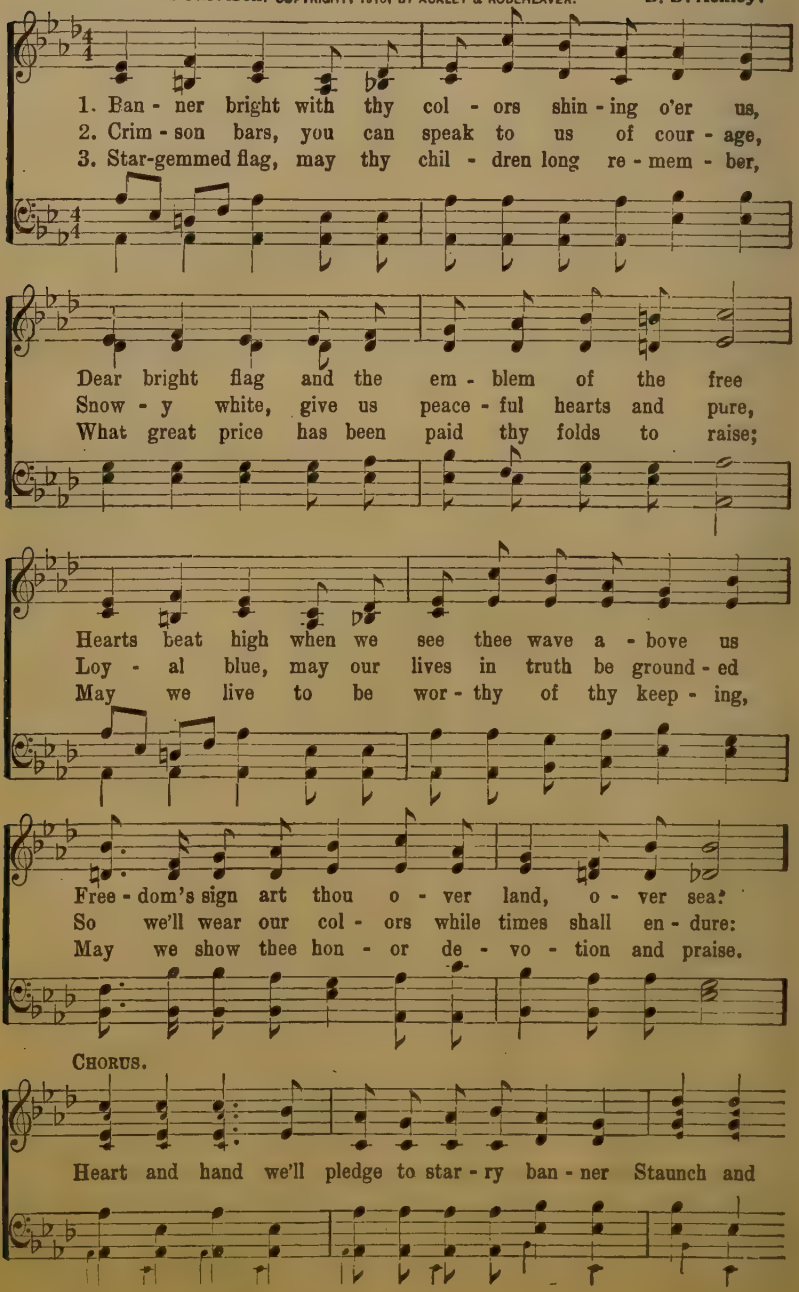
WORDS AND MUSIC.

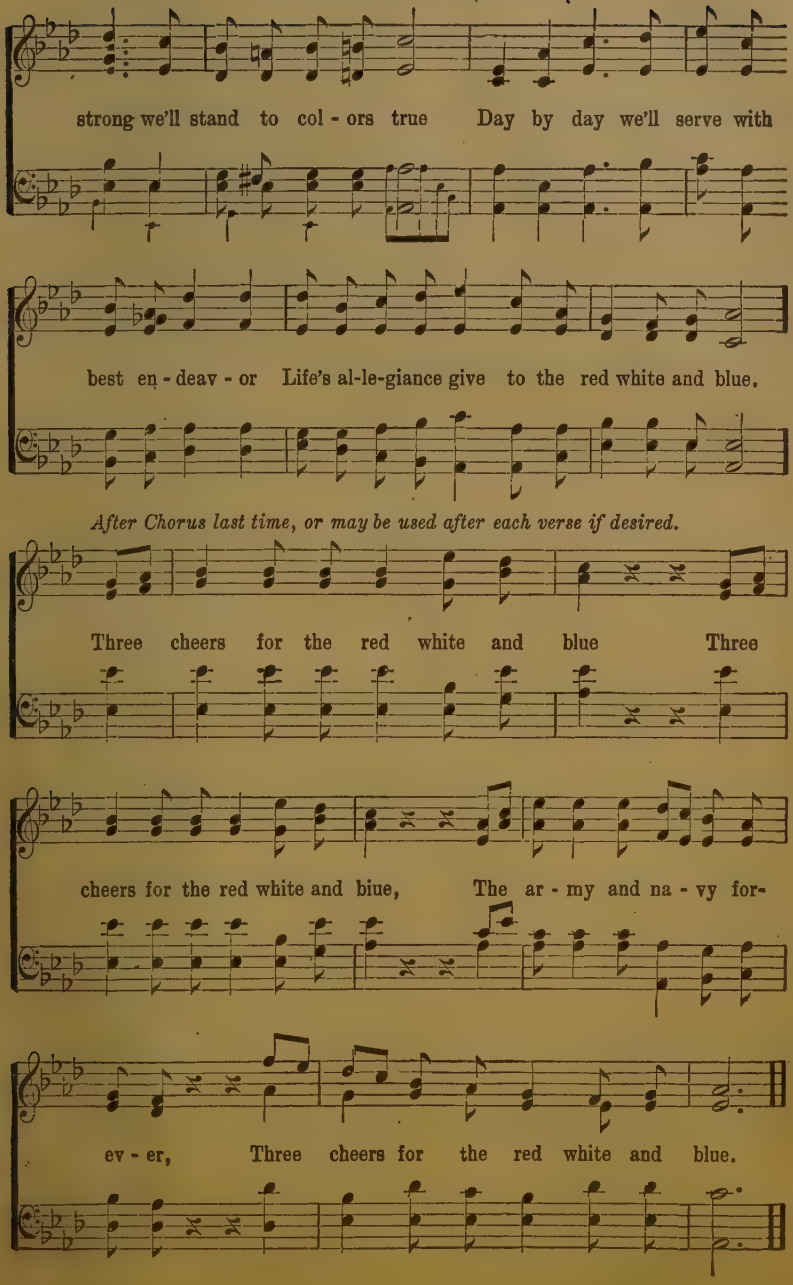
F. L. Robertshaw.


1. Sleep, ba - by, sleep! Sleep, darling, sleep! Gen - tly close thy laughing eye,
2. Sleep, ba - by, sleep! Sleep, darling, sleep! Birds with-in their sheltered nest
3. Sleep, ba - by, sleep! Sleep, darling, sleep! Flocks are si - lent in the field,
4. Sleep, ba - by, sleep! Sleep, darling, sleep! One there is who watches still,
Night is dropping from the sky; Sleep, ba - by, sleep! Sleep, dar-ling, sleep!
Now are seek-ing down-y rest; Sleep, ba - by, sleep! Sleep, dar-ling, sleep!
Rov - ing winds to slumber yield; Sleep, ba - by, sleep! Sleep, dar-ling, sleep!
He will guard thy life from ill; Sleep, ba - by, sleep! Sleep, dar-ling, sleep!

No. 160. Song to the Flag.

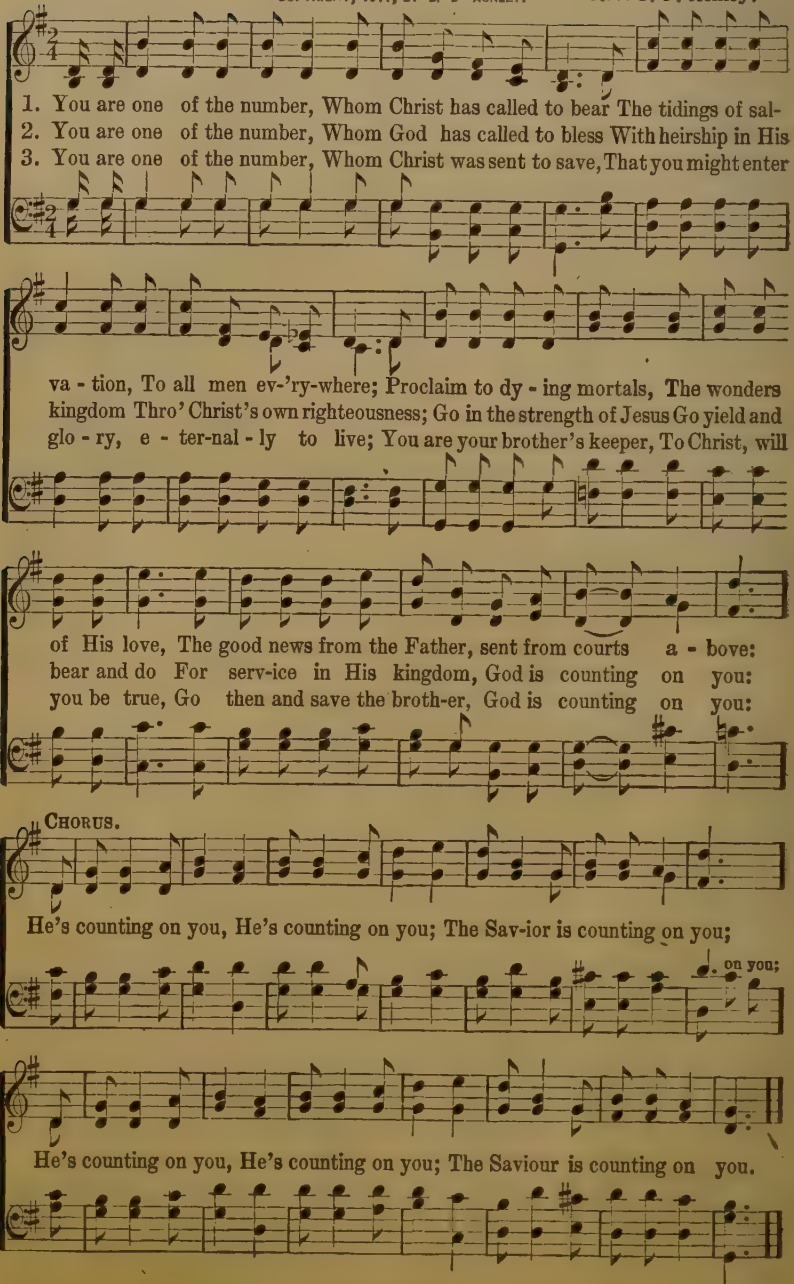
Edith Sanford Tillotson. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY ACKLEY & RODEHEAVER. B. D. Ackley.

1. Ban - ner bright with thy col - ors shin - ing o'er us,
2. Crim - son bars, you can speak to us of cour - age,
3. Star-gemmed flag, may thy chil - dren long re - mem - ber,
Dear bright flag and the em - blem of the free
Snow - y white, give us peace - ful hearts and pure,
What great price has been paid thy folds to raise;
Hearts beat high when we see thee wave a - bove us
Loy - al blue, may our lives in truth be ground - ed
May we live to be wor - thy of thy keep - ing,
Free - dom's sign art thou o - ver land, o - ver sea:
So we'll wear our col - ors while times shall en - dure:
May we show thee hon - or de - vo - tion and praise.
CHORUS.
Heart and hand we'll pledge to star - ry ban - ner Staunch and

Song to the Flag.


strong we'll stand to col - ors true Day by day we'll serve with
best en - deav - or Life's al-le-giance give to the red white and blue.
After Chorus last time, or may be used after each verse if desired.
Three cheers for the red white and blue Three
cheers for the red white and biue, The ar - my and na - vy for-
ev - er, Three cheers for the red white and blue.

No. 161. He's Counting On You.

S. F. A. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY B. D ACKLEY. Rev. S. F. Ackley.

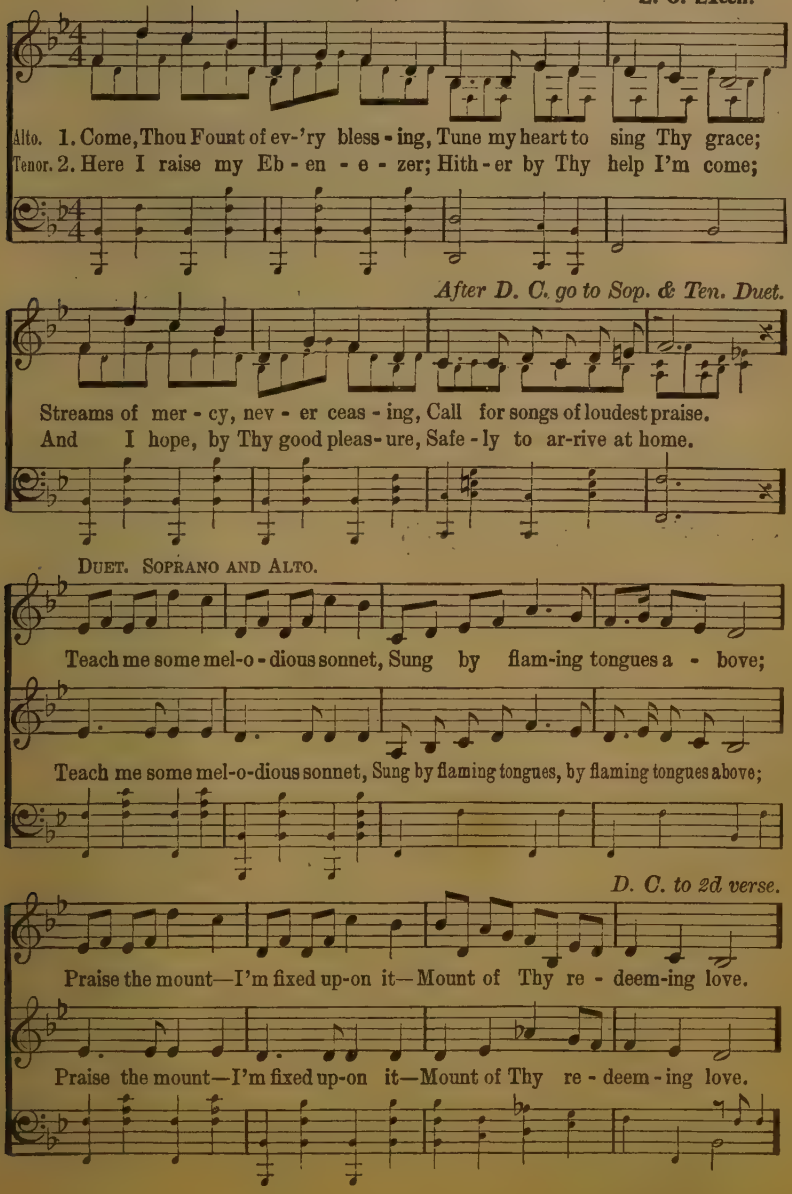

1. You are one of the number, Whom Christ has called to bear The tidings of sal-
2. You are one of the number, Whom God has called to bless With heirship in His
3. You are one of the number, Whom Christ was sent to save, That you might enter
va - tion, To all men ev-'ry-where; Proclaim to dy - ing mortals, The wonders
kingdom Thro' Christ's own righteousness; Go in the strength of Jesus Go yield and
glo - ry, e - ter-nal - ly to live; You are your brother's keeper, To Christ, will
of His love, The good news from the Father, sent from courts a - bove:
bear and do For serv-ice in His kingdom, God is counting on you:
you be true, Go then and save the broth-er, God is counting on you:
Chorus.
He's counting on you, He's counting on you; The Sav-ior is counting on you;
on you;
He's counting on you, He's counting on you; The Saviour is counting on you.

Chorus Choir Selections.

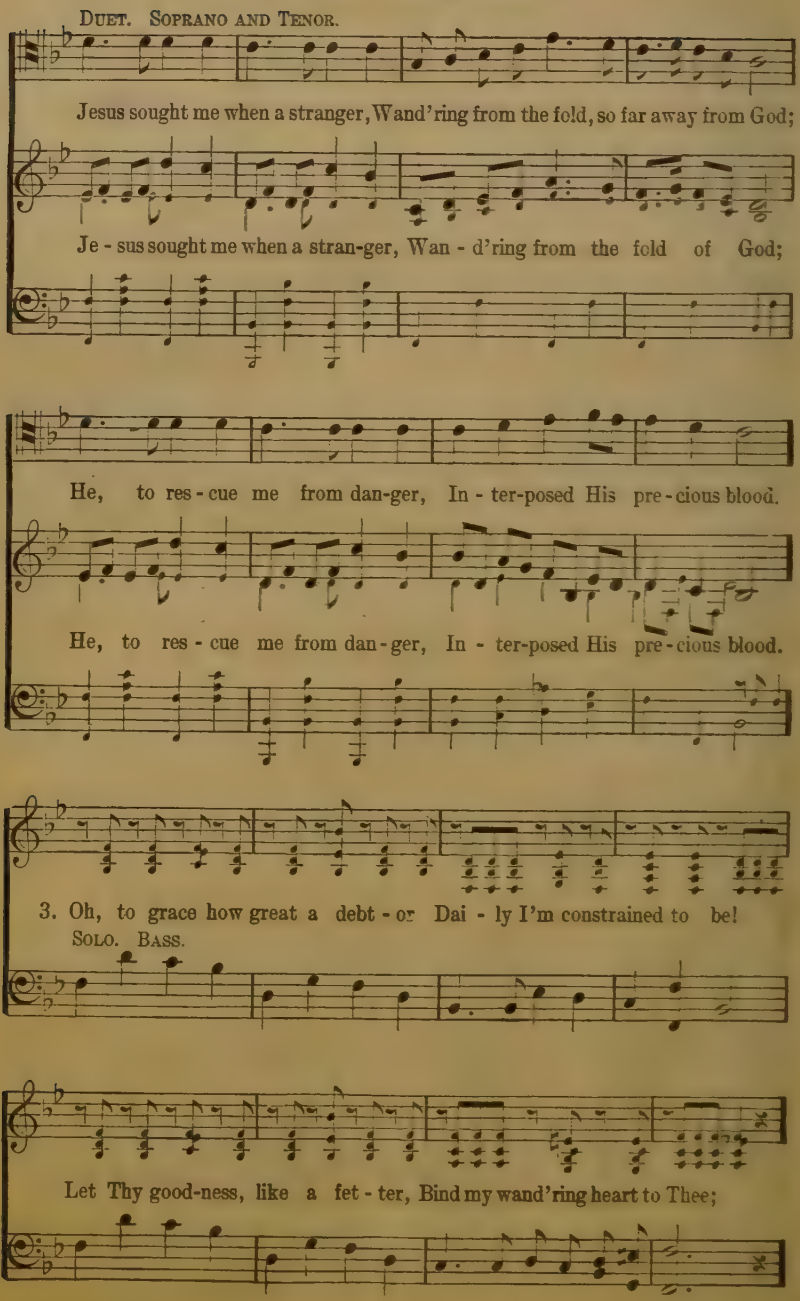
No. 162. Come, Thou Fount.

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY E. O. EXCELL.

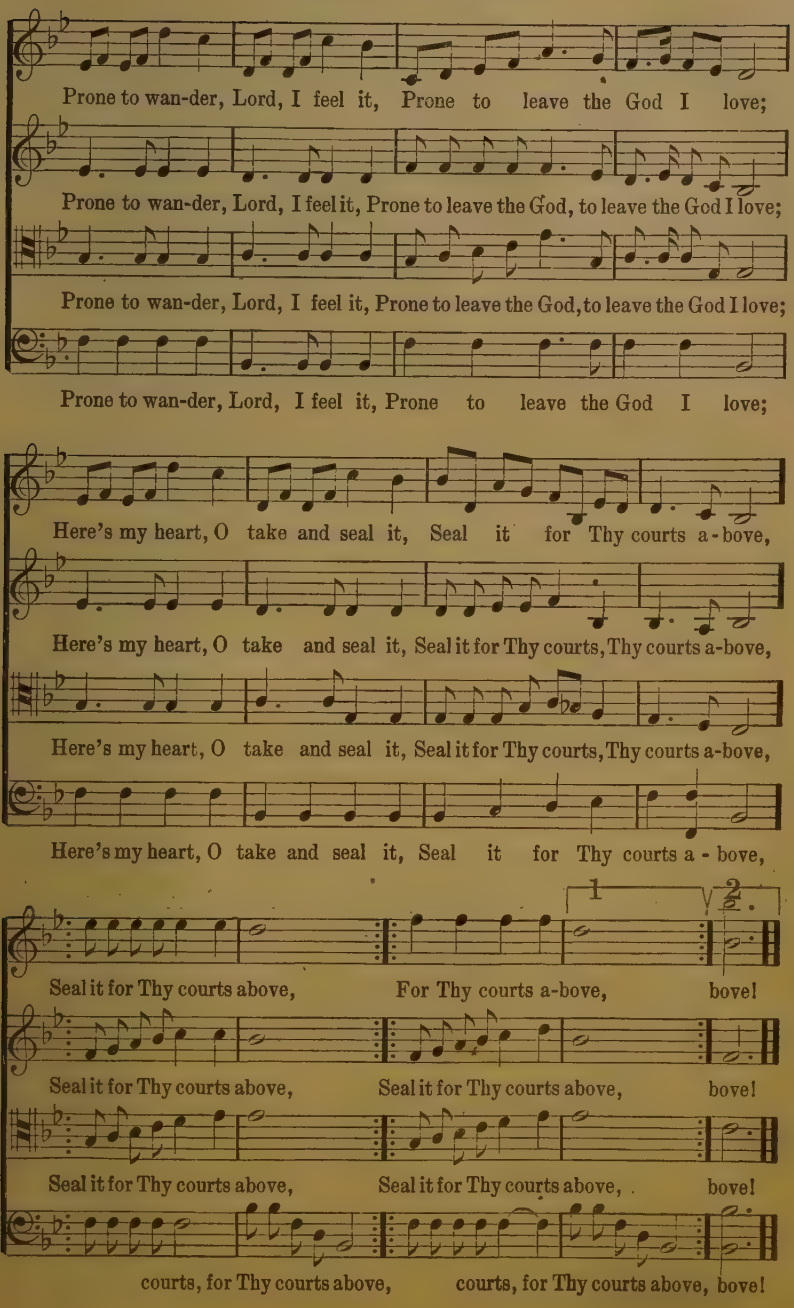
E. O. Excell.


Alto. 1. Come, Thou Fount of ev-'ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Tenor. 2. Here I raise my Eb - en - e - zer; Hith - er by Thy help I'm come;
After D. C. go to Sop. & Ten. Duet.
Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loudest praise.
And I hope, by Thy good pleas - ure, Safe - ly to ar-rive at home.
DUET. SOPRANO AND ALTO.
Teach me some mel-o - dious sonnet, Sung by flam-ing tongues a - bove;
Teach me some mel-o-dious sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues, by flaming tongues above;
D. C. to 2d verse.
Praise the mount—I'm fixed up-on it—Mount of Thy re - deem-ing love.
Praise the mount—I'm fixed up-on it—Mount of Thy re - deem - ing love.

Come, Thou Fount.


DUET. SOPRANO AND TENOR.
Jesus sought me when a stranger, Wand'ring from the fold, so far away from God;
Je - sus sought me when a stran-ger, Wan - d'ring from the fold of God;
He, to res - cue me from dan-ger, In - ter-posed His pre - cious blood.
He, to res - cue me from dan - ger, In - ter-posed His pre - cious blood.
3. Oh, to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm constrained to be!
SOLO. BASS.
Let Thy good-ness, like a fet - ter, Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee;

Come, Thou Fount.

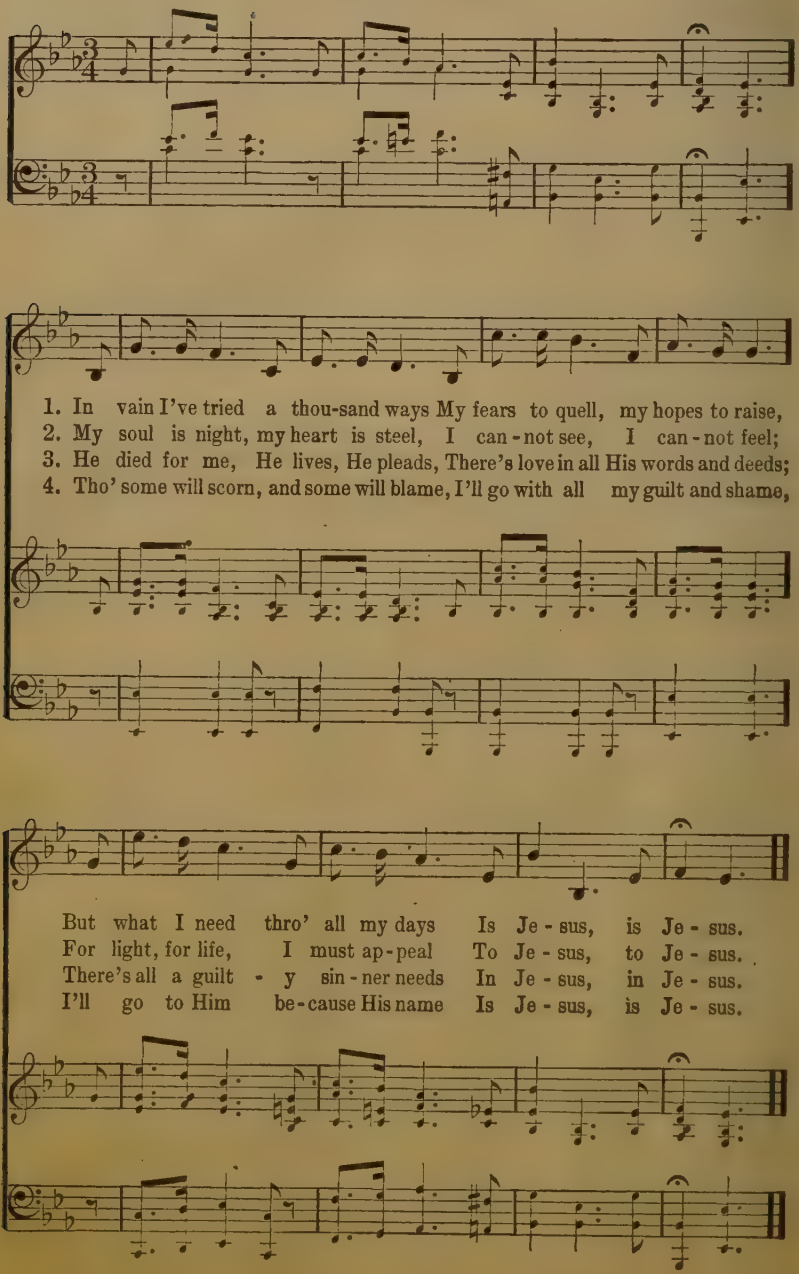

Prone to wan-der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love;
Prone to wan-der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God, to leave the God I love;
Prone to wan-der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God, to leave the God I love;
Prone to wan-der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts a-bove,
Here's my heart, O take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts, Thy courts a-bove,
Here's my heart, O take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts, Thy courts a-bove,
Here's my heart, O take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts a-bove,
1
2
Seal it for Thy courts above, For Thy courts a-bove, bove!
Seal it for Thy courts above, Seal it for Thy courts above, bove!
Seal it for Thy courts above, Seal it for Thy courts above, bove!
courts, for Thy courts above, courts, for Thy courts above, bove!

No. 163. Because His Name is Jesus.

Arr. by E. O. E.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.
MUSIC AND ARR. OF WORDS.

E. O. Excell.


1. In vain I've tried a thou-sand ways My fears to quell, my hopes to raise,
2. My soul is night, my heart is steel, I can-not see, I can-not feel;
3. He died for me, He lives, He pleads, There's love in all His words and deeds;
4. Tho' some will scorn, and some will blame, I'll go with all my guilt and shame,
But what I need thro' all my days Is Je-sus, is Je-sus.
For light, for life, I must ap-peal To Je-sus, to Je-sus.
There's all a guilt-y sin-ner needs In Je-sus, in Je-sus.
I'll go to Him be-cause His name Is Je-sus, is Je-sus.

No. 164. Somebody Knows.

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COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY F. G. FISCHER.

Alfred H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.

Legato.

1. Failing in strength when oppresst by my foes, Somebody knows, Somebody knows;
2. Why should I fear when the care-billows roll? Somebody knows, Somebody knows;
3. Wounded and helpless and sick with distress, Somebody knows, Somebody knows;

Waiting for some one to ban-ish my woes, Somebod-y knows, 'Tis Je - sus.
When the deep shadows sweep over my soul, Somebod-y knows, 'Tis Je - sus.
Long-ing for home and a mother's ca-ress, Somebod-y knows, 'Tis Je - sus.

CHORUS.

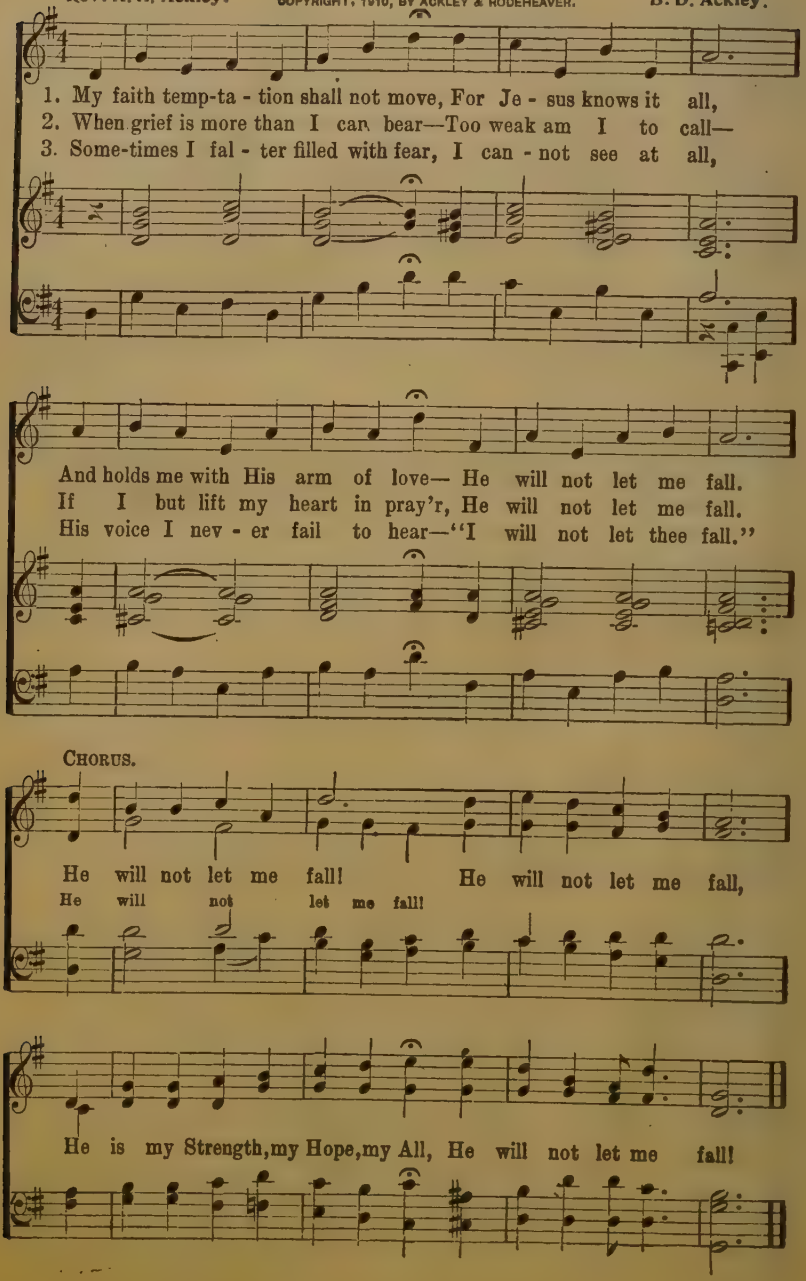
Somebody knows, Somebody knows When I am tempted and tried by my foes;

rit.

He is the One who will keep me—Some-bod-y knows, 'Tis Je - sus.

No. 165. He Will Not Let Me Fall.

Rev. A. H. Ackley. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY ACKLEY & RODEHEAVER. B. D. Ackley.


1. My faith temp-ta - tion shall not move, For Je - sus knows it all,
2. When grief is more than I can bear—Too weak am I to call—
3. Some-times I fal - ter filled with fear, I can - not see at all,
And holds me with His arm of love— He will not let me fall.
If I but lift my heart in pray'r, He will not let me fall.
His voice I nev - er fail to hear—"I will not let thee fall."
CHORUS.
He will not let me fall! He will not let me fall,
He will not let me fall!
He is my Strength, my Hope, my All, He will not let me fall!

No. 166.

O Make Me Pure.

To My Wife.

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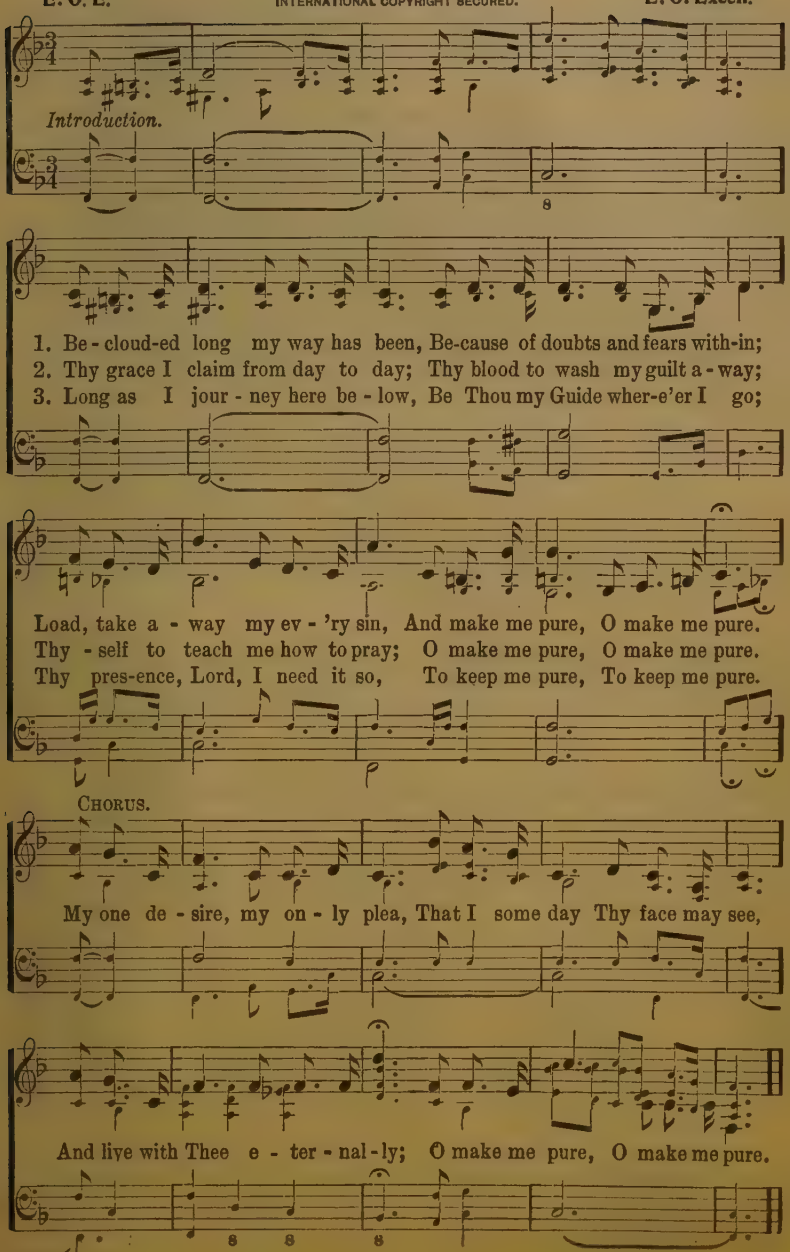
E. O. E. E. O. Excell.

Introduction.
1. Be - cloud-ed long my way has been, Be-cause of doubts and fears with-in;
2. Thy grace I claim from day to day; Thy blood to wash my guilt a - way;
3. Long as I jour - ney here be - low, Be Thou my Guide wher-e'er I go;
Load, take a - way my ev - 'ry sin, And make me pure, O make me pure.
Thy - self to teach me how to pray; O make me pure, O make me pure.
Thy pres-ence, Lord, I need it so, To keep me pure, To keep me pure.
Chorus.
My one de - sire, my on - ly plea, That I some day Thy face may see,
And live with Thee e - ter - nal - ly; O make me pure, O make me pure.

No. 167. Sweet and Low.

Alfred Tennyson. Joseph Barnby.

Larghetto.

pp

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea, Low, low,
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; Rest, rest on

sf *p* *mf*

breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea. O - ver the roll - ing
O - - ver the
moth - er's breast, Father will come to thee soon. Fa - ther will come to his
Fa - - ther will

pp *p*

wa - ters go; Come from the dy - ing moon, and blow; Blow him a-gain to
wa - ters go; Come . . . . from the moon, and blow;
babe in the nest; Sil - ver sails all out of the west; Un - der the sil - ver
come to his nest; Sil - ver sails out of the west;

f

dim. *p* *rall.* - - *e* - - *dim.*

me, . . While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps. . . . . .
moon, Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep. . . . . .

No. 168. Homeward.

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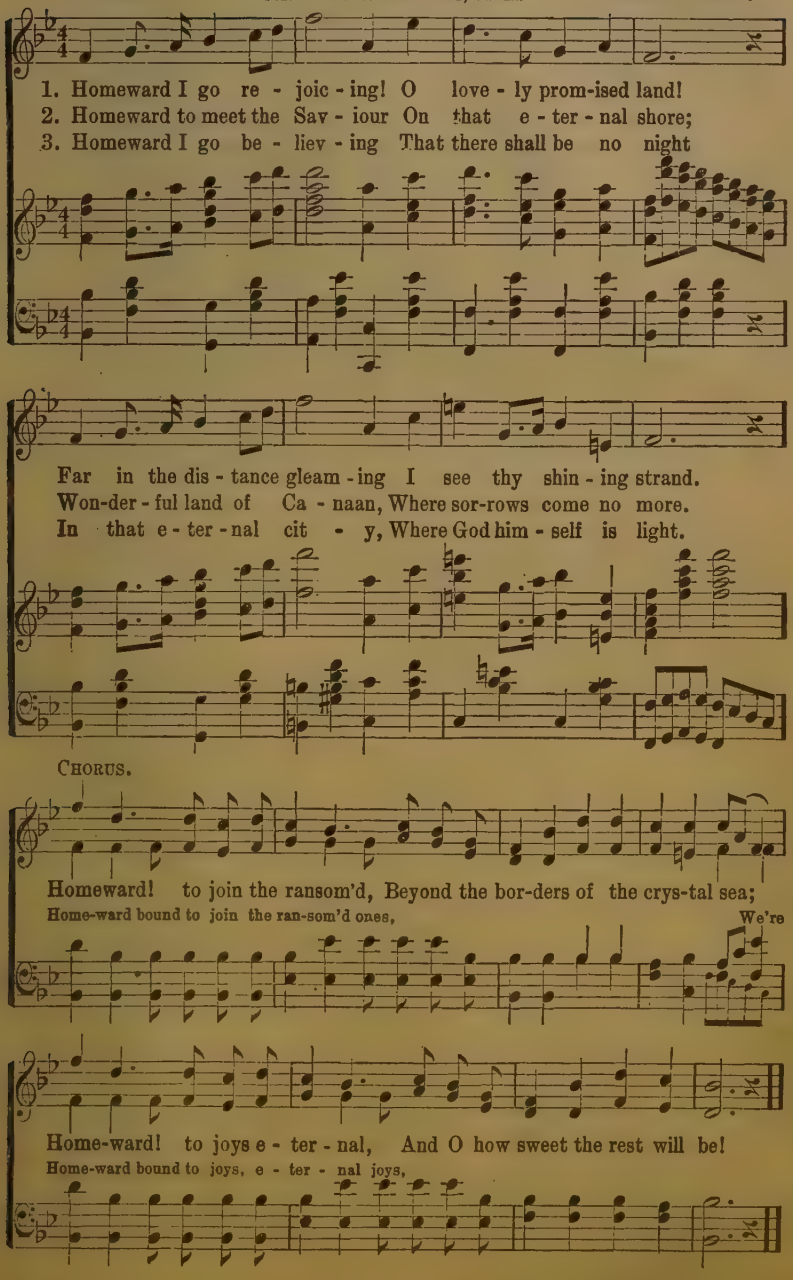
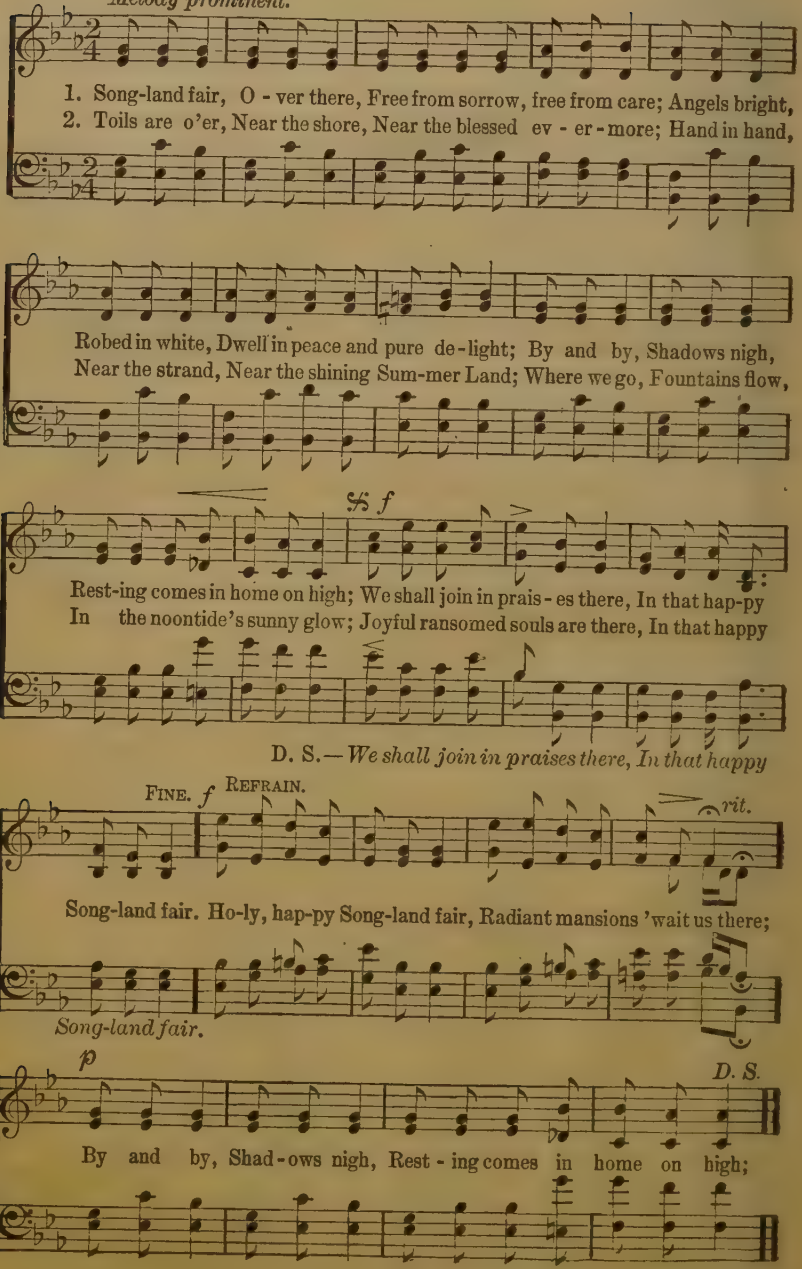
Ada Powell. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Homeward I go re - joic - ing! O love - ly prom-ised land!
2. Homeward to meet the Sav - iour On that e - ter - nal shore;
3. Homeward I go be - liev - ing That there shall be no night
Far in the dis - tance gleam - ing I see thy shin - ing strand.
Won-der - ful land of Ca - naan, Where sor-rows come no more.
In that e - ter - nal cit - y, Where God him - self is light.
CHORUS.
Homeward! to join the ransom'd, Beyond the bor-ders of the crys-tal sea;
Home-ward bound to join the ran-som'd ones, We're
Home-ward! to joys e - ter - nal, And O how sweet the rest will be!
Home-ward bound to joys, e - ter - nal joys,

No. 169. Happy Song-Land.

C. A. H. COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY E. O. EXCELL. C. A. Havens.

Melody prominent.

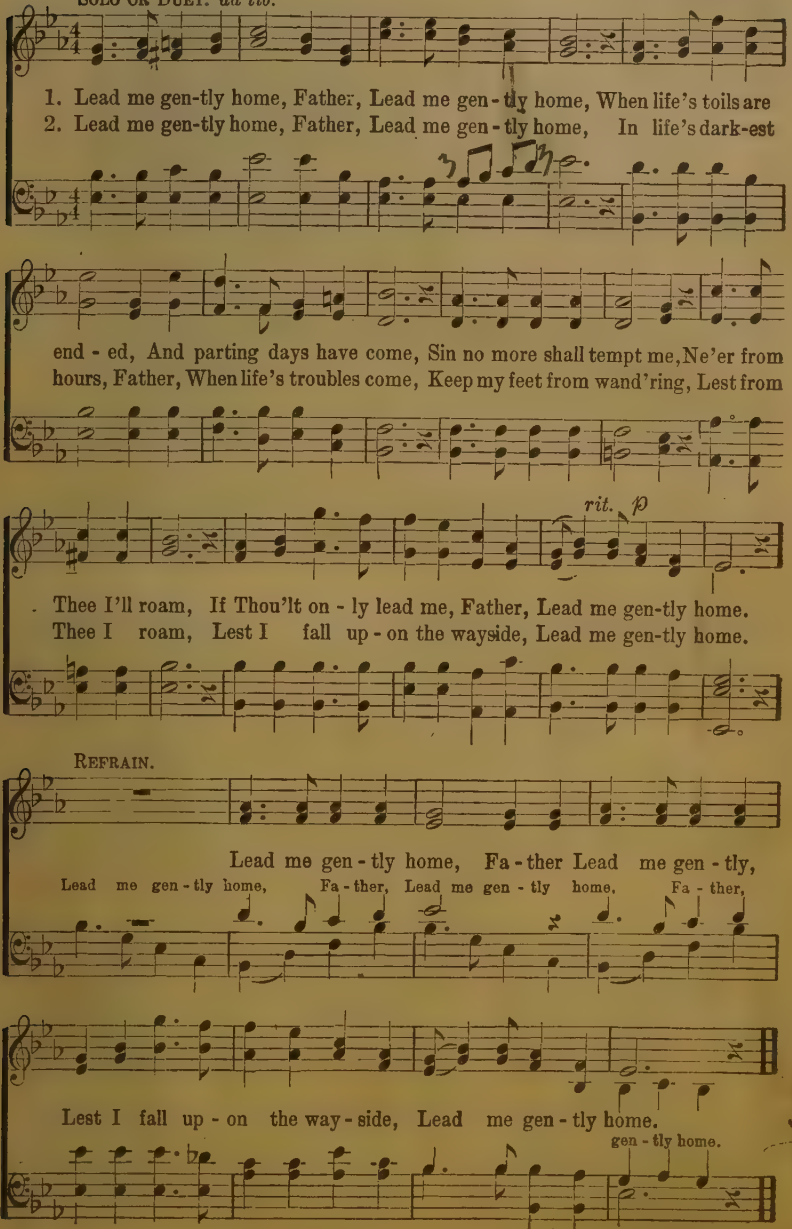

1. Song-land fair, O - ver there, Free from sorrow, free from care; Angels bright,
2. Toils are o'er, Near the shore, Near the blessed ev - er - more; Hand in hand,
Robed in white, Dwell in peace and pure de - light; By and by, Shadows nigh,
Near the strand, Near the shining Sum-mer Land; Where we go, Fountains flow,
f
Rest-ing comes in home on high; We shall join in prais - es there, In that hap-py
In the noontide's sunny glow; Joyful ransomed souls are there, In that happy
D. S. — We shall join in praises there, In that happy
FINE. f REFRAIN.
rit.
Song-land fair. Ho-ly, hap-py Song-land fair, Radiant mansions 'wait us there;
Song-land fair.
p
D. S.
By and by, Shad - ows nigh, Rest - ing comes in home on high;

No. 170. Lead Me Gently Home, Father.

BY PER. OF WILL L. THOMPSON & CO., OWNERS OF COPYRIGHT.

W. L. T. W. L. Thompson.

SOLO OR DUET. *ad lib.*


1. Lead me gen-tly home, Father, Lead me gen-tly home, When life's toils are
2. Lead me gen-tly home, Father, Lead me gen-tly home, In life's dark-est
end-ed, And parting days have come, Sin no more shall tempt me, Ne'er from
hours, Father, When life's troubles come, Keep my feet from wand'ring, Lest from
rit. p
Thee I'll roam, If Thou'lt on-ly lead me, Father, Lead me gen-tly home.
Thee I roam, Lest I fall up-on the wayside, Lead me gen-tly home.
REFRAIN.
Lead me gen-tly home, Fa-ther Lead me gen-tly,
Lead me gen-tly home, Fa-ther, Lead me gen-tly home, Fa-ther,
Lest I fall up-on the way-side, Lead me gen-tly home.
gen-tly home.

No. 171. Till I See My Mother's Face.

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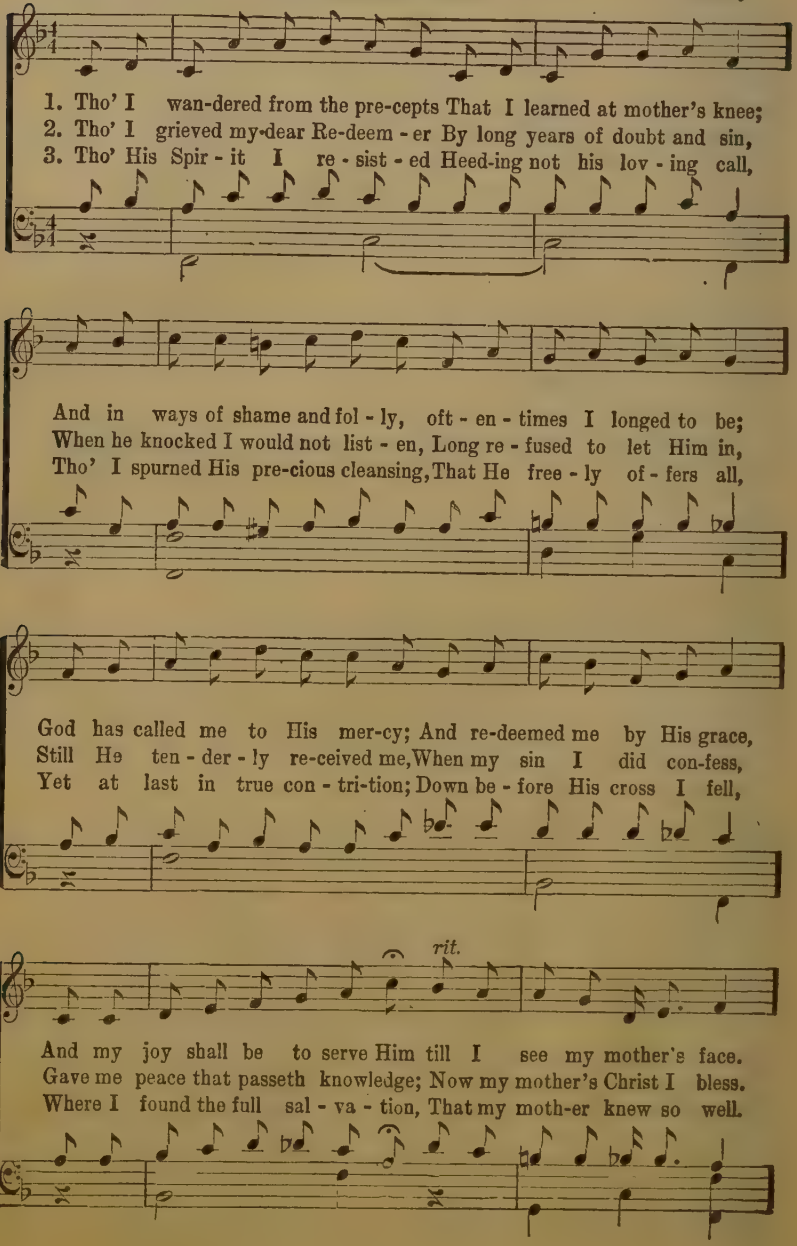
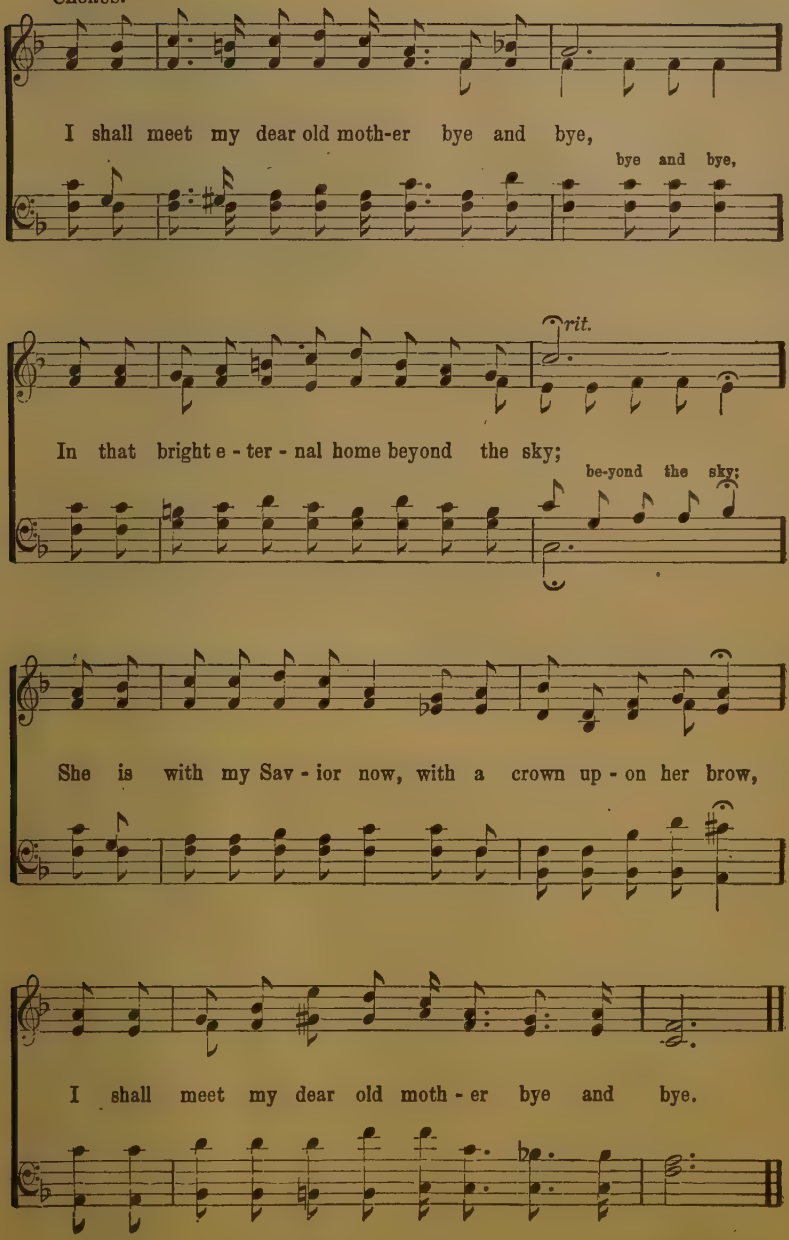
Neal A. McAulay. B. D. Ackley.


1. Tho' I wan-dered from the pre-cepts That I learned at mother's knee;
2. Tho' I grieved my dear Re-deem - er By long years of doubt and sin,
3. Tho' His Spir - it I re - sist - ed Heed-ing not his lov - ing call,
And in ways of shame and fol - ly, oft - en - times I longed to be;
When he knocked I would not list - en, Long re - fused to let Him in,
Tho' I spurned His pre-cious cleansing, That He free - ly of - fers all,
God has called me to His mer-cy; And re-deemed me by His grace,
Still He ten - der - ly re-ceived me, When my sin I did con-fess,
Yet at last in true con - tri-tion; Down be - fore His cross I fell,
rit.
And my joy shall be to serve Him till I see my mother's face.
Gave me peace that passeth knowledge; Now my mother's Christ I bless.
Where I found the full sal - va - tion, That my moth-er knew so well.

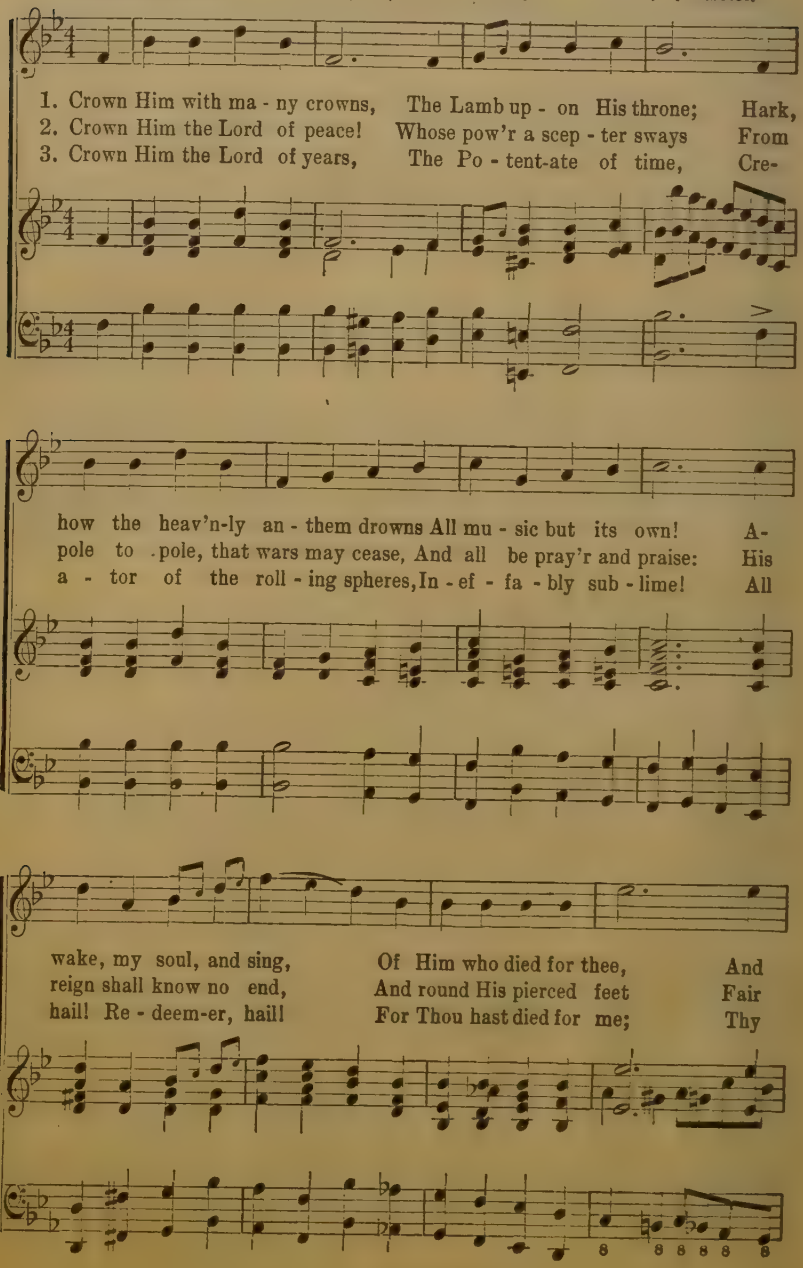
Till I See My Mother's Face.

CHORUS.

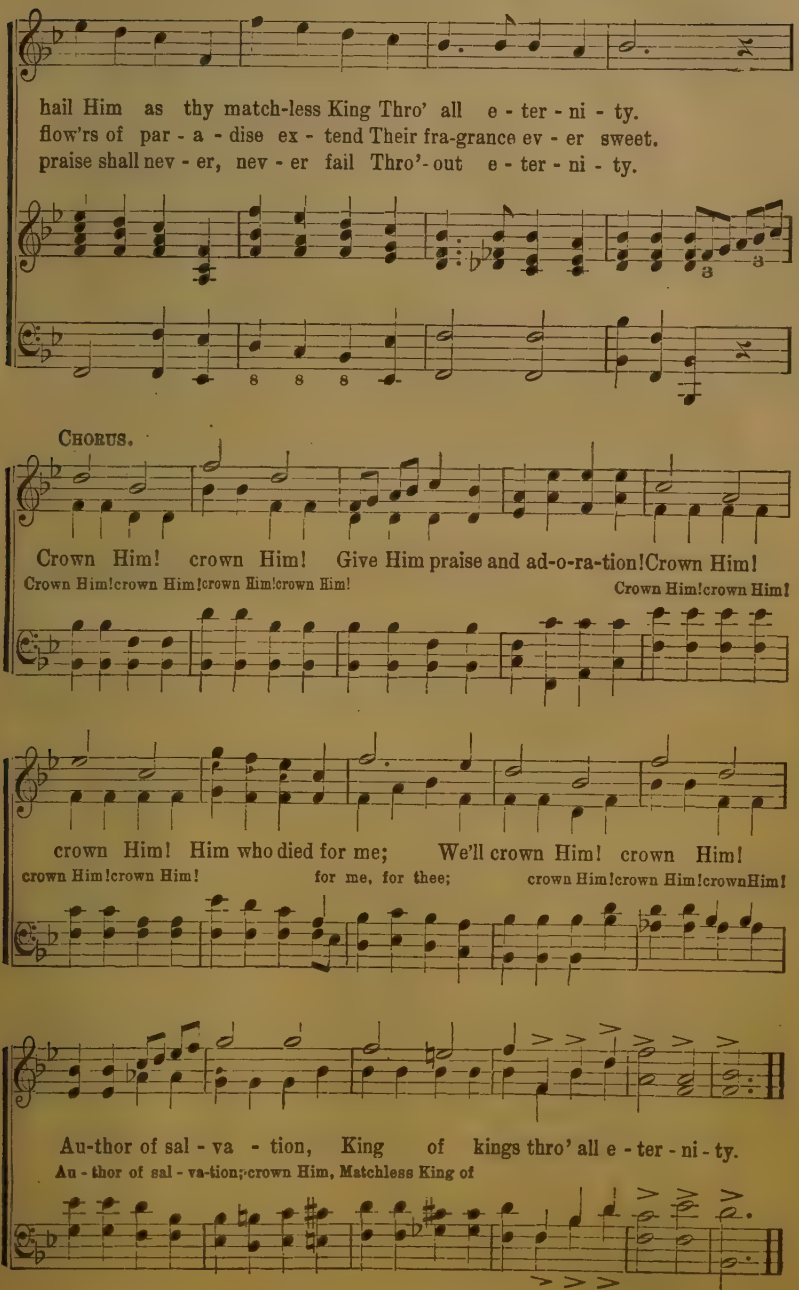

I shall meet my dear old moth-er bye and bye,
bye and bye,
rit.
In that bright e - ter - nal home beyond the sky;
be-yond the sky;
She is with my Sav - ior now, with a crown up - on her brow,
I shall meet my dear old moth - er bye and bye.

No. 172. Crown Him With Many Crowns.

Matthew Bridges. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Chas. H. Gabriel.

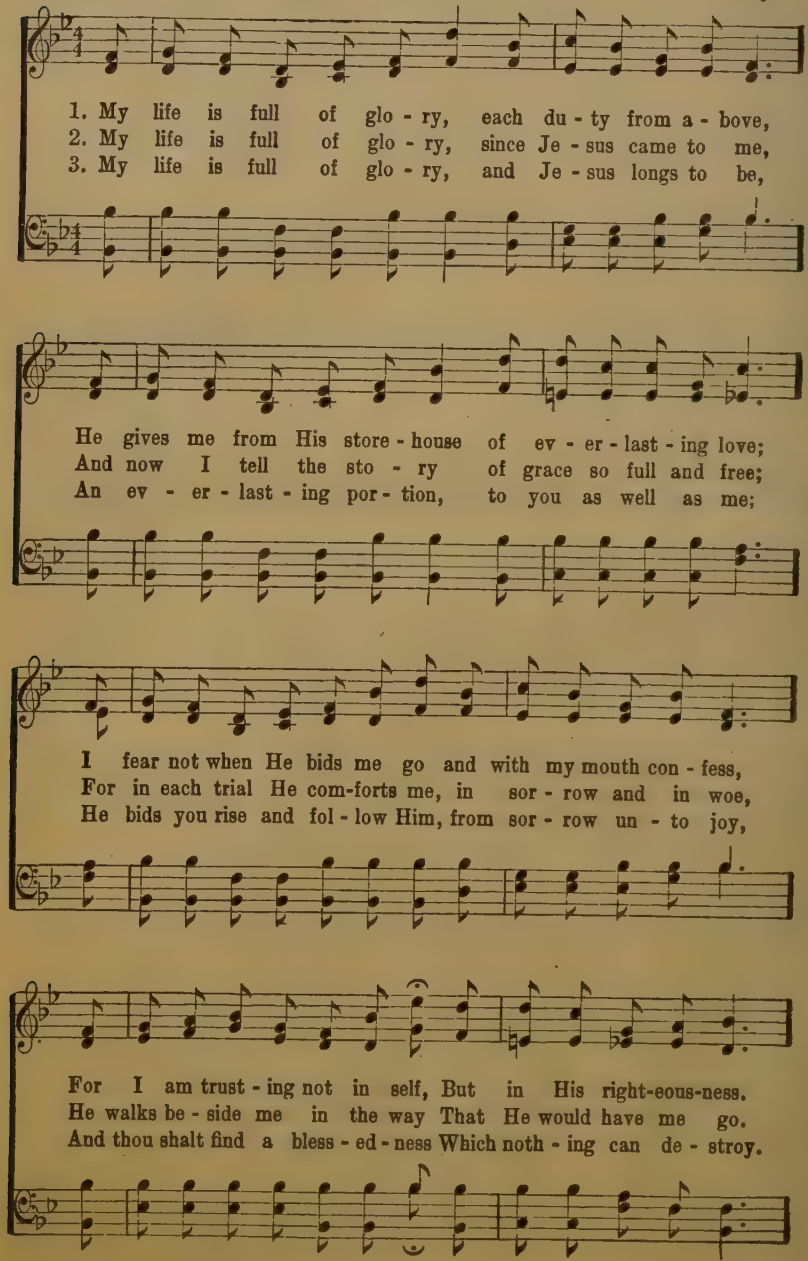

1. Crown Him with ma - ny crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne; Hark,
2. Crown Him the Lord of peace! Whose pow'r a scep - ter sways From
3. Crown Him the Lord of years, The Po - tent-ate of time, Cre-
how the heav'n-ly an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own! A-
pole to pole, that wars may cease, And all be pray'r and praise: His
a - tor of the roll - ing spheres, In - ef - fa - bly sub - lime! All
wake, my soul, and sing, Of Him who died for thee, And
reign shall know no end, And round His pierced feet Fair
hail! Re - deem-er, hail! For Thou hast died for me; Thy

Crown Him With Many Crowns.

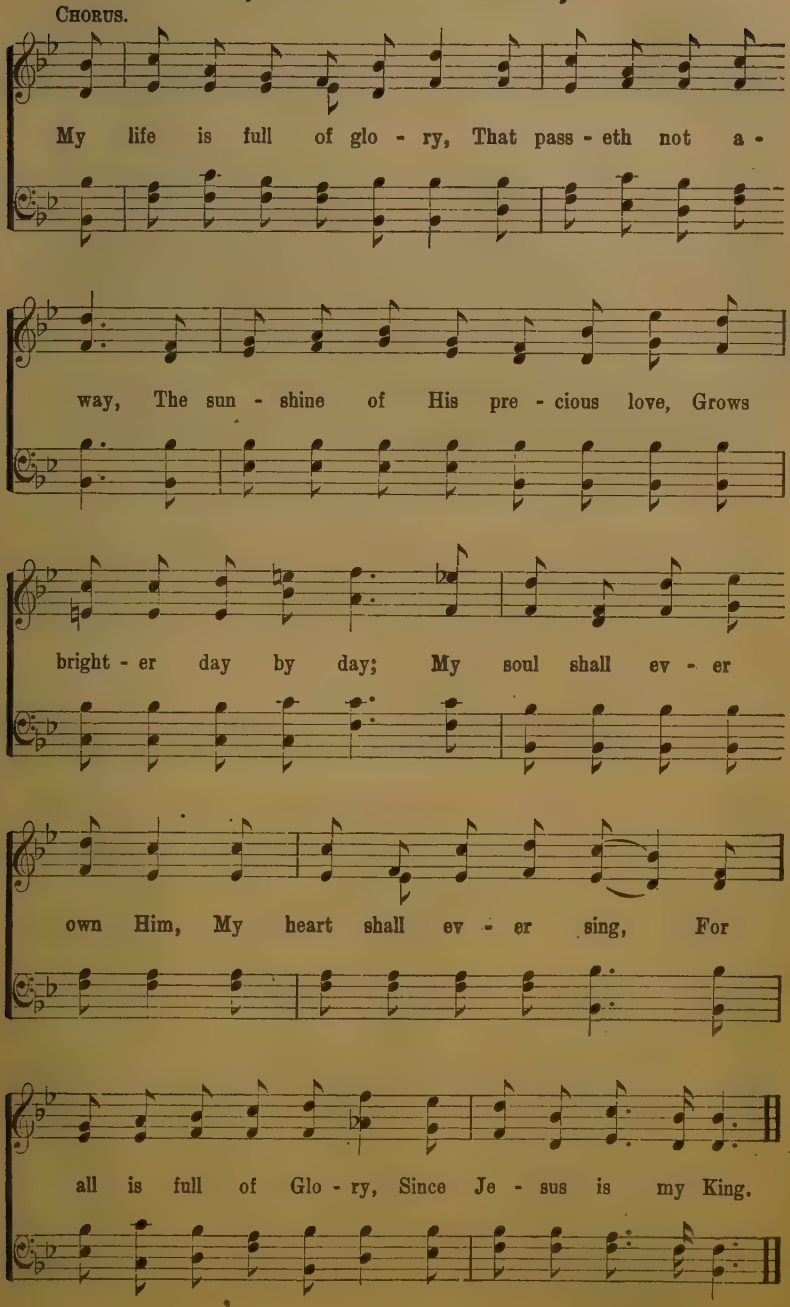

hail Him as thy match-less King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.
flow'rs of par - a - dise ex - tend Their fra-grance ev - er sweet.
praise shall nev - er, nev - er fail Thro'-out e - ter - ni - ty.
CHORUS.
Crown Him! crown Him! Give Him praise and ad-o-ra-tion! Crown Him!
Crown Him! crown Him! crown Him! crown Him!
Crown Him! crown Him!
crown Him! Him who died for me; We'll crown Him! crown Him!
crown Him! crown Him!
for me, for thee;
crown Him! crown Him! crown Him!
Au-thor of sal - va - tion, King of kings thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.
Au - thor of sal - va-tion; crown Him, Matchless King of

No. 173. My Life is Full of Glory.

Rev. A. H. Ackley. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY ACKLEY & RODEHEAVER. B. D. Ackley.

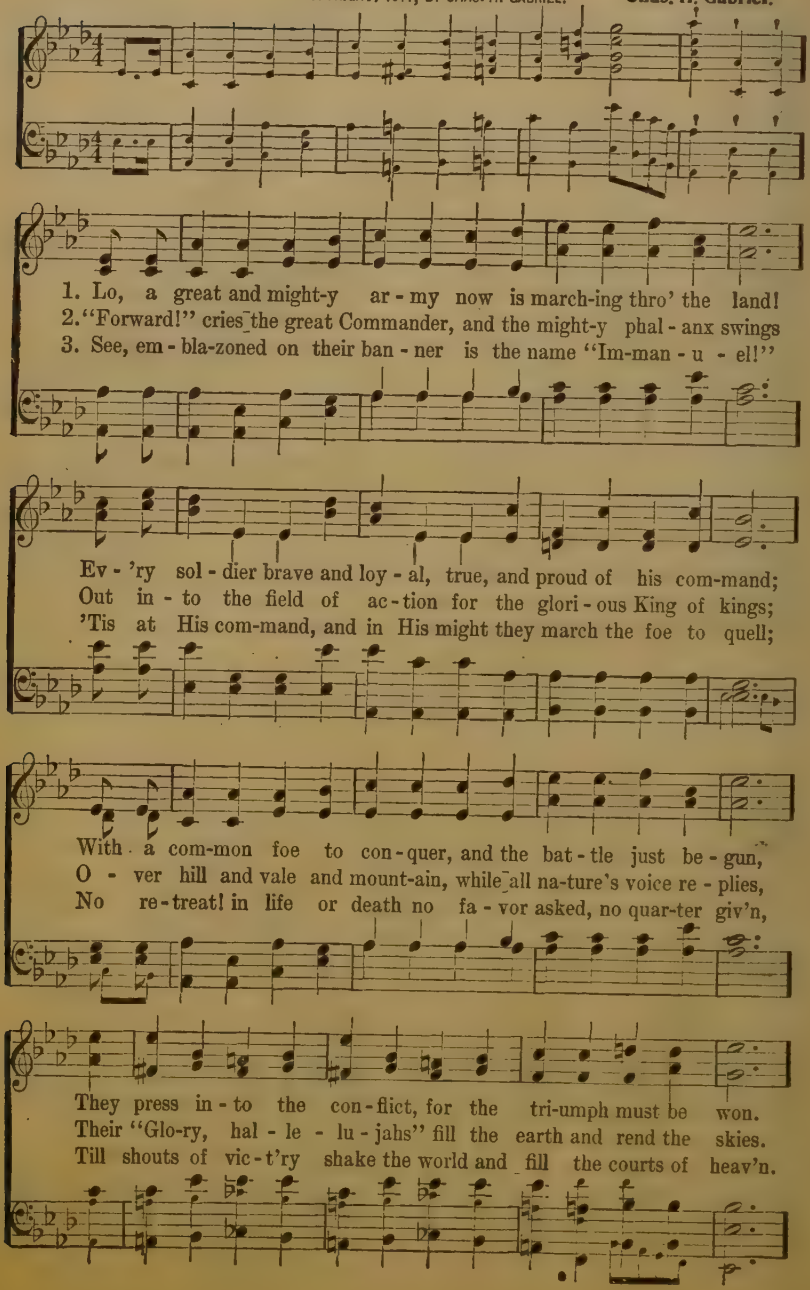

1. My life is full of glo - ry, each du - ty from a - bove,
2. My life is full of glo - ry, since Je - sus came to me,
3. My life is full of glo - ry, and Je - sus longs to be,
He gives me from His store - house of ev - er - last - ing love;
And now I tell the sto - ry of grace so full and free;
An ev - er - last - ing por - tion, to you as well as me;
I fear not when He bids me go and with my mouth con - fess,
For in each trial He com-forts me, in sor - row and in woe,
He bids you rise and fol - low Him, from sor - row un - to joy,
For I am trust - ing not in self, But in His right-eous-ness.
He walks be - side me in the way That He would have me go.
And thou shalt find a bless - ed - ness Which noth - ing can de - stroy.

My Life is Full of Glory.

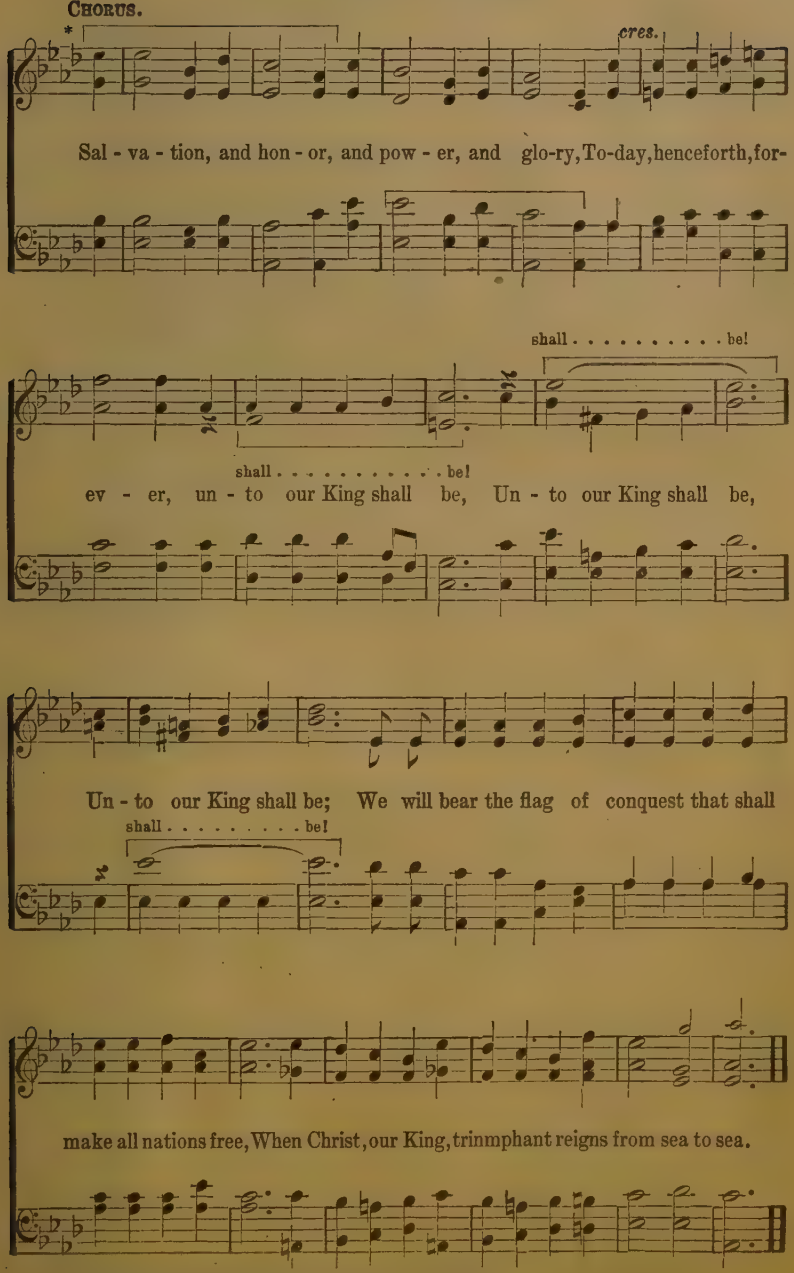

Chorus.
My life is full of glo - ry, That pass - eth not a -
way, The sun - shine of His pre - cious love, Grows
bright - er day by day; My soul shall ev - er
own Him, My heart shall ev - er sing, For
all is full of Glo - ry, Since Je - sus is my King.

No. 174. The Great Campaign.

C. H. G. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Lo, a great and might-y ar - my now is march-ing thro' the land!
2. "Forward!" cries the great Commander, and the might-y phal - anx swings
3. See, em - bla-zoned on their ban - ner is the name "Im-man - u - el!"
Ev - 'ry sol - dier brave and loy - al, true, and proud of his com-mand;
Out in - to the field of ac - tion for the glori - ous King of kings;
'Tis at His com-mand, and in His might they march the foe to quell;
With a com-mon foe to con - quer, and the bat - tle just be - gun,
O - ver hill and vale and mount-ain, while all na-ture's voice re - plies,
No re-treat! in life or death no fa - vor asked, no quar-ter giv'n,
They press in - to the con - flict, for the tri-umph must be won.
Their "Glo-ry, hal - le - lu - jahs" fill the earth and rend the skies.
Till shouts of vic - t'ry shake the world and fill the courts of heav'n.

The Great Campaign.


Chorus.
*
cres.
Sal - va - tion, and hon - or, and pow - er, and glo-ry, To-day, henceforth, for-
shall . . . . . be!
shall . . . . . be!
ev - er, un - to our King shall be, Un - to our King shall be,
Un - to our King shall be; We will bear the flag of conquest that shall
shall . . . . . be!
make all nations free, When Christ, our King, trinmphant reigns from sea to sea.

* The parts thus indicated should be made prominent.

No. 175. A Song of Victory.

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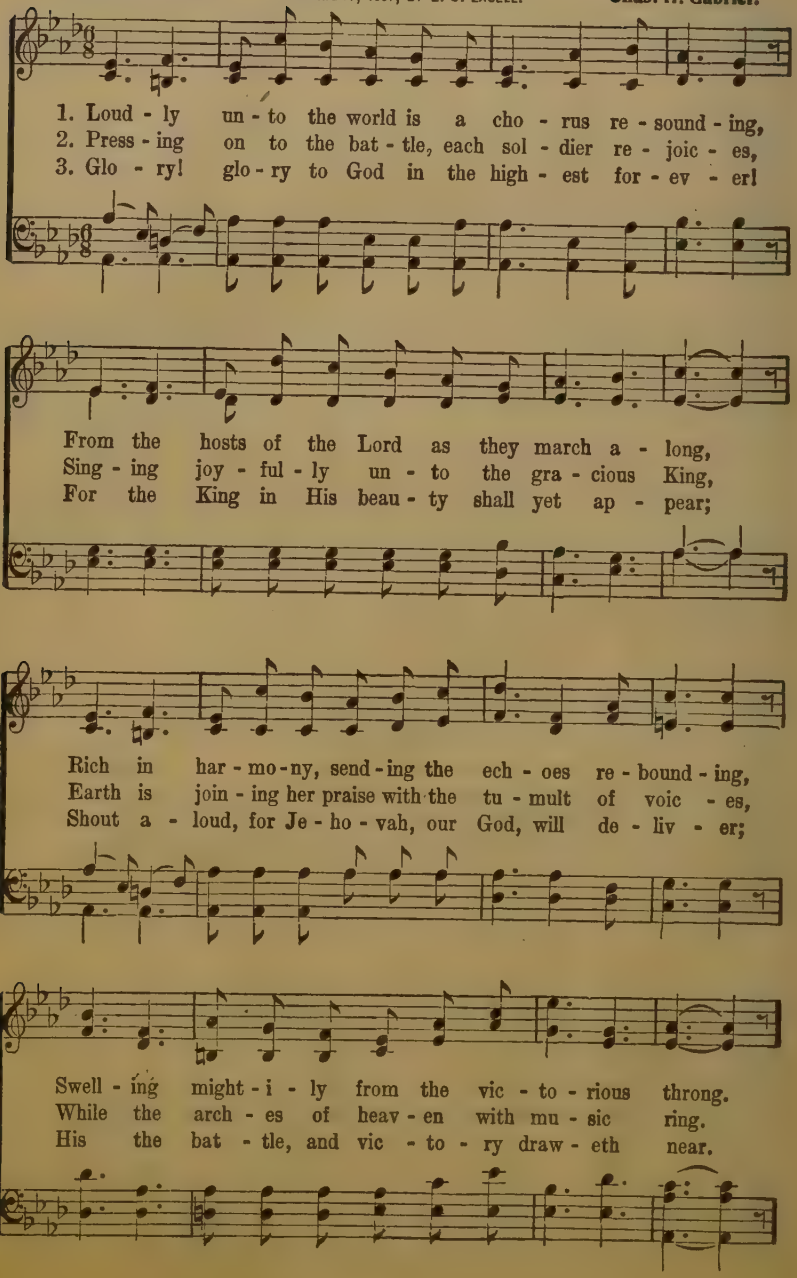
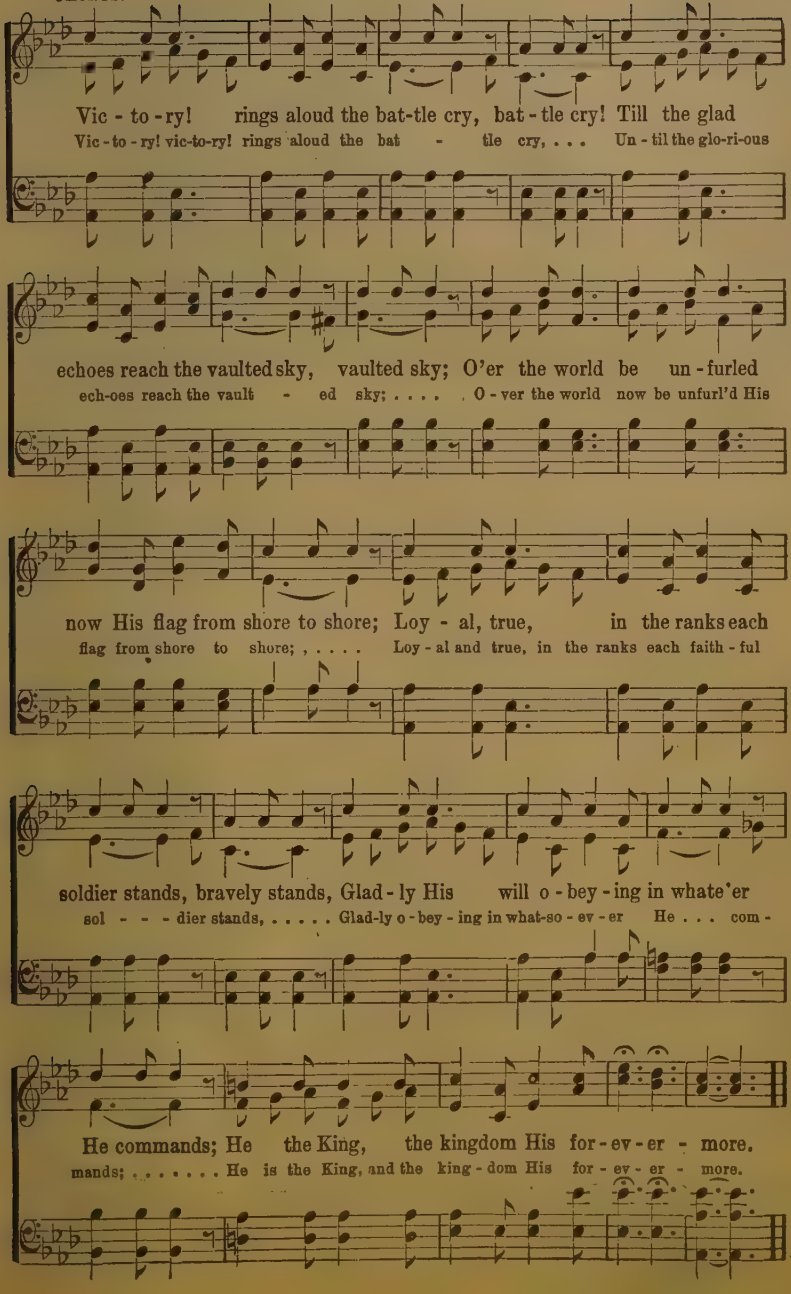
Charlotte G. Homer — Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Loud - ly un - to the world is a cho - rus re - sound - ing,
2. Press - ing on to the bat - tle, each sol - dier re - joic - es,
3. Glo - ry! glo - ry to God in the high - est for - ev - er!
From the hosts of the Lord as they march a - long,
Sing - ing joy - ful - ly un - to the gra - cious King,
For the King in His beau - ty shall yet ap - pear;
Rich in har - mo - ny, send - ing the ech - oes re - bound - ing,
Earth is join - ing her praise with the tu - mult of voic - es,
Shout a - loud, for Je - ho - vah, our God, will de - liv - er;
Swell - ing might - i - ly from the vic - to - rious throng.
While the arch - es of heav - en with mu - sic ring.
His the bat - tle, and vic - to - ry draw - eth near.

A Song of Victory.

CHORUS.

Vic - to - ry! rings aloud the bat-tle cry, bat - tle cry! Till the glad
Vic - to - ry! vic-to-ry! rings aloud the bat - tle cry, . . . Un - til the glo-ri-ous
echoes reach the vaulted sky, vaulted sky; O'er the world be un - furled
ech-oes reach the vault - ed sky; . . . . O - ver the world now be unfurl'd His
now His flag from shore to shore; Loy - al, true, in the ranks each
flag from shore to shore; , ... Loy - al and true, in the ranks each faith - ful
soldier stands, bravely stands, Glad - ly His will o - bey - ing in whate'er
sol - - - dier stands, ... Glad-ly o - bey - ing in what-so - ev - er He . . . com -
He commands; He the King, the kingdom His for - ev - er - more.
mands; . . . . . He is the King, and the king - dom His for - ev - er - more.

No. 176. Crown Him King of Kings.

E. E. Rexford.

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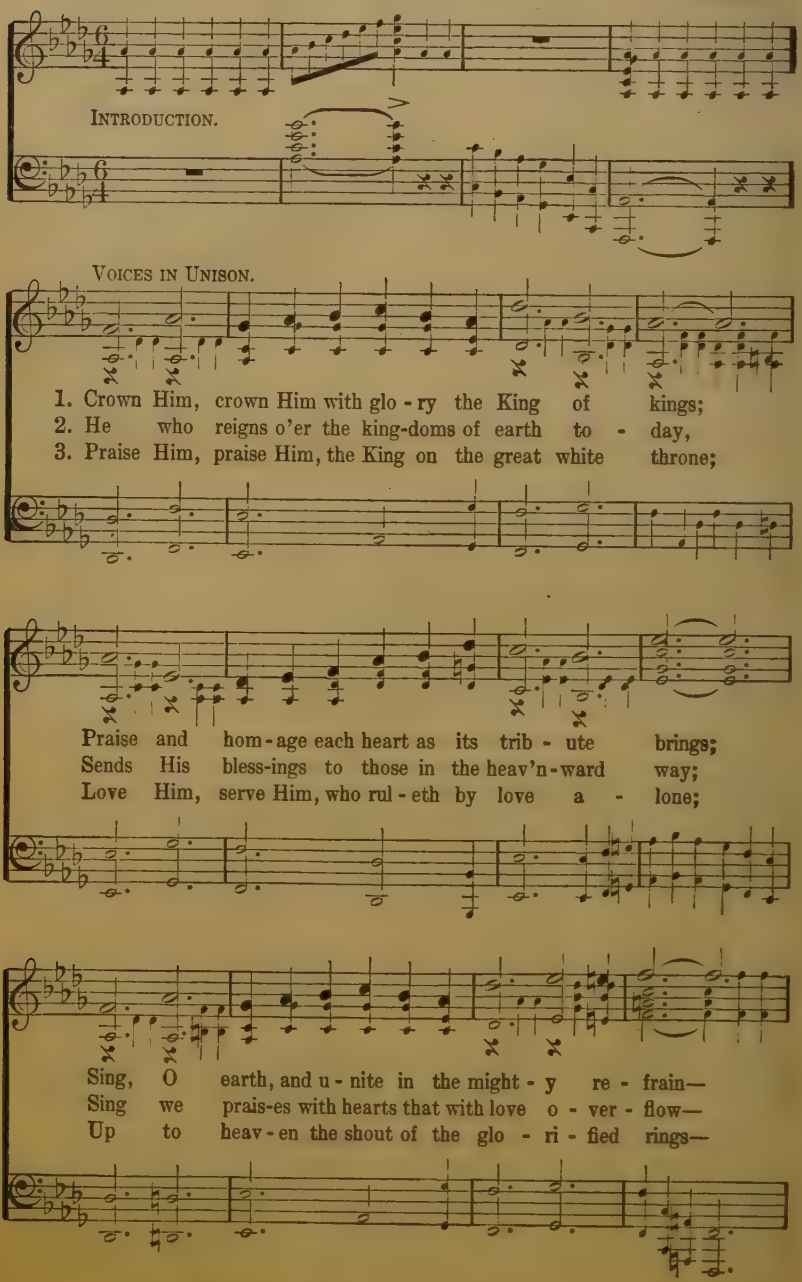
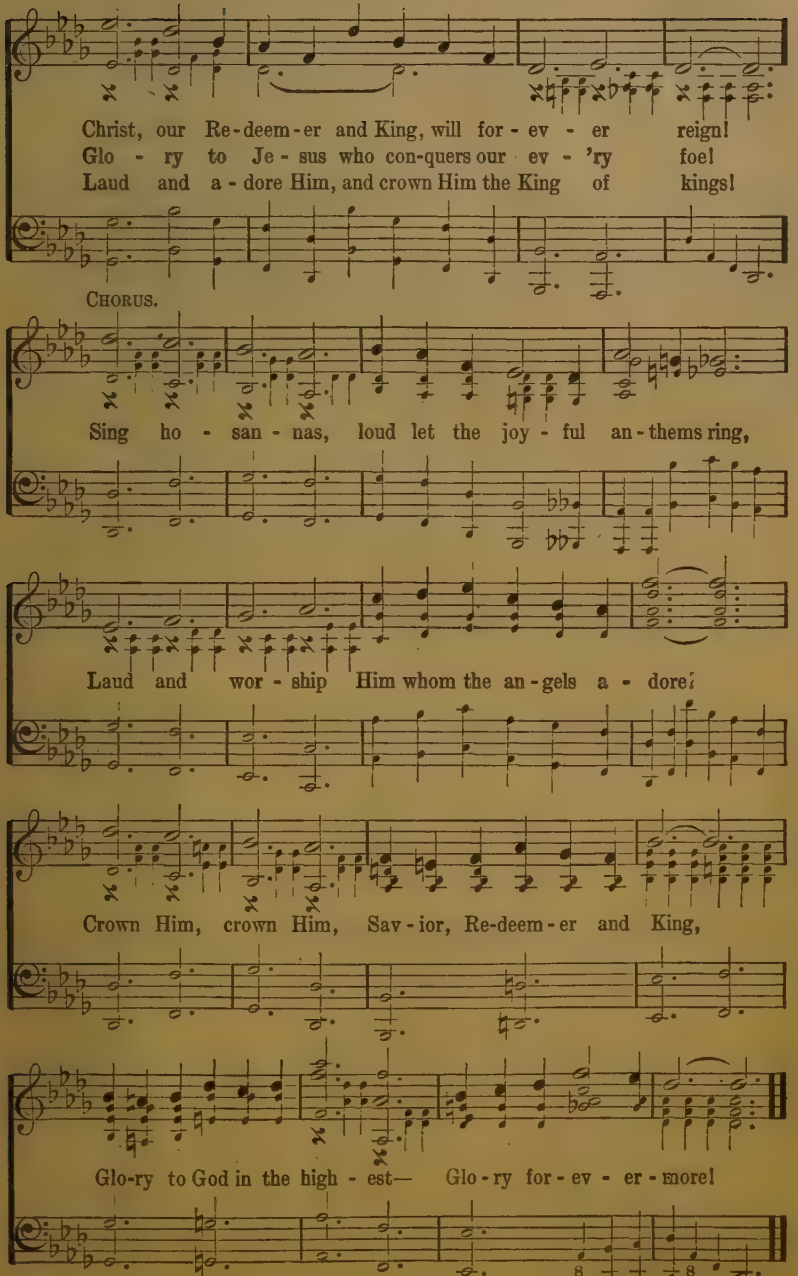
WORDS AND MUSIC.

De Loss Smith.

INTRODUCTION.
VOICES IN UNISON.
1. Crown Him, crown Him with glo - ry the King of kings;
2. He who reigns o'er the king-doms of earth to - day,
3. Praise Him, praise Him, the King on the great white throne;
Praise and hom - age each heart as its trib - ute brings;
Sends His bless-ings to those in the heav'n - ward way;
Love Him, serve Him, who rul - eth by love a - lone;
Sing, O earth, and u - nite in the might - y re - frain—
Sing we prais-es with hearts that with love o - ver - flow—
Up to heav - en the shout of the glo - ri - fied rings—

Crown Him King of Kings.


Christ, our Re-deem-er and King, will for-ev-er reign!
Glo-ry to Je-sus who con-quers our ev-'ry foe!
Laud and a-dore Him, and crown Him the King of kings!
CHORUS.
Sing ho-san-nas, loud let the joy-ful an-thems ring,
Laud and wor-ship Him whom the an-gels a-dore!
Crown Him, crown Him, Sav-ior, Re-deem-er and King,
Glo-ry to God in the high-est— Glo-ry for-ev-er-more!

No. 177. Harvest-Time is Here.

C. H. G.

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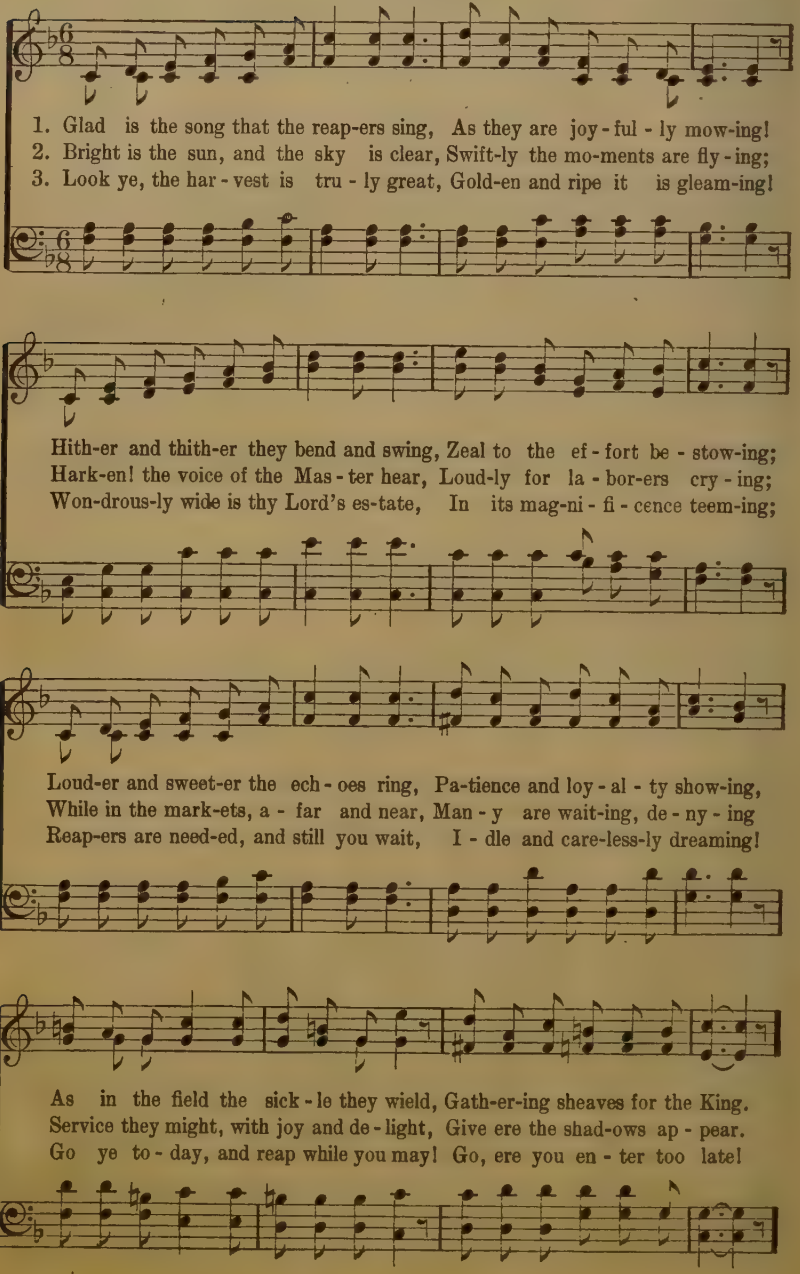
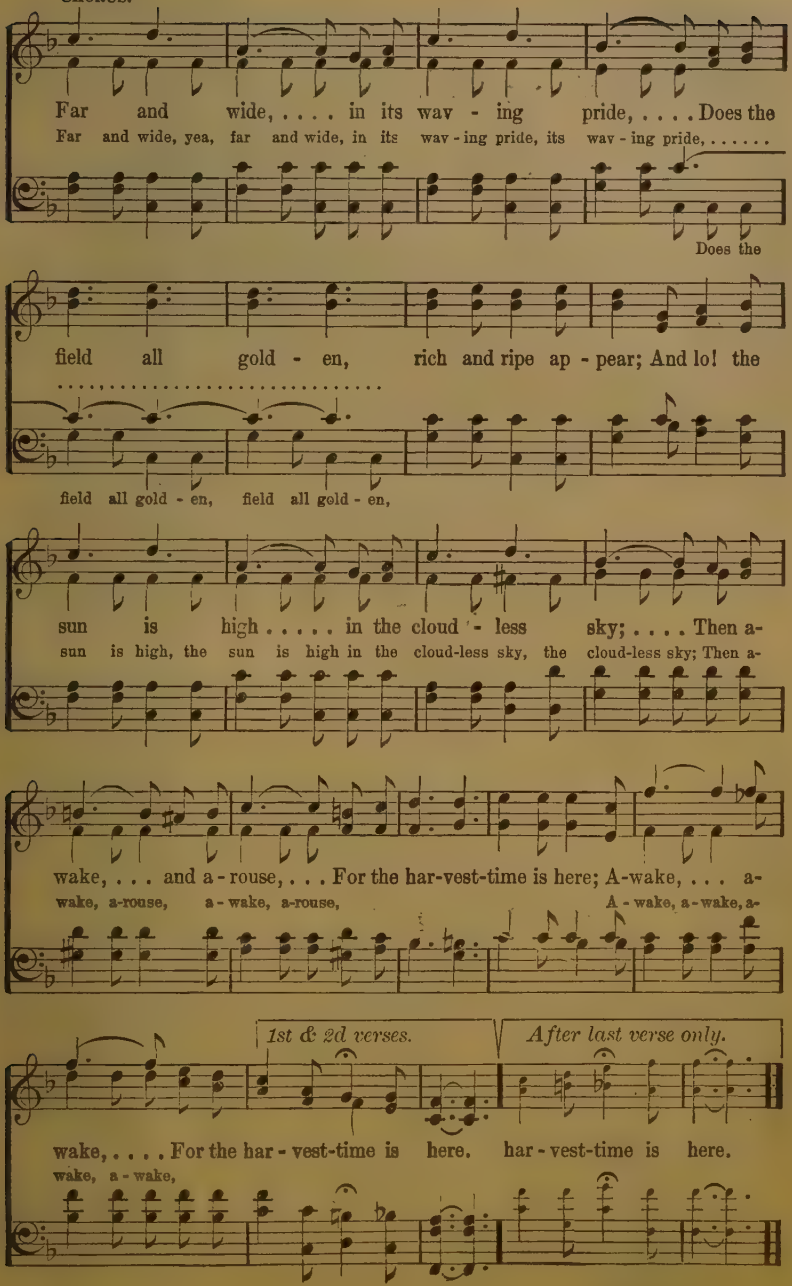
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Glad is the song that the reap-ers sing, As they are joy-ful-ly mow-ing!
2. Bright is the sun, and the sky is clear, Swift-ly the mo-ments are fly-ing;
3. Look ye, the har-vest is tru-ly great, Gold-en and ripe it is gleam-ing!
Hith-er and thith-er they bend and swing, Zeal to the ef-fort be-stow-ing;
Hark-en! the voice of the Mas-ter hear, Loud-ly for la-bor-ers cry-ing;
Won-drous-ly wide is thy Lord's es-tate, In its mag-ni-fi-cence teem-ing;
Loud-er and sweet-er the ech-oes ring, Pa-tience and loy-al-ty show-ing,
While in the mark-ets, a-far and near, Man-y are wait-ing, de-ny-ing
Reap-ers are need-ed, and still you wait, I-dle and care-less-ly dreaming!
As in the field the sick-le they wield, Gath-er-ing sheaves for the King.
Service they might, with joy and de-light, Give ere the shad-ows ap-pear.
Go ye to-day, and reap while you may! Go, ere you en-ter too late!

Harvest-Time is Here.

CHORUS.


Far and wide, ... in its wav - ing pride, ... Does the
Far and wide, yea, far and wide, in its wav - ing pride, its wav - ing pride, ...
Does the
field all gold - en, rich and ripe ap - pear; And lo! the
field all gold - en, field all gold - en,
sun is high . . . . . in the cloud - less sky; . . . . Then a-
sun is high, the sun is high in the cloud-less sky, the cloud-less sky; Then a-
wake, . . . and a - rouse, . . . For the har-vest-time is here; A-wake, . . . a-
wake, a-rouse, a - wake, a-rouse, A - wake, a - wake, a-
1st & 2d verses.
After last verse only.
wake, ... For the har - vest-time is here. har - vest-time is here.
wake, a - wake,

No, 178. My King Rides Forth.

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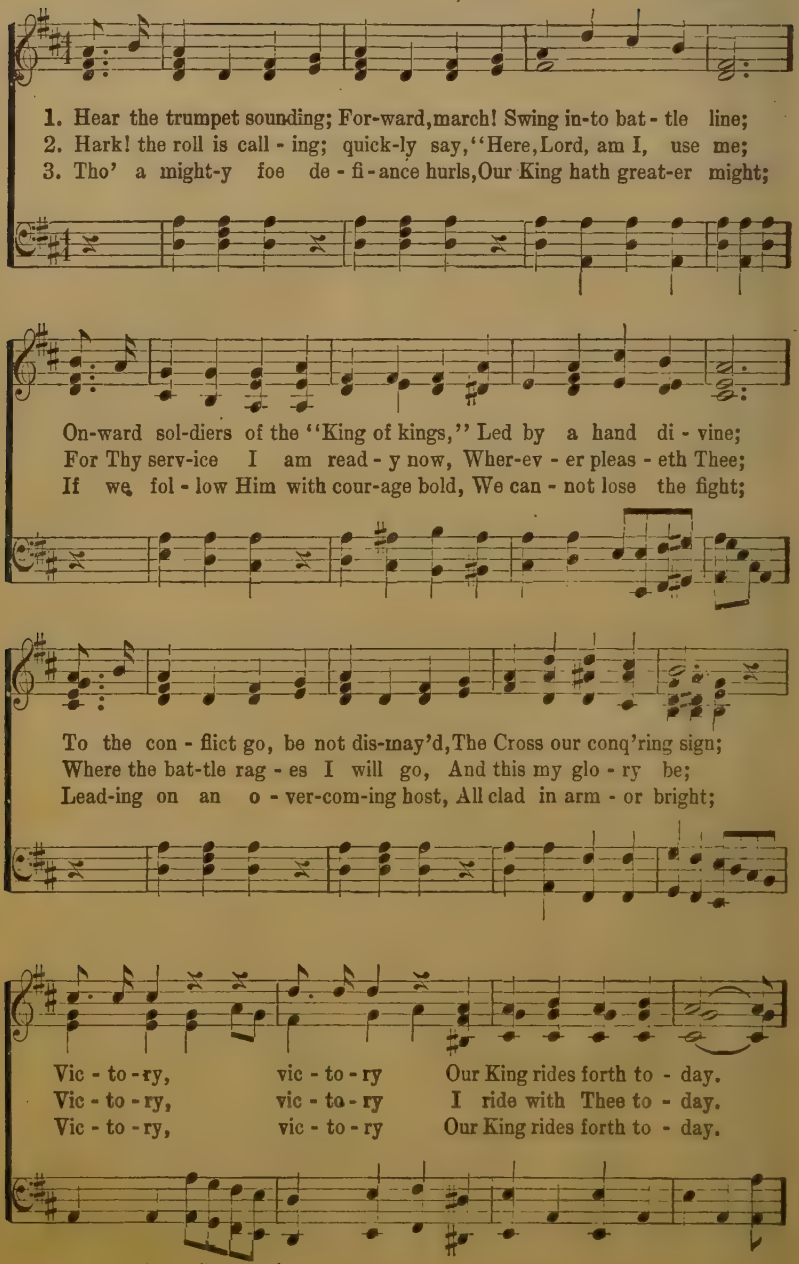
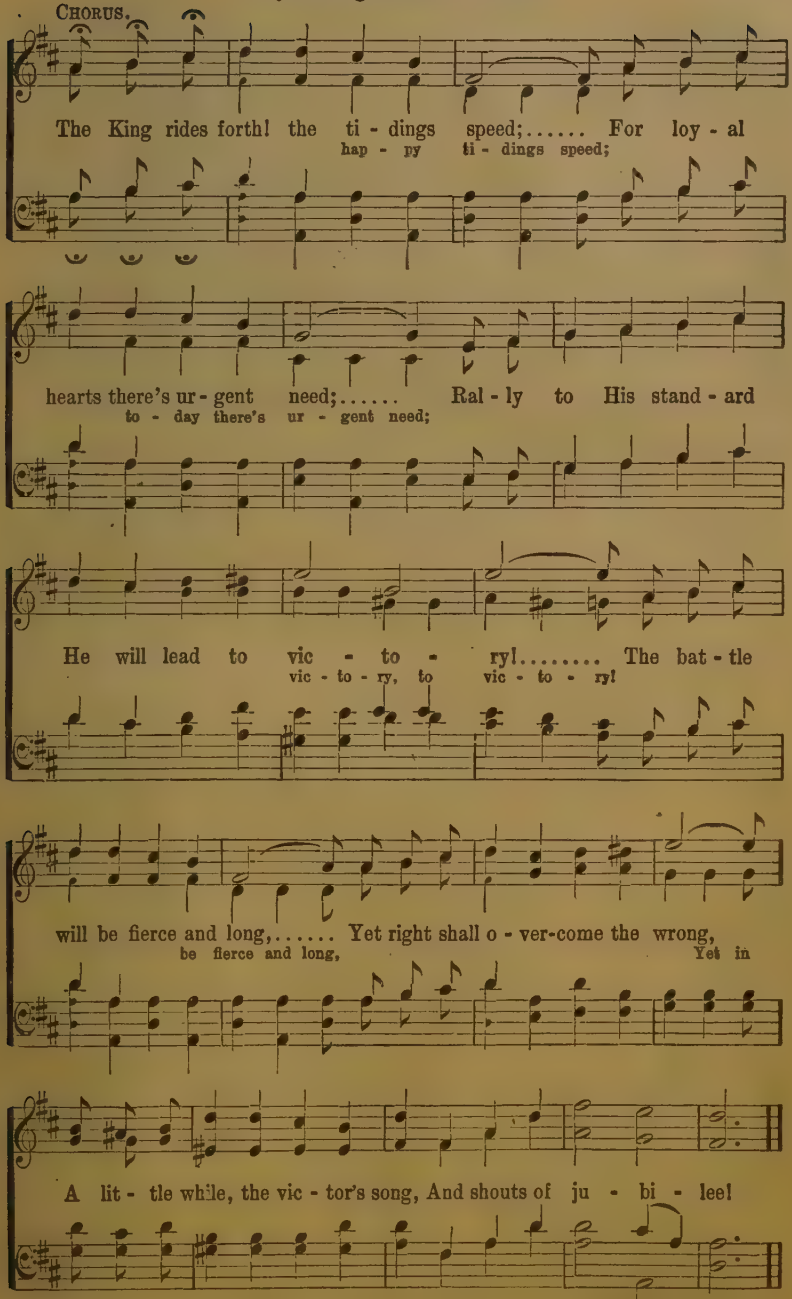
RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO., OWNERS.

H. L. Frisbie. B. D. Ackley.

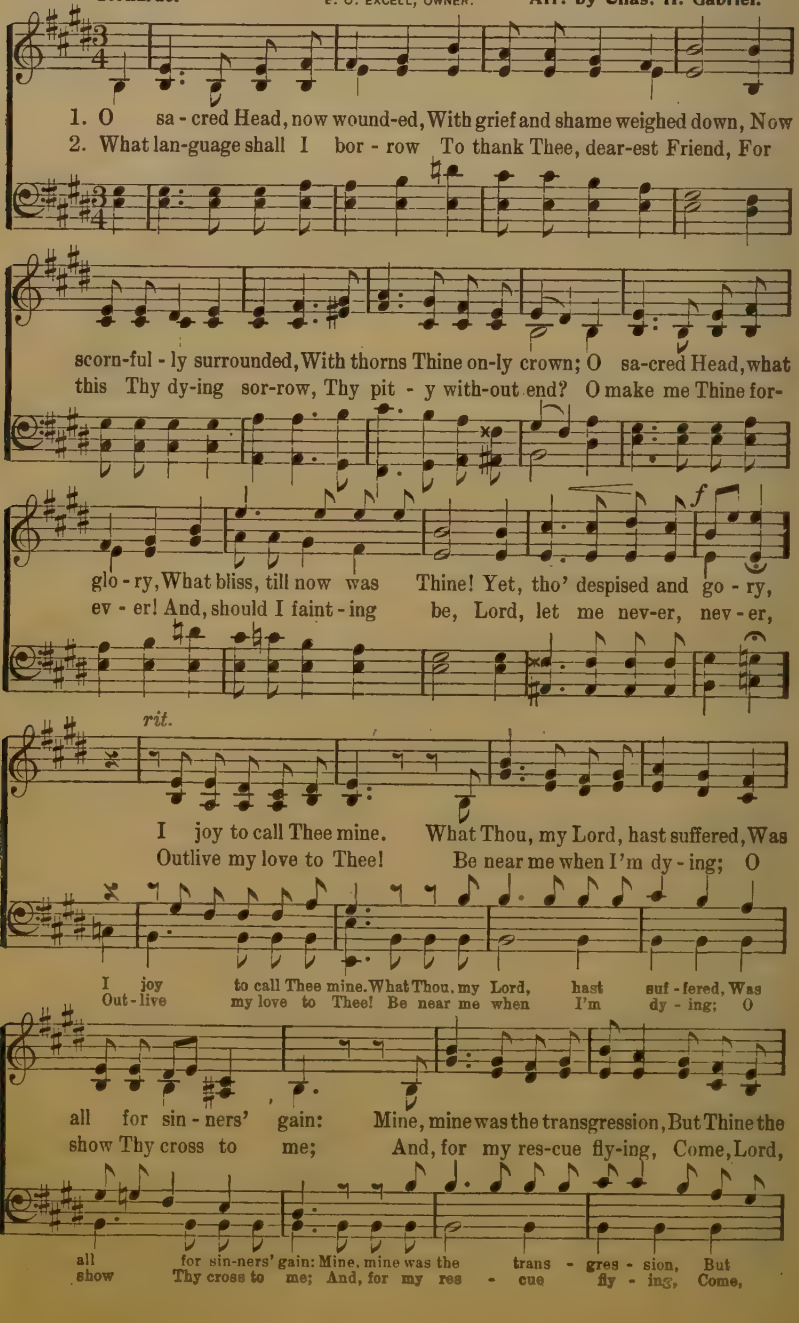

1. Hear the trumpet sounding; For-ward, march! Swing in-to bat - tle line;
2. Hark! the roll is call - ing; quick-ly say, "Here, Lord, am I, use me;
3. Tho' a might-y foe de - fi - ance hurls, Our King hath great-er might;
On-ward sol-diers of the "King of kings," Led by a hand di - vine;
For Thy serv-ice I am read - y now, Wher-ev - er pleas - eth Thee;
If we fol - low Him with cour-age bold, We can - not lose the fight;
To the con - flict go, be not dis-may'd, The Cross our conq'ring sign;
Where the bat-tle rag - es I will go, And this my glo - ry be;
Lead-ing on an o - ver-com-ing host, All clad in arm - or bright;
Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry Our King rides forth to - day.
Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry I ride with Thee to - day.
Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry Our King rides forth to - day.

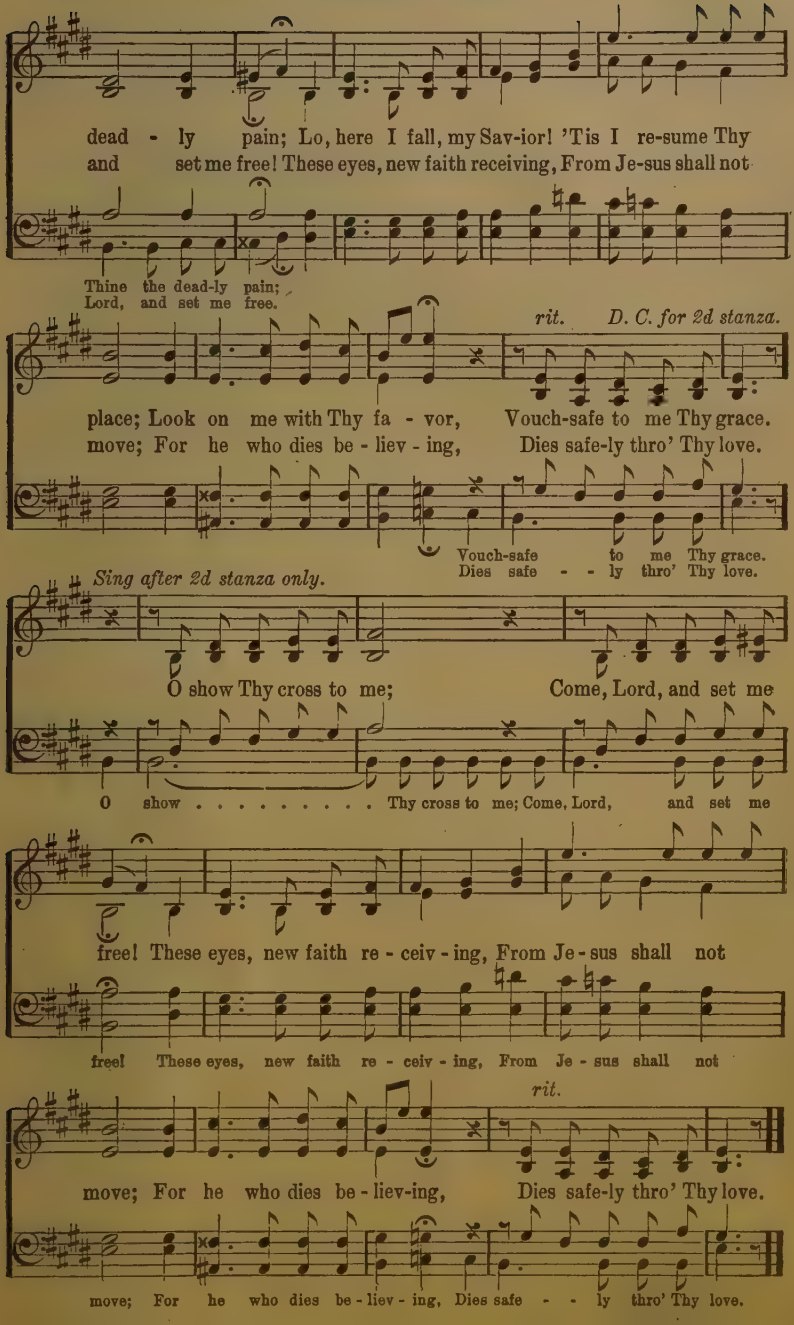
My King Rides Forth


CHORUS.
The King rides forth! the ti - dings speed;..... For loy - al
hap - py ti - dings speed;
hearts there's ur - gent need;..... Ral - ly to His stand - ard
to - day there's ur - gent need;
He will lead to vic - to - ry!..... The bat - tle
vic - to - ry, to vic - to - ry!
will be fierce and long,..... Yet right shall o - ver-come the wrong,
be fierce and long, Yet in
A lit - tle while, the vic - tor's song, And shouts of ju - bi - lee!

No. 179. O Sacred Head.

ARR. AND ADDITIONAL MELODY COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Paul Gerhardt. Arr. by Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. O sa - cred Head, now wound-ed, With grief and shame weighed down, Now
2. What lan-guage shall I bor - row To thank Thee, dear-est Friend, For
scorn-ful - ly surrounded, With thorns Thine on-ly crown; O sa-cred Head, what
this Thy dy-ing sor-row, Thy pit - y with-out end? O make me Thine for-
glo - ry, What bliss, till now was Thine! Yet, tho' despised and go - ry,
ev - er! And, should I faint - ing be, Lord, let me nev-er, nev - er,
f
rit.
I joy to call Thee mine. What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered, Was
Outlive my love to Thee! Be near me when I'm dy - ing; O
I joy to call Thee mine. What Thou, my Lord, hast suf - fered, Was
Out - live my love to Thee! Be near me when I'm dy - ing; O
all for sin - ners' gain: Mine, mine was the transgression, But Thine the
show Thy cross to me; And, for my res-cue fly-ing, Come, Lord,
all for sin-ners' gain: Mine, mine was the trans - gres - sion, But
show Thy cross to me; And, for my res - cue fly - ing, Come,

O Sacred Head.

dead - ly pain; Lo, here I fall, my Sav-ior! 'Tis I re-sume Thy
and set me free! These eyes, new faith receiving, From Je-sus shall not
Thine the dead-ly pain;
Lord, and set me free.
rit.
D. C. for 2d stanza.
place; Look on me with Thy fa - vor, Vouch-safe to me Thy grace.
move; For he who dies be - liev - ing, Dies safe-ly thro' Thy love.
Vouch-safe to me Thy grace.
Dies safe - - ly thro' Thy love.
Sing after 2d stanza only.
O show Thy cross to me; Come, Lord, and set me
O show . . . . . Thy cross to me; Come, Lord, and set me
free! These eyes, new faith re - ceiv - ing, From Je - sus shall not
free! These eyes, new faith re - ceiv - ing, From Je - sus shall not
rit.
move; For he who dies be - liev-ing, Dies safe-ly thro' Thy love.
move; For he who dies be - liev - ing, Dies safe - - ly thro' Thy love.

No. 180. Master, the Tempest is Raging.

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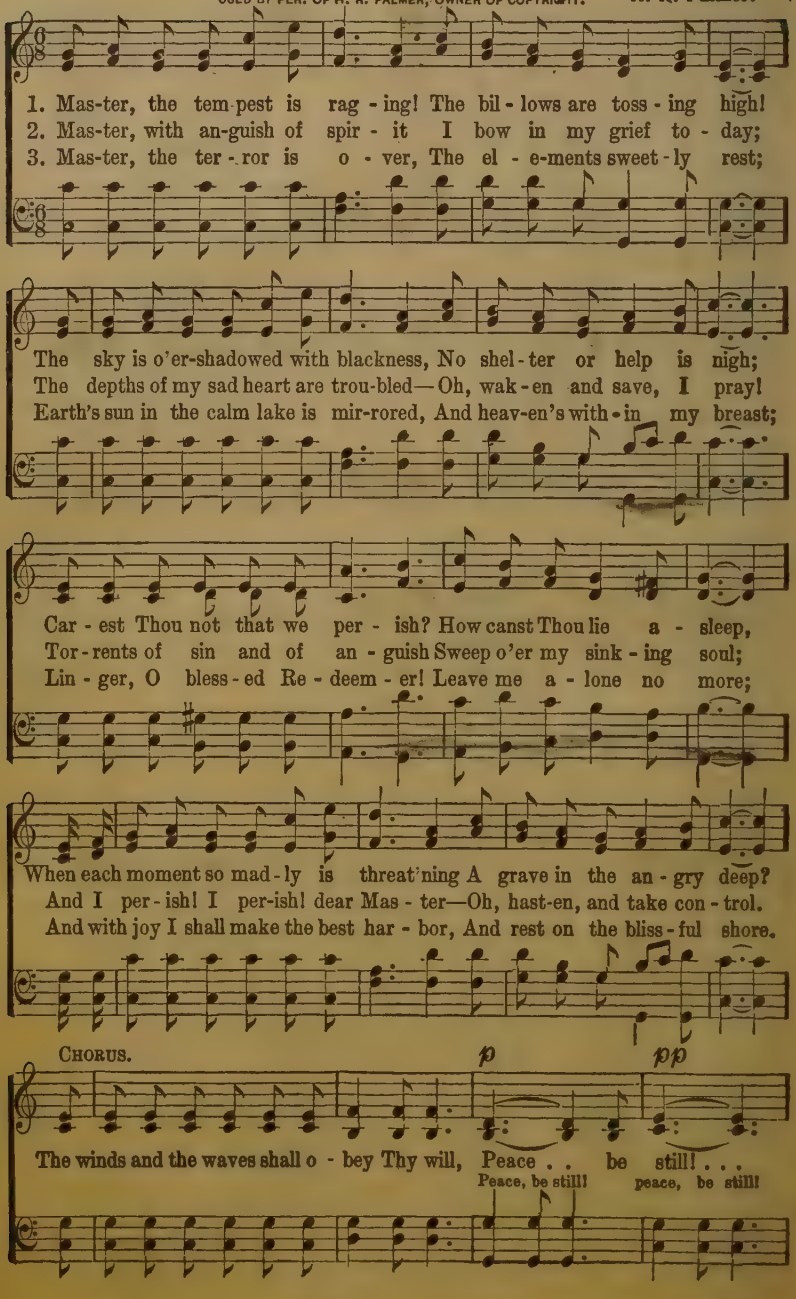
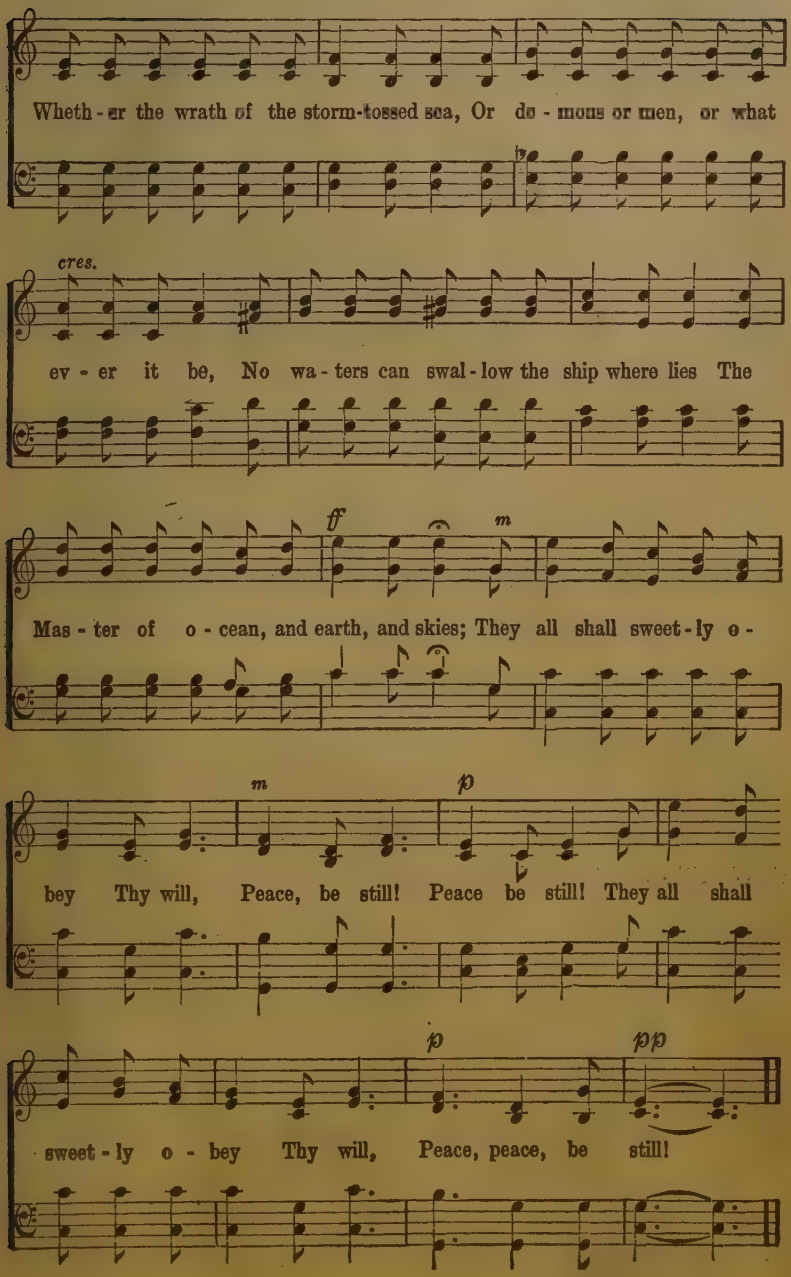
H. R. Palmer.


1. Mas-ter, the tem-pest is rag-ing! The bil-lows are toss-ing high!
2. Mas-ter, with an-guish of spir-it I bow in my grief to-day;
3. Mas-ter, the ter-ror is o-ver, The el-e-ments sweet-ly rest;
The sky is o'er-shadowed with blackness, No shel-ter or help is nigh;
The depths of my sad heart are trou-bled—Oh, wak-en and save, I pray!
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mir-rored, And heav-en's with-in my breast;
Car-est Thou not that we per-ish? How canst Thou lie a-sleep,
Tor-rents of sin and of an-guish Sweep o'er my sink-ing soul;
Lin-ger, O bless-ed Re-deem-er! Leave me a-lone no more;
When each moment so mad-ly is threat'ning A grave in the an-gry deep?
And I per-ish! I per-ish! dear Mas-ter—Oh, hast-en, and take con-trol.
And with joy I shall make the best har-bor, And rest on the bliss-ful shore.
Chorus.
p
pp
The winds and the waves shall o-bey Thy will, Peace . . be still! . . .
Peace, be still! peace, be still!

Master, the Tempest is Raging.


Wheth - er the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or de - mons or men, or what
cres.
ev - er it be, No wa - ters can swal - low the ship where lies The
ff
m
Mas - ter of o - cean, and earth, and skies; They all shall sweet - ly o -
m
p
bey Thy will, Peace, be still! Peace be still! They all shall
p
pp
sweet - ly o - bey Thy will, Peace, peace, be still!

No. 181. All Hail, Immanuel!

D. R. Van Sickle. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, We cast.....our crowns be-
2. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, The ran - - somed hosts sur-
3. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, Our ris - - en King and

fore Thee; Let ev - 'ry heart o - bey Thy will, And ev - - 'ry voice a-
round Thee; And earthly monarchs clamor forth Their Sov - 'reign, King to
Sav - ior! Thy foes are vanquished, and Thou art Om - nip - o - tent for-

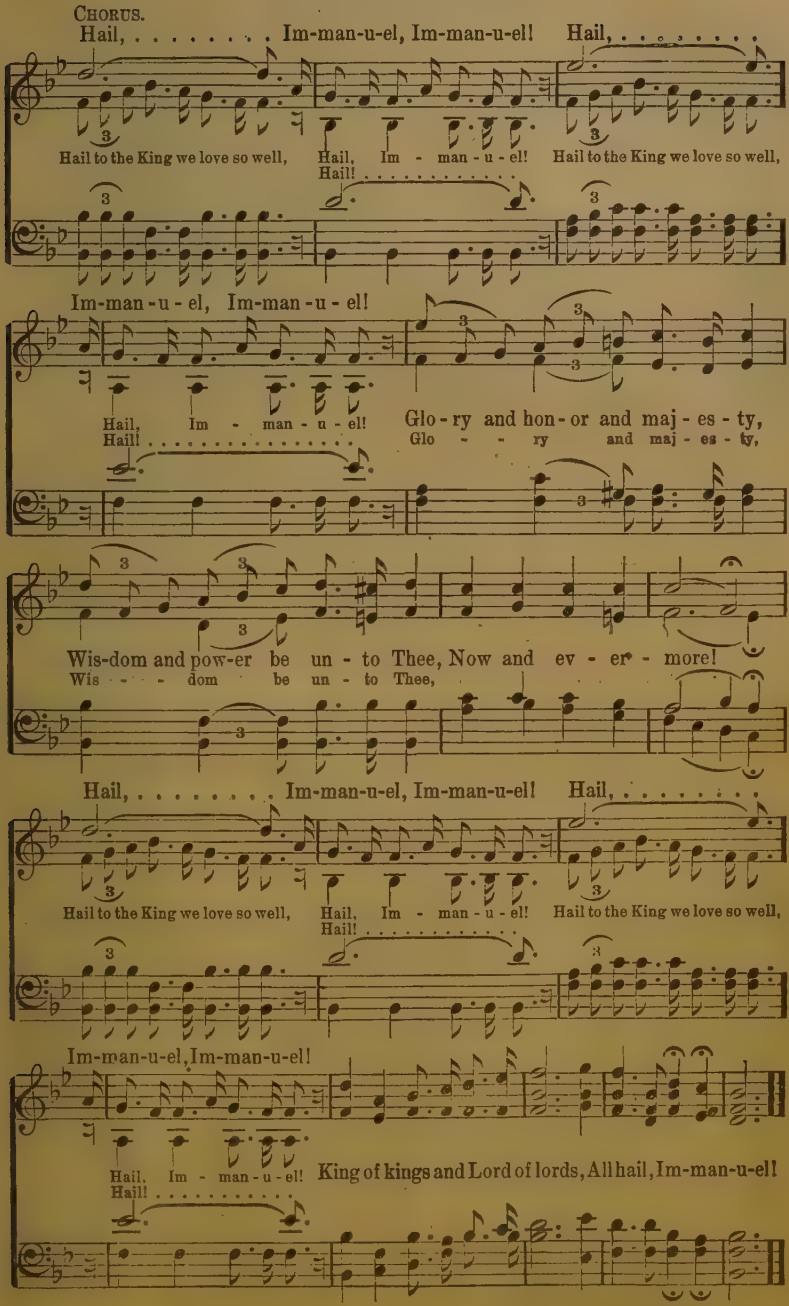
dore Thee. In praise to Thee, our Sav - ior, King, The vi-brant chords of
crown Thee. While those redeemed in a - ges gone, As-semb-led round the
ev - er. Death, sin and hell no lon - ger reign, And Sa-tan's pow'r is

heav - en ring, And ech - o back the might - y strain: All
great white throne, Break forth in - to im - mor - tal song: All
burst in twain; E - ter - nal glo - ry to Thy Name: All

ff

hail! all hail! All hail, all hail, Im - man - u - el!
All hail! all hail!

All Hail, Immanuel!


Chorus.
Hail, ... Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el! Hail, ...
Hail to the King we love so well, Hail, Im - man - u - el! Hail to the King we love so well,
Hail! . . . . . .
Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el!
Hail, Im - man - u - el! Glo-ry and hon-or and maj-es-ty,
Hail! . . . . . Glo - - ry and maj-es-ty,
Wis-dom and pow-er be un - to Thee, Now and ev - er - more!
Wis - - - dom be un - to Thee,
Hail, ... Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el! Hail, ...
Hail to the King we love so well, Hail, Im - man - u - el! Hail to the King we love so well,
Hail! . . . . . .
Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el!
Hail, Im - man - u - el! King of kings and Lord of lords, All hail, Im-man-u-el!
Hail! . . . . . .

No. 182. The Way-side Cross.

COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY H. R. PALMER.
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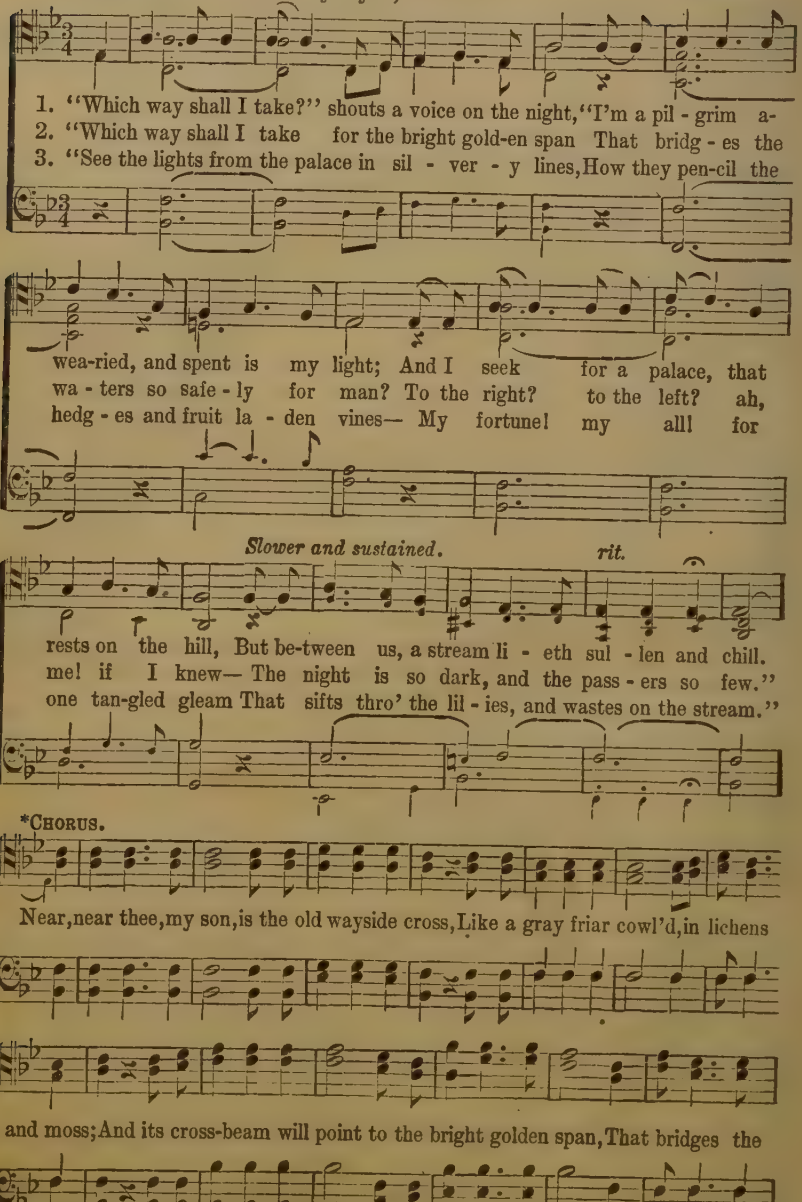
C. L. St. John. H. R. Palmer.

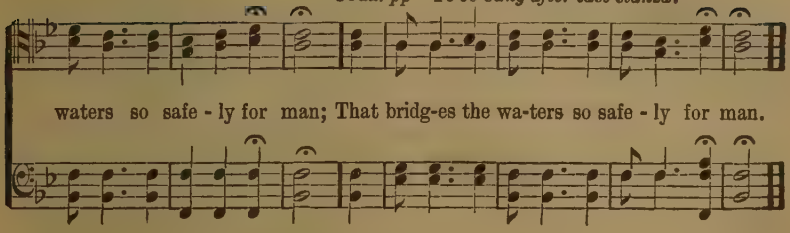
Solo, *ad lib.* (Declamatory Style.)


1. "Which way shall I take?" shouts a voice on the night, "I'm a pil - grim a-
2. "Which way shall I take for the bright gold-en span That bridg - es the
3. "See the lights from the palace in sil - ver - y lines, How they pen-cil the
wea-ried, and spent is my light; And I seek for a palace, that
wa - ters so safe - ly for man? To the right? to the left? ah,
hedg - es and fruit la - den vines— My fortune! my all! for
Slower and sustained.
rit.
rests on the hill, But be-tween us, a stream li - eth sul - len and chill.
me! if I knew— The night is so dark, and the pass - ers so few."
one tan-gled gleam That sifts thro' the lil - ies, and wastes on the stream."
*Chorus.
Near, near thee, my son, is the old wayside cross, Like a gray friar cowl'd, in lichens
and moss; And its cross-beam will point to the bright golden span, That bridges the

*The chorus should begin while the solo voice is still holding the last note.

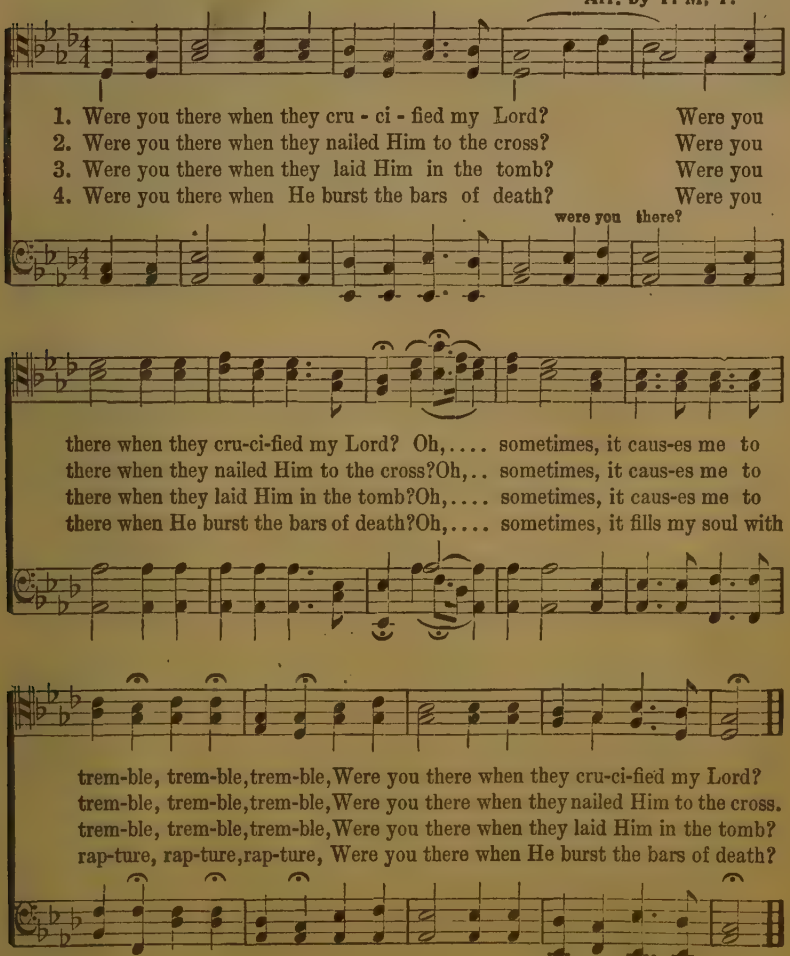
The Way-side Cross.

Coda. *pp* *To be sung after last stanza.*



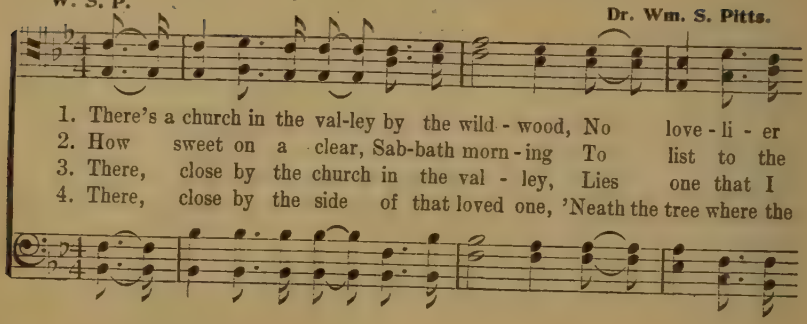
No. 183. Were You There?

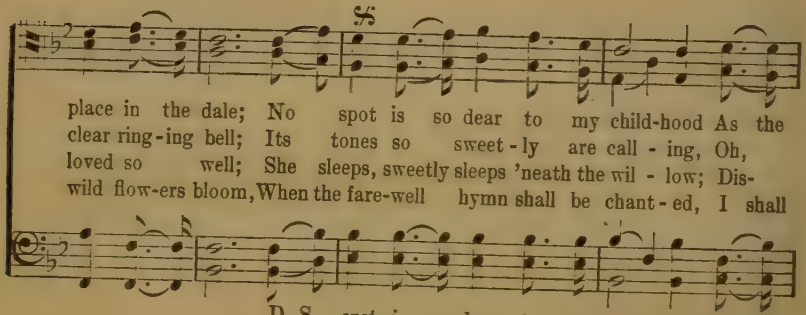
Arr. by T. M. T.

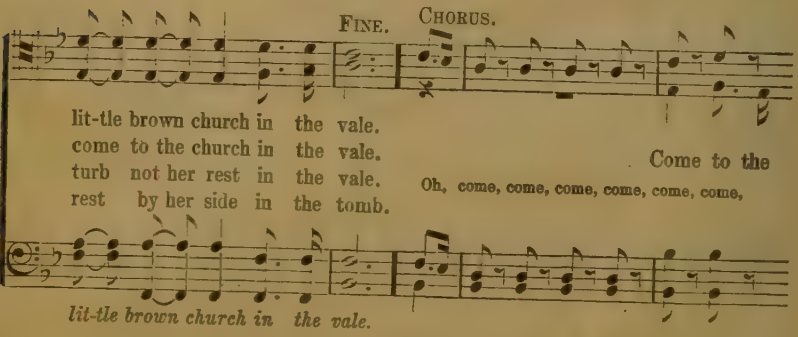

1. Were you there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord? Were you
2. Were you there when they nailed Him to the cross? Were you
3. Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb? Were you
4. Were you there when He burst the bars of death? Were you
were you there?
there when they cru-ci-fied my Lord? Oh,.... sometimes, it caus-es me to
there when they nailed Him to the cross?Oh,.. sometimes, it caus-es me to
there when they laid Him in the tomb?Oh,.... sometimes, it caus-es me to
there when He burst the bars of death?Oh,.... sometimes, it fills my soul with
trem-ble, trem-ble,trem-ble,Were you there when they cru-ci-fied my Lord?
trem-ble, trem-ble,trem-ble,Were you there when they nailed Him to the cross.
trem-ble, trem-ble,trem-ble,Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb?
rap-ture, rap-ture,rap-ture, Were you there when He burst the bars of death?

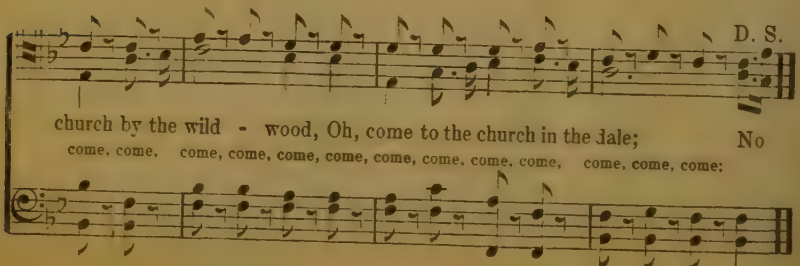
No. 184. The Church in the Wildwood.

W. S. P. Dr. Wm. S. Pitts.


1. There's a church in the val-ley by the wild - wood, No love - li - er
2. How sweet on a clear, Sab-bath morn - ing To list to the
3. There, close by the church in the val - ley, Lies one that I
4. There, close by the side of that loved one, 'Neath the tree where the


place in the dale; No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the
clear ring - ing bell; Its tones so sweet - ly are call - ing, Oh,
loved so well; She sleeps, sweetly sleeps 'neath the wil - low; Dis-
wild flow-ers bloom, When the fare-well hymn shall be chant - ed, I shall
D. S.—spot is so dear to my child-hood As the

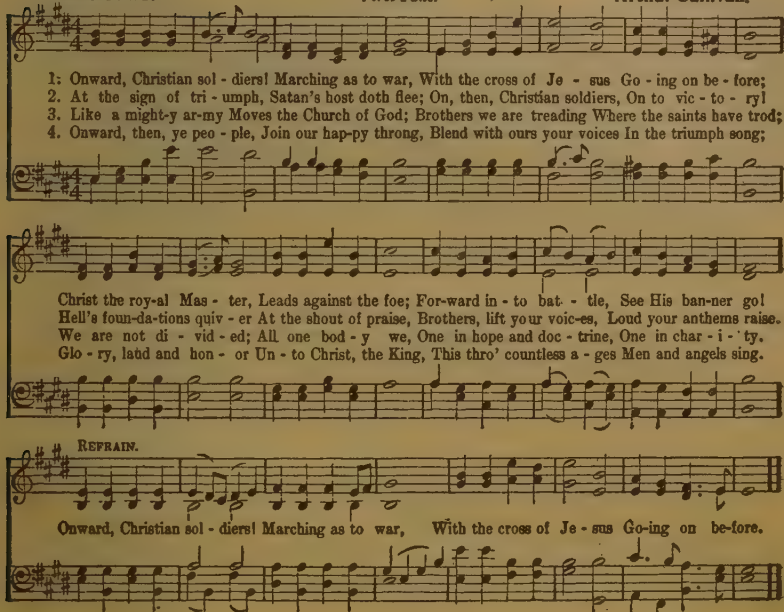

FINE.
CHORUS.
lit-tle brown church in the vale.
come to the church in the vale.
turb not her rest in the vale.
rest by her side in the tomb.
Come to the
Oh, come, come, come, come, come, come,
lit-tle brown church in the vale.


D. S.
church by the wild - wood, Oh, come to the church in the dale; No
come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come;

Devotional Hymns.

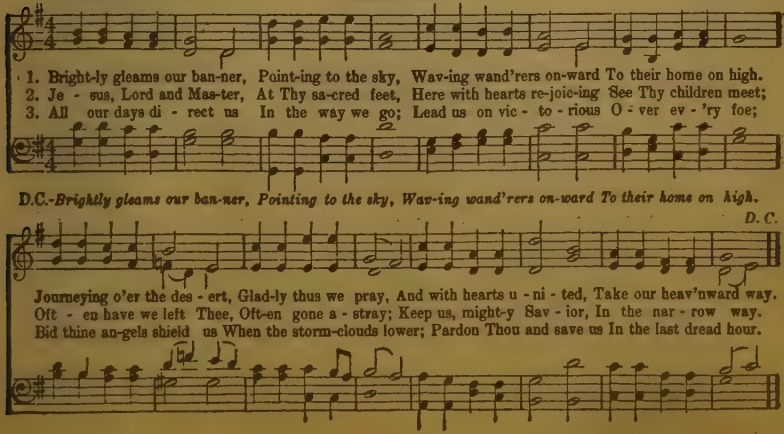
No. 185. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Sabine Gould. *First Tune.* Arthur Sullivan.


1. Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore;
2. At the sign of tri - umph, Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers, On to vic - to - ry!
3. Like a might-y ar-my Moves the Church of God; Brothers we are treading Where the saints have trod;
4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your voices In the triumph song;
Christ the roy-al Mas - ter, Leads against the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban-ner go!
Hell's foun-da-tions quiv - er At the shout of praise, Brothers, lift your voic-es, Loud your anthems raise.
We are not di - vid - ed; All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ, the King, This thro' countless a - ges Men and angels sing.
REFRAIN.
Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be-fore.

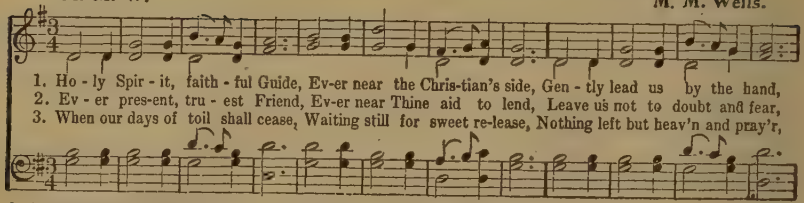
No. 186. Brightly Gleams our Banner.

Thomas J. Potter. *Second Tune.* Haydn.


1. Bright-ly gleams our ban-ner, Point-ing to the sky, Wav-ing wand'rers on-ward To their home on high.
2. Je - sus, Lord and Mas-ter, At Thy sa-cred feet, Here with hearts re-joic-ing See Thy children meet;
3. All our days di - rect us In the way we go; Lead us on vic - to - rious O - ver ev - 'ry foe;
D.C.-*Brightly gleams our ban-ner, Pointing to the sky, Wav-ing wand'rers on-ward To their home on high.*
D. C.
Journeying o'er the des - ert, Glad-ly thus we pray, And with hearts u - ni - ted, Take our heav'nward way.
Oft - en have we left Thee, Oft-en gone a - stray; Keep us, might-y Sav - ior, In the nar - row way.
Bid thine an-gels shield us When the storm-clouds lower; Pardon Thou and save us In the last dread hour.

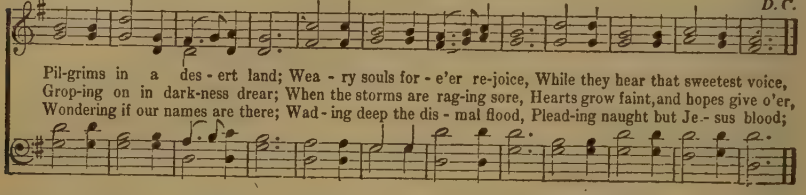
No. 187. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. W. — M. M. Wells.


1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev-er near the Chris-tian's side, Gen - tly lead us by the hand,
2. Ev - er pres-ent, tru - est Friend, Ev-er near Thine aid to lend, Leave us not to doubt and fear,
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Waiting still for sweet re-lease, Nothing left but heav'n and pray'r,

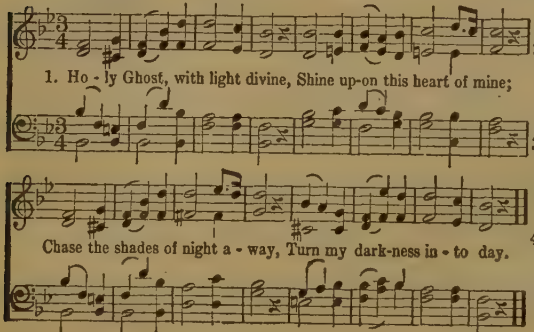
D.C.—Whisper soft-ly, "Wand'rer, come, Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

D. C.


Pil-grims in a des - ert land; Wea - ry souls for - e'er re-joice, While they hear that sweetest voice,
Grop-ing on in dark-ness drear; When the storms are rag-ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Wondering if our names are there; Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead-ing naught but Je.- sus blood;

No. 188. Holy Ghost, with Love Divine.

A. Reed. — Gottschalk.



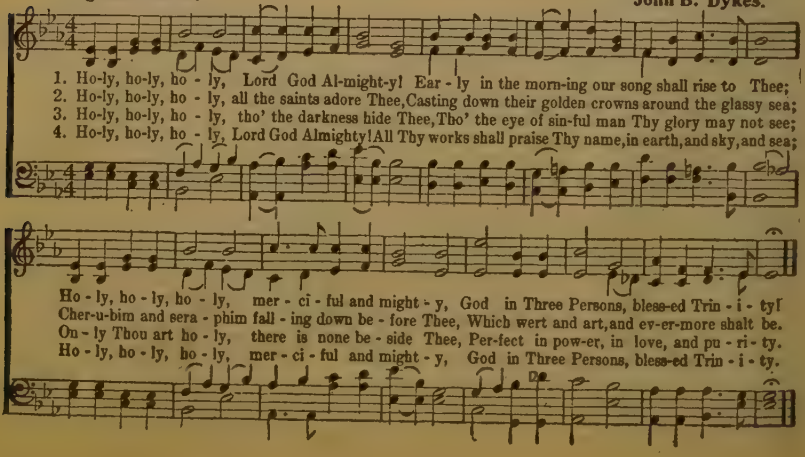
2 Holy Ghost, with pow'r divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine,
Long hath sin without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down ev'ry idol throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

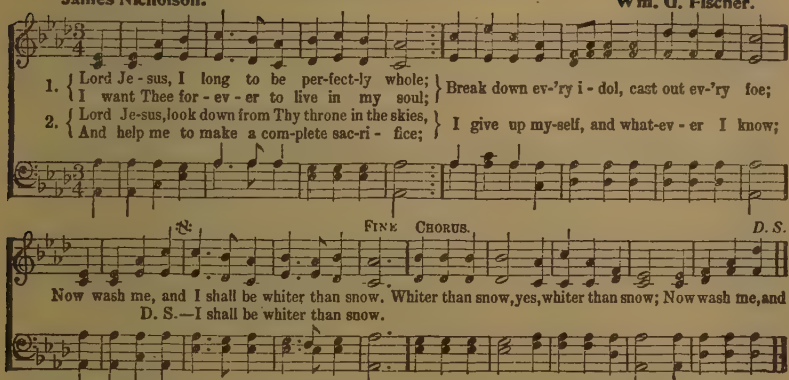
No. 189. Holy, Holy, Holy.

Reginald Heber. — John B. Dykes.


1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might-y! Ear - ly in the morn-ing our song shall rise to Thee;
2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, all the saints adore Thee, Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of sin-ful man Thy glory may not see;
4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Almighty! All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea;
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Persons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty!
Cher-u-bim and sera - phim fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert and art, and ev-er-more shalt be.
On - ly Thou art ho - ly, there is none be - side Thee, Per-fect in pow-er, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Persons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty.

No. 190. Whiter Than Snow.

James Nicholson. Wm. G. Fischer.

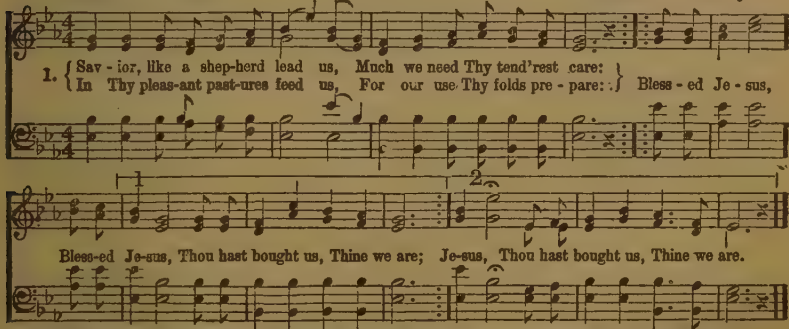

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per-fect-ly whole; I want Thee for - ev - er to live in my soul; Break down ev-'ry i - dol, cast out ev-'ry foe;
2. Lord Je-sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a com-plete sac-ri - fice; I give up my-self, and what-ev - er I know;
FINE CHORUS.
D. S.
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow; Now wash me, and
D. S.—I shall be whiter than snow.

3 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat,
I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy crucified feet,
By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow,
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

4 Lord Jesus, Thou seest I patiently wait;
Come now, and within me a new heart create;
To those who have sought Thee, Thou never said'st no;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

No. 191. Savior, Like a Shepherd!

Dorothy A. Thrupp. William B. Bradbury.


1. Sav - ior, like a shep-herd lead us, Much we need Thy tend'rest care: In Thy pleas-ant past-ures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre - pare: Bless - ed Je - sus,
Bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are; Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

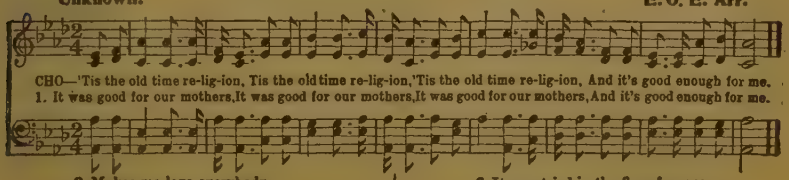
2 We are Thine; do Thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray:
Blessed Jesus,
Hear, oh, hear us when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be,
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free
Blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favor,
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Savior,
With Thy love our bosoms fill:
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

No. 192. The Old Time Religion.

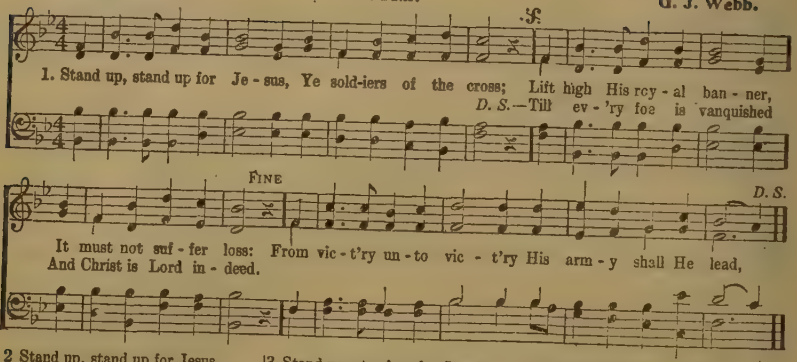
Unknown. E. O. E. Arr.


CHO—'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, Tis the old time re-lig-ion, 'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, And it's good enough for me.
1. It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers, And it's good enough for me.

2 Makes me love everybody.
3 It has saved our fathers.
4 It was good for the Prophet Daniel.
5 It was good for the Hebrew children.
6 It was tried in the fiery furnace.
7 It was good for Paul and Silas.
8 It will do when I am dying.
9 It will take us all to heaven.

No. 193. Stand Up for Jesus.

George Duffield. *First Tune.* G. J. Webb.


1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sold-iers of the cross; Lift high His roy - al ban - ner,
D. S.—Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished
FINE
D. S.
It must not suf - fer loss: From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His arm - y shall He lead,
And Christ is Lord in - deed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day,
"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own,
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song;
To Him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

No. 194. The Morning Light is Breaking.

First or Second Tune.

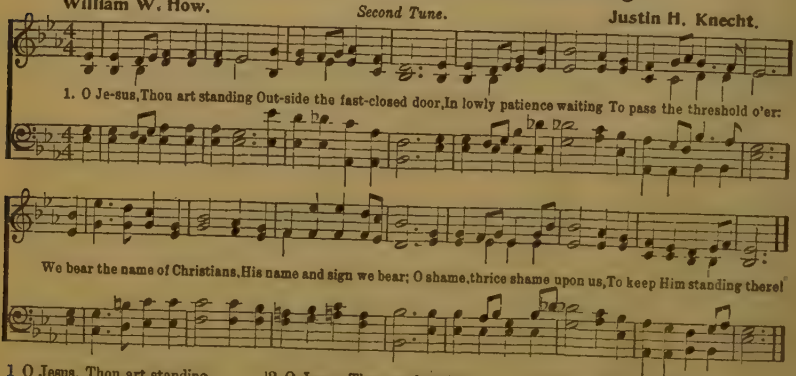
1 The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears,
The sons of earth are waking,
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God of love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners now confessing,
The gospel's call obey,
And seek a Savior's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly,
Triumphant, reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

No. 195. O Jesus, Thou Art Standing.

William W. How. *Second Tune.* Justin H. Knecht.


1. O Je-sus, Thou art standing Out-side the fast-closed door, In lowly patience waiting To pass the threshold o'er:
We bear the name of Christians, His name and sign we bear; O shame, thrice shame upon us, To keep Him standing there!

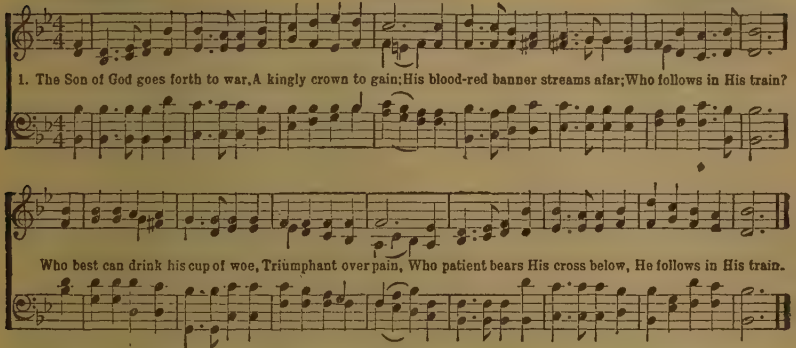
1 O Jesus, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er:
We bear the name of Christians,
His name and sign we bear;
O shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep Him standing there!

2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking;
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred:
O love that passeth knowlege,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, my children,
And will ye treat me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door;
Dear Savior, enter, enter,
And leave us never more!

No. 196. The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

R. Heber. *First Tune.* H. S. Cutler.


1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A kingly crown to gain; His blood-red banner streams afar; Who follows in His train?
Who best can drink his cup of woe, Triumphant over pain, Who patient bears His cross below, He follows in His train.

2 That martyr first, whose eagle eye,
Could pierce beyond the grave;
Who saw His Master in the sky;
And called on Him to save.
Like Him, with pardon on His tongue
In midst of mortal pain, [wrong,
He pray'd for them that did the
Who follows in His train?

3 A noble band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came; [knew,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they
And mock'd the cross and flame.
They met the tyrant's brandish'd
The lion's gory mane; [steel,
They bowed their heads the stroke
Who follows in their train? [to feel,

4 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Savior's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed;
They climbed the steep ascent of
Thro' peril, toil, and pain, [heav'n,
O God, to us may grace be giv'n,
To follow in their train.

No. 197. Thy Word is a Lamp.

Psalm 119. *First or Second Tune.*

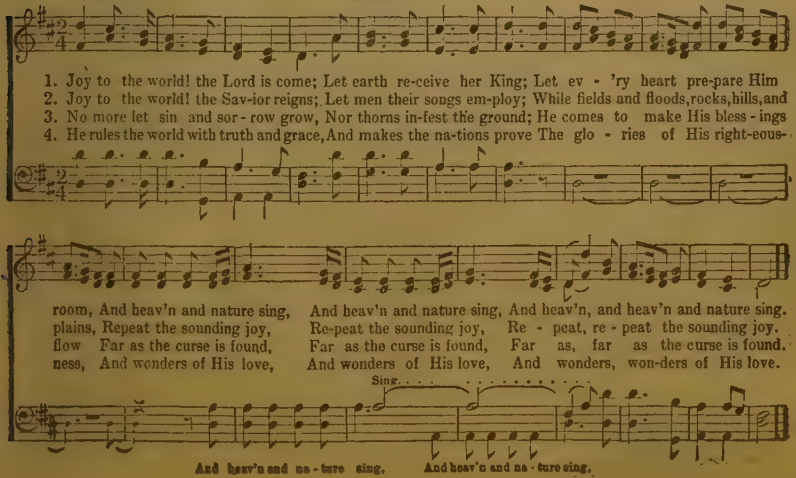
1 Thy word is to my feet a lamp,
And to my path a light,
I will perform, as I have sworn,
To keep Thy judgments right.
I with affliction very sore
Am ovewhelmed, O Lord;
In mercy raise and quicken me,
According to Thy word.

2 The tree-will off'rings of my mouth
Accept, I Thee beseech,
And unto me, O Lord, do Thou
Thy judgments clearly teach.
Tho' still my soul be in my hand,
Thy laws I'll not forget;
I erred not from them, tho' for me
The wicked snares did set.

3 I of Thy testimonies have
Above all things made choice,
To be my heritage for aye,
For they my heart rejoice.
With care I have my heart inclined,
That it should still attend
Thy statutes always to observe,
And keep them to the end.

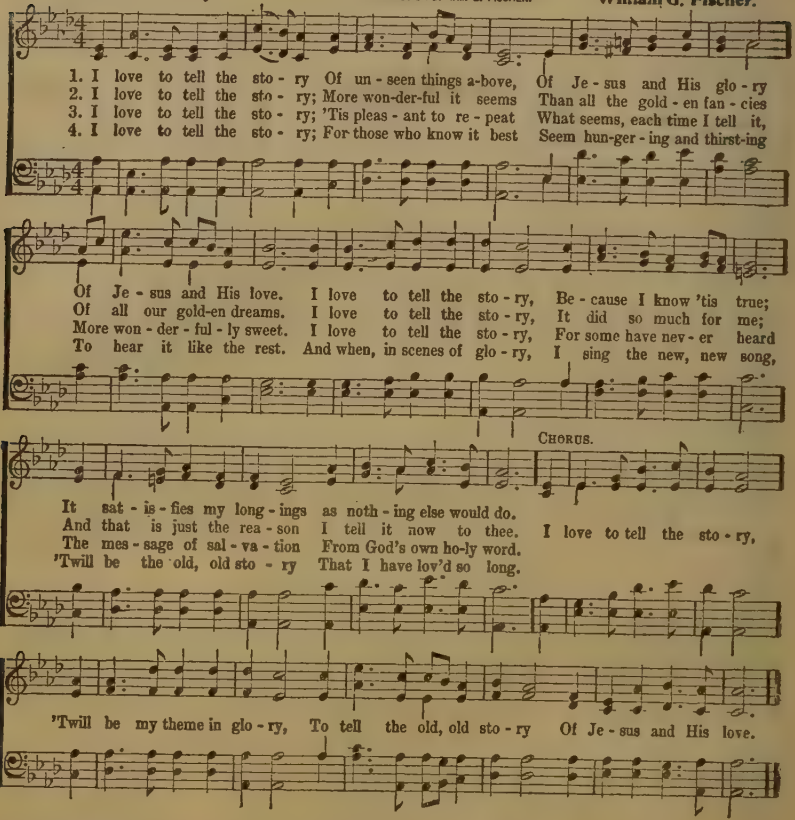
No 198. Joy to the World.

I. Watts. *Second Tune.* G. F. Handel.


1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-ceive her King; Let ev - 'ry heart pre-pare Him
2. Joy to the world! the Sav-ior reigns; Let men their songs em-ploy; While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and
3. No more let sin and sor - row grow, Nor thorns in-fest the ground; He comes to make His bless - ings
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na-tions prove The glo - ries of His right-eous-
room, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and nature sing.
plains, Repeat the sounding joy, Re-peat the sounding joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sounding joy.
flow Far as the curse is found, Far as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
ness, And wonders of His love, And wonders of His love, And wonders, won-ders of His love.
Sing.
And heav'n and na - ture sing. And heav'n and na - ture sing.

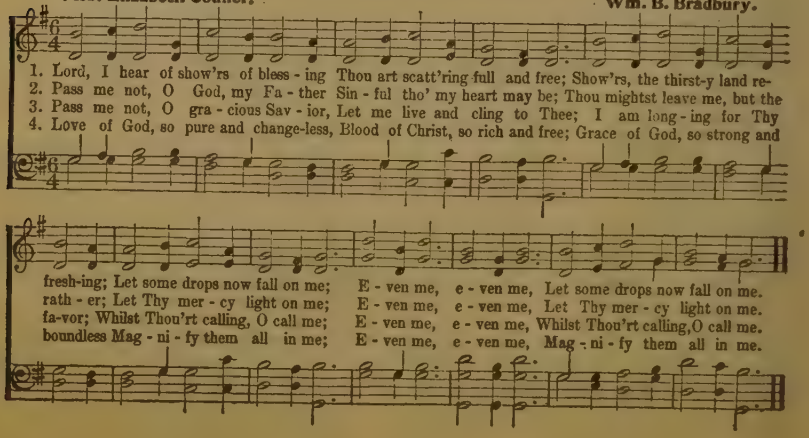
No. 199. I Love To Tell The Story.

Katherine Hankey. USED BY PERMISSION OF WM. G. FISCHER. William G. Fischer.


1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a-bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won-der-ful it seems Than all the gold - en fan - cies
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What seems, each time I tell it,
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hun-ger - ing and thirst-ing
Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true;
Of all our gold-en dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me;
More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard
To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song,
CHORUS.
It sat - is - fies my long - ings as noth - ing else would do.
And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto - ry,
The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From God's own ho-ly word.
'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That I have lov'd so long.
'Twill be my theme in glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

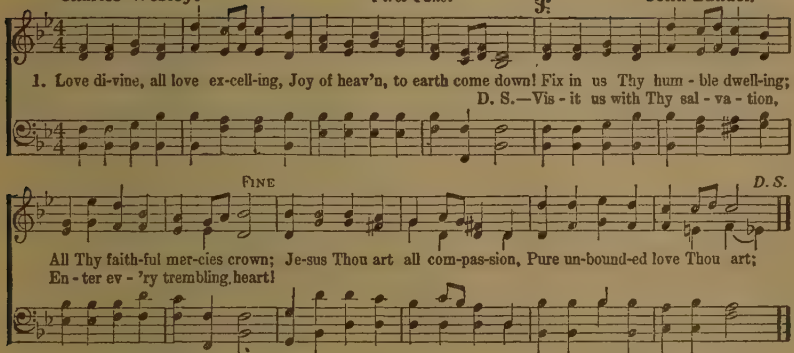
No. 200. Even Me, Even Me.

Mrs. Elizabeth Codner. Wm. B. Bradbury.


1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless - ing Thou art scatt'ring full and free; Show'rs, the thirst-y land re-
2. Pass me not, O God, my Fa - ther Sin - ful tho' my heart may be; Thou mightst leave me, but the
3. Pass me not, O gra - cious Sav - ior, Let me live and cling to Thee; I am long - ing for Thy
4. Love of God, so pure and change-less, Blood of Christ, so rich and free; Grace of God, so strong and
fresh-ing; Let some drops now fall on me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Let some drops now fall on me.
rath - er; Let Thy mer - cy light on me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Let Thy mer - cy light on me.
fa-vor; Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me.
boundless Mag - ni - fy them all in me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Mag - ni - fy them all in me.

No. 201. Love Divine.

Charles Wesley. *First Tune.* John Zundel.


1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cell-ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down! Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell-ing;
D. S.—Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion,
FINE
D. S.
All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown; Je-sus Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure un-bound-ed love Thou art;
En - ter ev - 'ry trembling heart!

2 Breathe, oh, breathe Thy loving
Into every troubled breast! [Spirit
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest.
Take away the love of sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty!

3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temple leave:
Thee we would be always blessing;
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above
Pray, and praise Thee without ceas-
Glory in Thy perfect love! [ing,

4 Finish then Thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

No. 202. Hark! the Voice of Jesus Calling.

First or Second Tune.

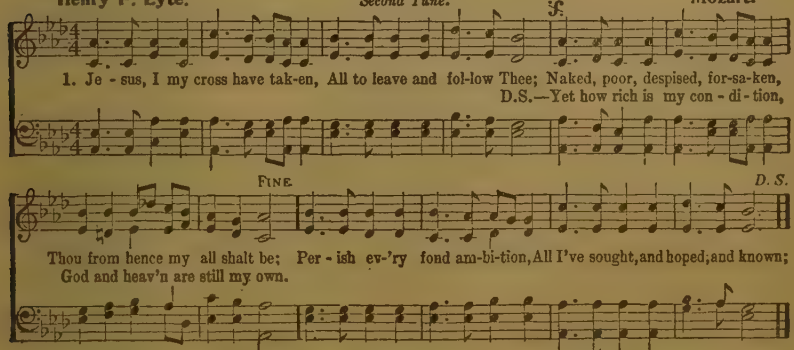
1 Hark! the voice of Jesus calling,
Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white, the harvest waiting
Who will bear the sheaves away!
Loud and long, the Master calleth
Rich reward He offers free;
Who will answer, gladly saying,
"Here am I, O Lord, send me."

2 If you cannot cross the ocean
And the heathen land explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door;
If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say He died for all.

3 While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you,
Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do!"
Gladly take the task He gives you!
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth,
"Here am I, O Lord, send me."

No. 203. Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

Henry F. Lyte. *Second Tune.* Mozart.


1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak-en, All to leave and fol-low Thee; Naked, poor, despised, for-sa-ken,
D.S.—Yet how rich is my con - di - tion,
FINE
D. S.
Thou from hence my all shalt be; Per - ish ev-'ry fond am-bi-tion, All I've sought, and hoped, and known;
God and heav'n are still my own.

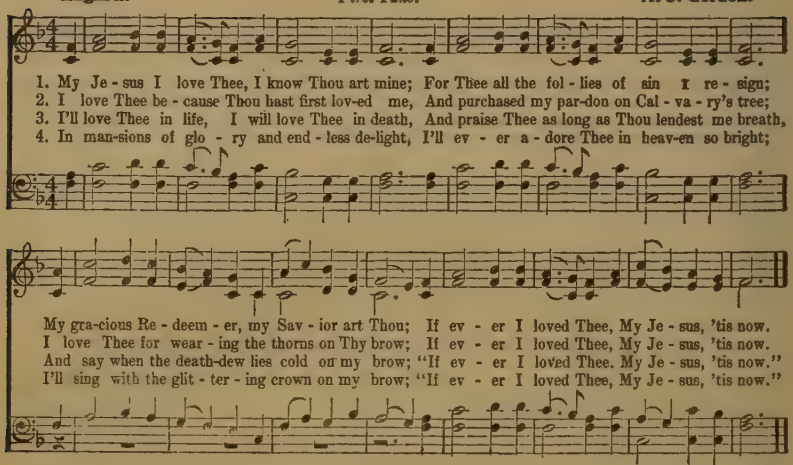
2 Let the world despise, forsake me,
They have left my Savior, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art not, like man, untrue:
And, while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might, [me
Foes may hate, and friends may shun
Show Thy face and all is bright

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn and pain!
In Thy service, pain is pleasure;
With Thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called Thee, "Abba Father,"
I have stayed my heart on Thee;
Stormy clouds may o'er me gather,
All must work for good to me.

4 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Led by faith, and winged by prayer
Heav'n's eternal days before thee
God will safely guide thee there,
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

No. 204. My Jesus I Love Thee.

English. *First Tune.* A. J. Gordon.


1. My Je - sus I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;
2. I love Thee be - cause Thou hast first lov-ed me, And purchased my par-don on Cal - va - ry's tree;
3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath,
4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end - less de-light, I'll ev - er a - dore Thee in heav-en so bright;
My gra-cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - ior art Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
I love Thee for wear - ing the thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
And say when the death-dew lies cold on my brow; "If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now."
I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow; "If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now."

No. 205. O Turn Ye.

First or Second Tune.

1 O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die,
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, "come,"
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

2 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,
O how can you question, if you will believe?
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
'Tis you He bids welcome; He bids you come home.

3 In riches, in pleasures, what can you obtain,
To soothe your affliction, or banish your pain?
To bear up your spirit when summoned to die,
Or waft you to mansions of glory on high?

4 Why will you be starving, and feeding on air?
There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare;
If still you are doubting, make trial and see,
And prove that His mercy is boundless and free.

No. 206. Look to Jesus.

First or Second Tune.

1 O eyes that are weary, and hearts that are sore,
Look off unto Jesus, now sorrow no more
The light of His countenance shineth so bright,
That here, as in Heaven, there need be no night.

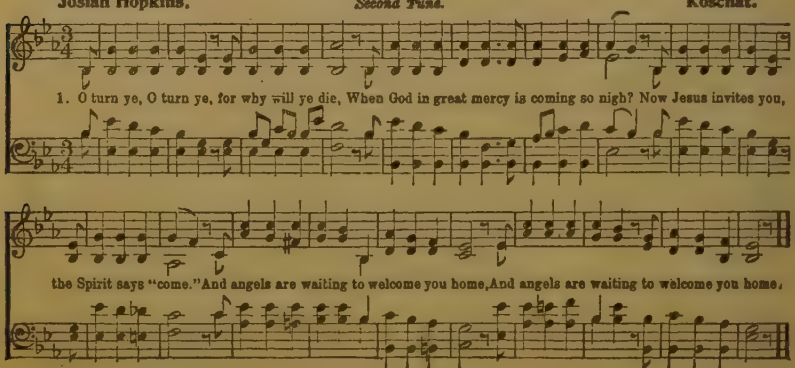
2 While looking to Jesus, my heart cannot fear,
I tremble no more when I see Jesus near,
I know that His presence my safe guard will be,
For, "Why are ye troubled?" He saith unto me.

3 Still looking to Jesus, oh, may I be found,
When Jordan's dark waters encompass me round;
They bear me away in His presence to be
I see Him still nearer whom always I see.

4 Then, then shall I know the full beauty and grace
Of Jesus, my Lord, when I stand face to face
Shall know how His love went before me each day,
And wonder that ever my eyes turned away.

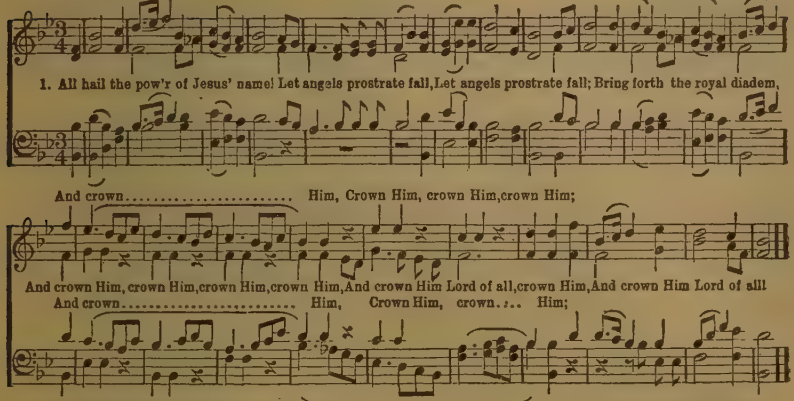
No. 207. Expostulation.

Josiah Hopkins. *Second Tune.* Koschat.


1. O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die, When God in great mercy is coming so nigh? Now Jesus invites you,
the Spirit says "come." And angels are waiting to welcome you home, And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

No, 208. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name,

E. Perronet. *First Tune.* James Ellor.


1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall, Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown..... Him, Crown Him, crown Him, crown Him;
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all!
And crown..... Him, Crown Him, crown... Him;
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown..... Him; And crown Him Lord of all!

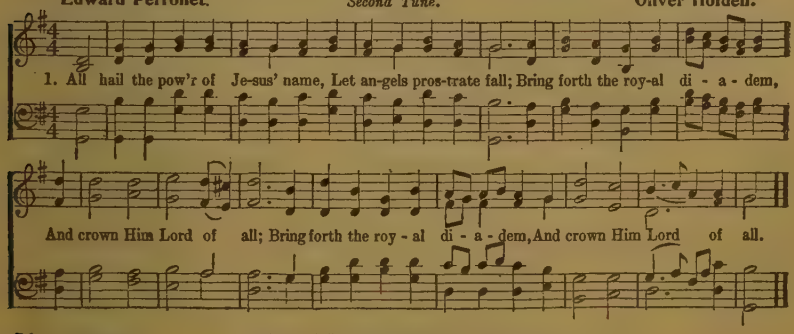
2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall;
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall,
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

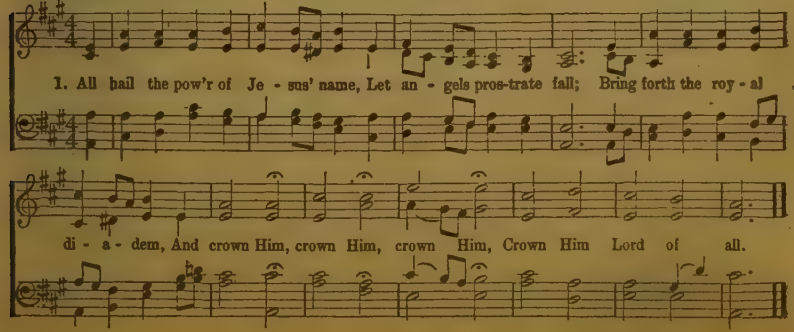
No. 209. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Edward Perronet. *Second Tune.* Oliver Holden.


1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name, Let an-gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy-al di - a - dem,
And crown Him Lord of all; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.

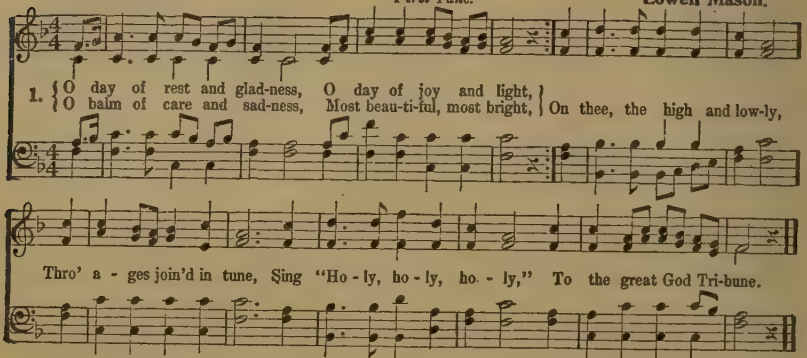
No. 210. All Hail the Power.

Edward Perronet. *Third Tune.* William Shrubsole.


1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al
di - a - dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.

No. 211. O Day of Rest and Gladness.

Wordsworth. *First Tune.* Lowell Mason.


1. O day of rest and glad-ness, O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sad-ness, Most beau-ti-ful, most bright, On thee, the high and low-ly,
Thro' a - ges join'd in tune, Sing "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly," To the great God Tri-bune.

2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth
On thee, our Lord, victorious,
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.

3 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

4 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The church her voice upraises
To thee, blest Three in One.

No. 212. In Heavenly Love Abiding.

First or Second Tune.

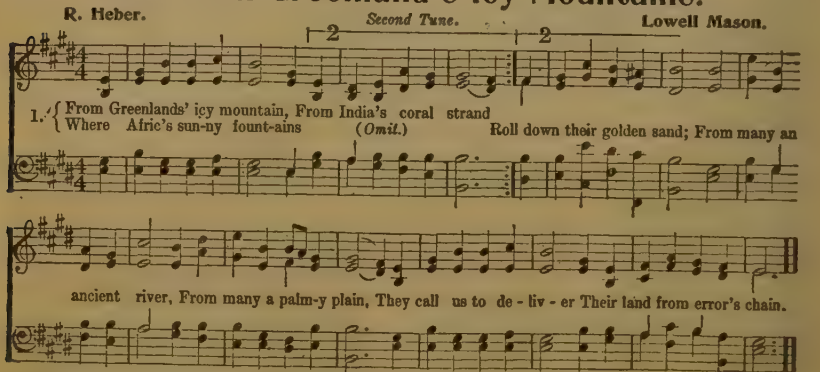
1 In heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear;
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here.
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

2 Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim,
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure,
My path to life is free,
My Savior has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

No. 213. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

R. Heber. *Second Tune.* Lowell Mason.


2 2
1. From Greenlands' icy mountain, From India's coral strand
Where Afric's sun-ny fount-ains (*Omit.*) Roll down their golden sand; From many an
ancient river, From many a palm-y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from error's chain.

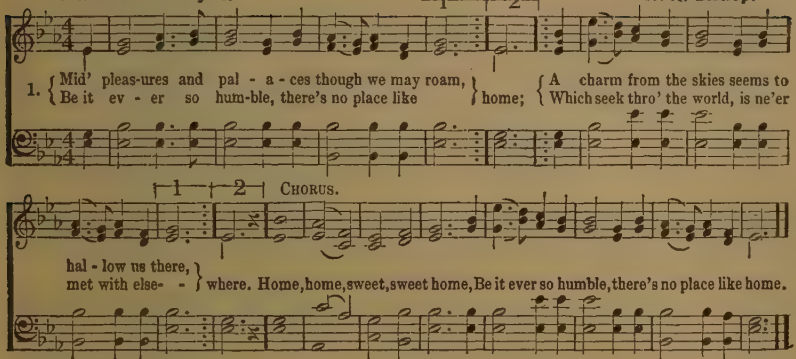
2 What tho' the spicy breezes,
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Tho' every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness,
Bow down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose soul is lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

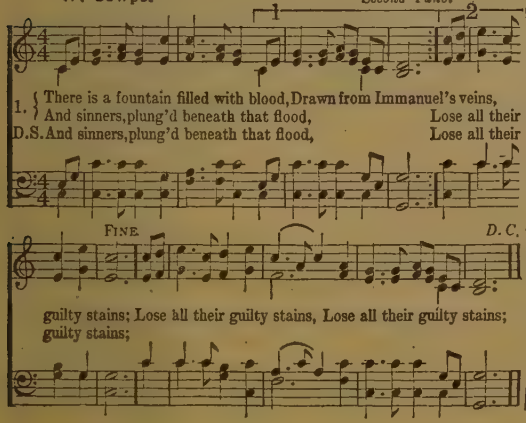
No. 214. Home, Sweet Home.

John Howard Payne. H. R. Bishop.


1. Mid' pleas-ures and pal - a - ces though we may roam, Be it ev - er so hum-ble, there's no place like home; A charm from the skies seems to Which seek thro' the world, is ne'er
CHORUS.
hal - low us there, met with else- - where. Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

No. 215. There is a Fountain.

W. Cowper *Second Tune.* Lowell Mason.


1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their
D.S. And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their
FINE
D. C.
guilty stains; Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains; guilty stains;

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, tho' vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

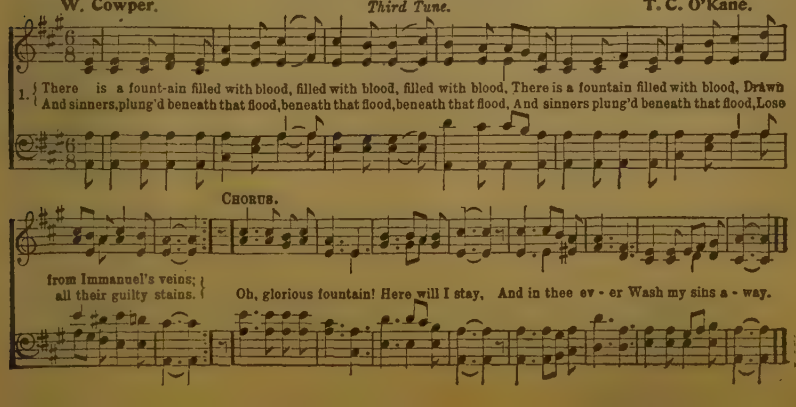
3 Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

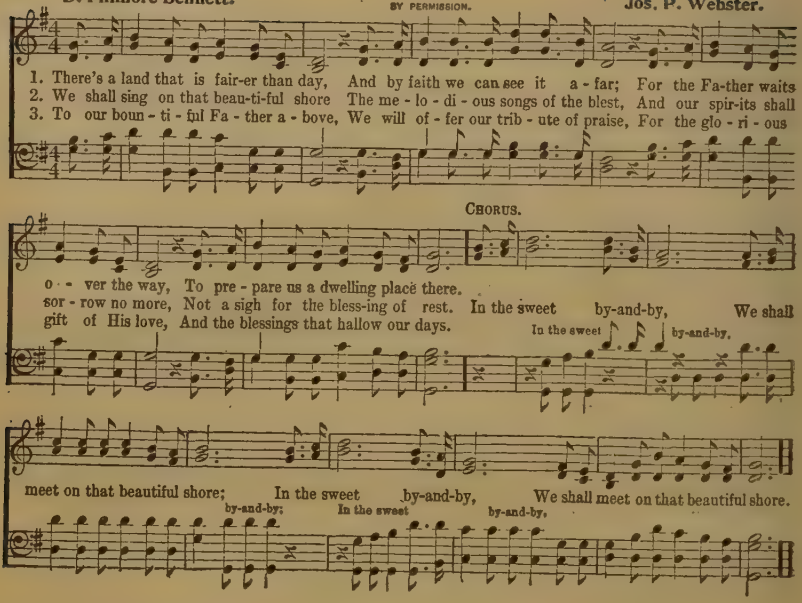
No. 216. Glorious Fountain.

W. Cowper. *Third Tune.* T. C. O'Kane.


1. There is a fount-ain filled with blood, filled with blood, filled with blood, There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, beneath that flood, beneath that flood, And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, Lose
CHORUS.
from Immanuel's veins; all their guilty stains.
Oh, glorious fountain! Here will I stay, And in thee ev - er Wash my sins a - way.

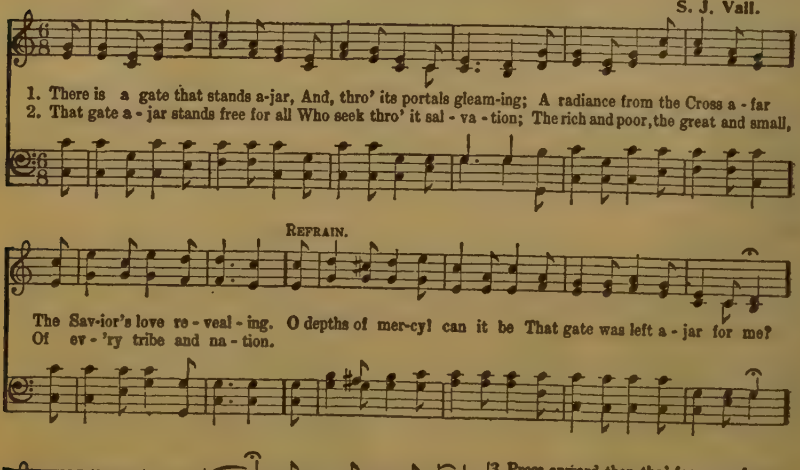
No. 217. Sweet By-and-By.

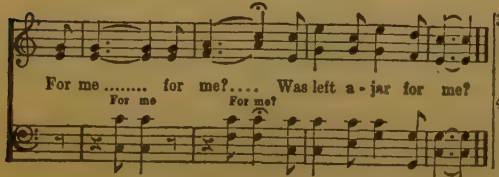
S. Fillmore Bennett. BY PERMISSION. Jos. P. Webster.


1. There's a land that is fair-er than day, And by faith we can see it a - far; For the Fa-ther waits
2. We shall sing on that beau-ti-ful shore The me - lo - di - ous songs of the blest, And our spir-its shall
3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer our trib - ute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous
CHORUS.
o - ver the way, To pre - pare us a dwelling place there.
sor - row no more, Not a sigh for the bless-ing of rest. In the sweet by-and-by, We shall
gift of His love, And the blessings that hallow our days.
In the sweet by-and-by,
meet on that beautiful shore; In the sweet by-and-by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore.
by-and-by; In the sweet by-and-by,

No. 218. The Gate Ajar.

S. J. Vail.


1. There is a gate that stands a-jar, And, thro' its portals gleam-ing; A radiance from the Cross a - far
2. That gate a - jar stands free for all Who seek thro' it sal - va - tion; The rich and poor, the great and small,
REFRAIN.
The Sav-ior's love re - veal - ing. O depths of mer-cy! can it be That gate was left a - jar for me?
Of ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion.

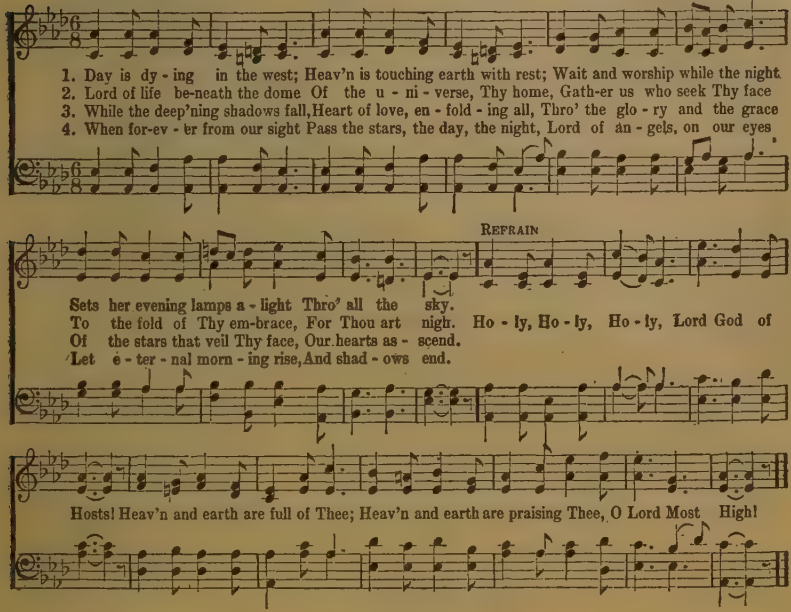


3 Press onward, then, tho' foes may frown,
While mercy's gate is open,
Accept the cross, and win the crown,
Love's everlasting token.

4 Beyond the river's brink we'll lay
The cross that here is given,
And bear the crown of life away,
And love Him more in heaven.

No. 219. Day is Dying in the West.

Mary Ann Lathbury. COPYRIGHT, 1877, BY J. H. VINCENT. William F. Sherwin.


1. Day is dy - ing in the west; Heav'n is touching earth with rest; Wait and worship while the night
2. Lord of life be-neath the dome Of the u - ni - verse, Thy home, Gath-er us who seek Thy face
3. While the deep'ning shadows fall, Heart of love, en - fold - ing all, Thro' the glo - ry and the grace
4. When for-ev - er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of an - gels, on our eyes
REFRAIN
Sets her evening lamps a - light Thro' all the sky.
To the fold of Thy em-brace, For Thou art nigh. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of
Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts as - scend.
Let e - ter - nal morn - ing rise, And shad - ows end.
Hosts! Heav'n and earth are full of Thee; Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord Most High!

No. 220. How Great Thy Name.

Psalm 8. Tune above.

1 Lord, our Lord, o'er earth's vast
How exalted is Thy name! [frame,
Who hast set Thy glory bright
Far above the heaven's height,
How great Thy name!

REFRAIN
Lord, our Lord, in all the earth,
How great Thy name!
Who hast set Thy glory bright
Far above the heaven's height,
How great Thy name!

2 From the mouth of children young,
From the infant's lisping tongue,
Thou hast needed strength ordained
Thus Thy vengeful foes restrained.
How great Thy name!

3 When Thy heaven's I survey,
Which Thy fingers' work display,
When the moon and stars I see
Ordered all by Thy decree.
How great thy name!

4 What is man that in Thy mind
He a constant place should find?
What the son of man that he
Should be visited by Thee?
How great Thy name!

5 Thou his station didst ordain
Just below the angel train;
Glory Thou hast o'er him shed,
And with honor crowned his head,
How great Thy name!

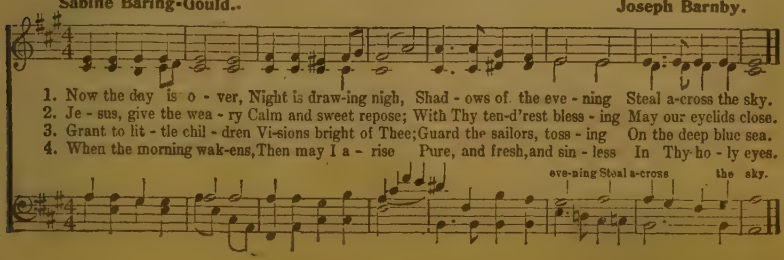
6 Thou hast given him Command
O'er the creatures of Thy hand;
And beneath his feet hast laid
All the works which Thou hast [made;
How great Thy name!

7 Flocks and cattle, every tribe,
Beasts that in the field abide,
Birds that thro'the heaven's roam
Fish that make the sea their home
How great Thy name!

8 Every living thing that strays,
Thro' the ocean's secret ways
Lord, our Lord, o'er earth's vast
How exalted is Thy name: [frame
How great Thy name!

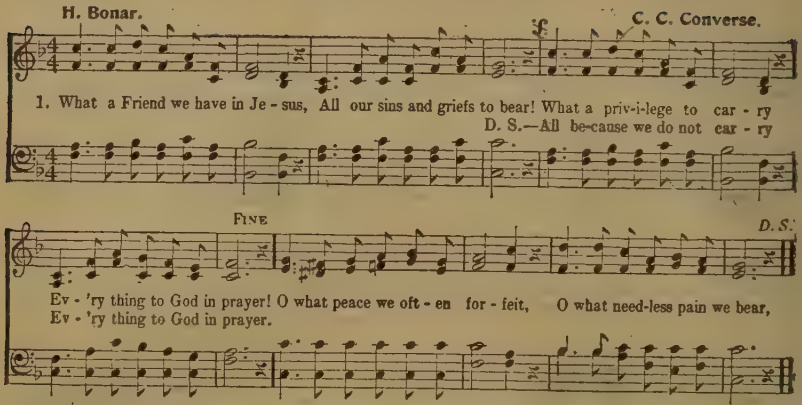
No. 221. Now the Day is Over.

Sabine Baring-Gould. Joseph Barnby.


1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw-ing nigh, Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a-cross the sky.
2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet repose; With Thy ten-d'rest bless - ing May our eyelids close.
3. Grant to lit - tle chil - dren Vi-sions bright of Thee; Guard the sailors, toss - ing On the deep blue sea.
4. When the morning wak-ens, Then may I a - rise Pure, and fresh, and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.
eve-ning Steal a-cross the sky.

No. 222. What a Friend.

H. Bonar. C. C. Converse.


1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear! What a priv-i-lege to car - ry
D. S.—All be-cause we do not car - ry
FINE
D. S.
Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer! O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what need-less pain we bear,
Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer.

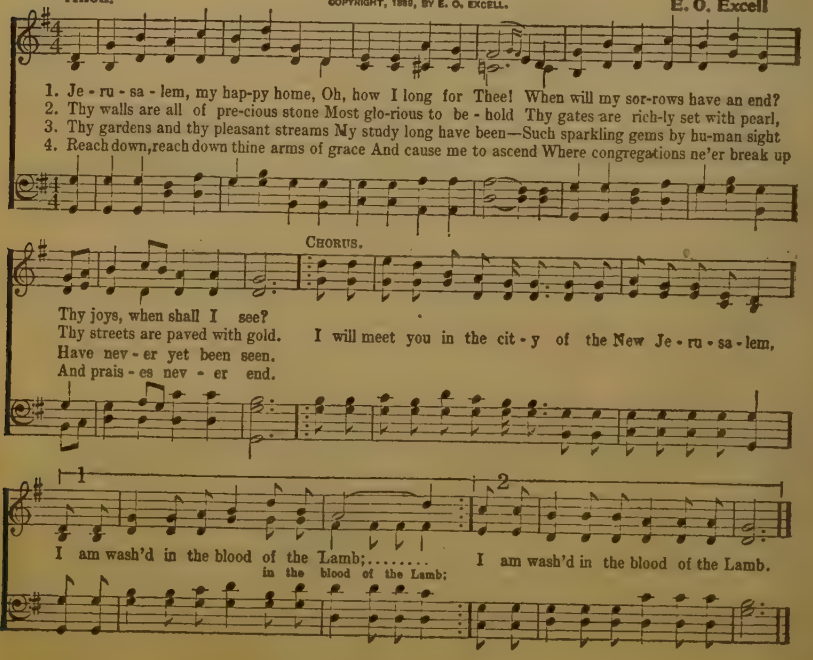
1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry,
Every thing to God in prayer!

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?—
Precious Savior, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer,
In His arms He'll take and shield
Thou wilt find a solace there. [thee,

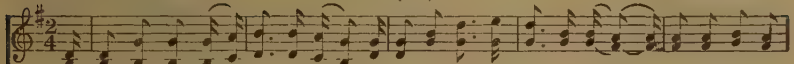
No. 223. My Happy Home.

Anon. COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell

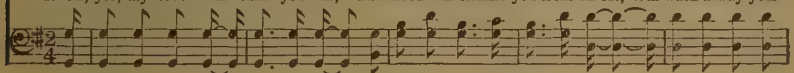

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap-py home, Oh, how I long for Thee! When will my sor-rows have an end?
2. Thy walls are all of pre-cious stone Most glo-rious to be - hold Thy gates are rich-ly set with pearl,
3. Thy gardens and thy pleasant streams My study long have been—Such sparkling gems by hu-man sight
4. Reach down, reach down thine arms of grace And cause me to ascend Where congregations ne'er break up
CHORUS.
Thy joys, when shall I see?
Thy streets are paved with gold.
Have nev - er yet been seen.
And prais - es nev - er end.
I will meet you in the cit - y of the New Je - ru - sa - lem,
1
2
I am wash'd in the blood of the Lamb;.....
I am wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.
in the blood of the Lamb;

No. 224. The Blood is All my Plea.

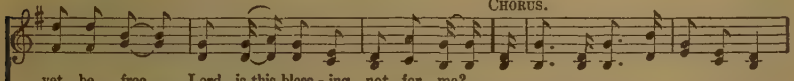
Rev. F. C. Baker. COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. F. Miller.



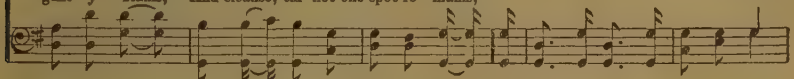
1. I knew that God in His Word had spoken, The pow'r of sin can all be broken, The heart held captive
2. Must I go on in sin and sor-row, To-day in sun-shine, clouds to-mor-row? First I'm sinning,
3. With anguish wrung, I cried, my Lord, Is there not pow'r in Je - sus' blood To make in me a
4. Oh, yes, my love will take you in, The blood will cleanse you from all sin, Will wash a-way your



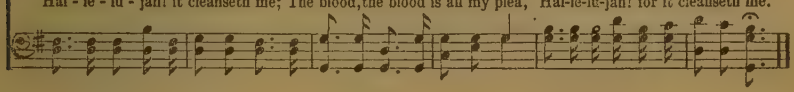
CHORUS.



yet be free Lord, is this bless - ing not for me?
then re - penting, Now I'm stub - born, then re-lenting. The blood, the blood is all my plea,
per - fect cure? To cleanse my heart and keep it pure?
guilt - y stains, And cleanse, till not one spot re - mains,

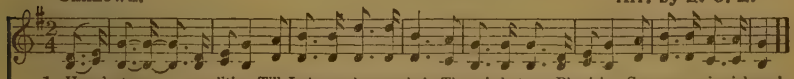


Hal - le - lu - jah! it cleanseth me; The blood, the blood is all my plea, Hal-le-lu-jah! for it cleanseth me.



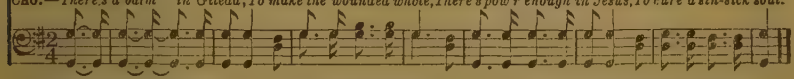
No. 225. Balm In Gilead.

Unknown. Arr. by E. O. E.



1. How lost was my condition, Till Jesus made me whole, There is but one Physician, Can cure a sin-sick soul.
2. The worst of all di-seas-es, Is light compared with sin, On ev-'ry part it seiz-es, But rages most with-in.

CHO.—*There's a balm in Gilead, To make the wounded whole, There's pow'r enough in Jesus, To cure a sin-sick soul.*



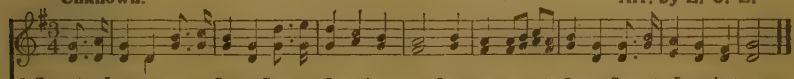
3 'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
And madness all combined,
And none but a believer,
The least relief can find.

4 A dying, risen Jesus
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us
And saves the soul from death.

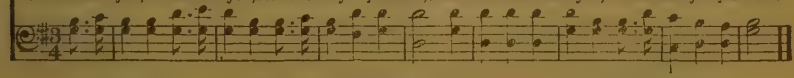
5 Come then to this Physician
His help He'll freely give,
He makes no hard condition,
'Tis only look and live.

No. 226. Come to Jesus.

Unknown. Arr. by E. O. E.



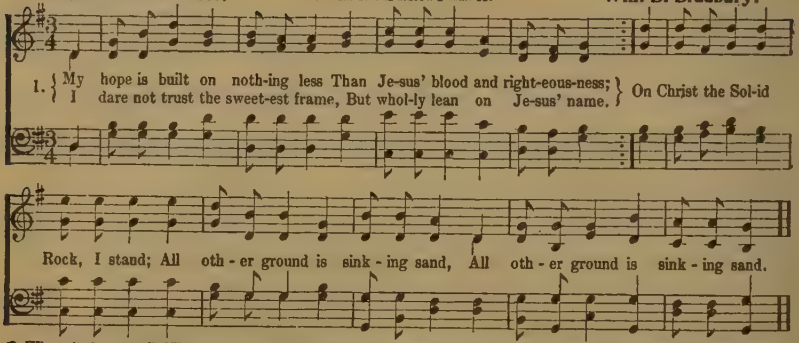
1. Come to Je-sus, come to Jesus, Come to Jesus just now; Just now come to Jesus, Come to Jesus just now.
2. He will save you, He will save you, He will save you just now; Just now He will save you, He will save you just now.



3 He is able.
4 He is willing.
5 Call upon Him.
6 He will hear you.
7 He'll forgive you.
8 He will cleanse you.
9 He'll renew you.
10 Jesus loves you.
11 Only trust Him.

No. 227. The Solid Rock.

Rev. Edward Mote. BY PER. OF THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO. Wm. B. Bradbury.


1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and right-eous-ness;
I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name.
On Christ the Sol-id
Rock, I stand; All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand, All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.

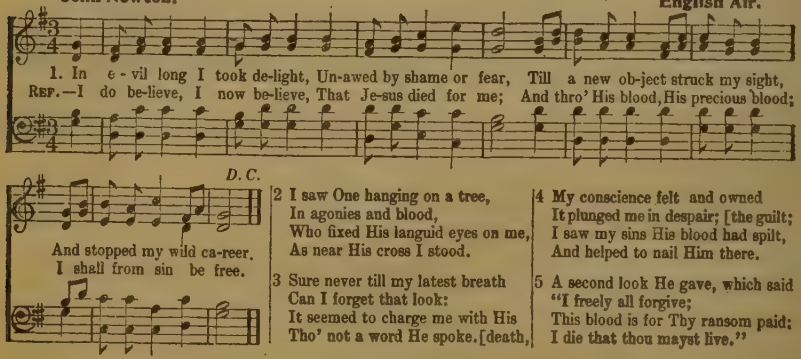
2 When darkness veils His lovely face
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the vail.

3 His oath, His covenant, His blood
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

4 When He shall come with trumpet sound
O may I then in Him be found,
Drest in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne.

No. 228. In Evil Long I Took Delight.

John Newton. English Air.


1. In e - vil long I took de-light, Un-awed by shame or fear, Till a new ob-ject struck my sight,
REF.—I do be-lieve, I now be-lieve, That Je-sus died for me; And thro' His blood, His precious blood;
D. C.
And stopped my wild ca-reer.
I shall from sin be free.

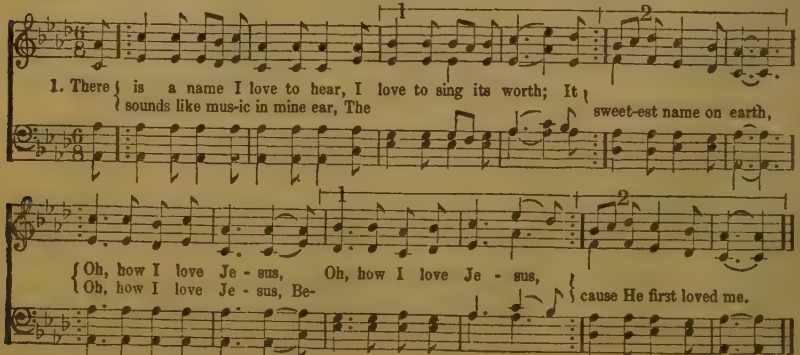
2 I saw One hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fixed His languid eyes on me,
As near His cross I stood.

3 Sure never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look:
It seemed to charge me with His death,
Tho' not a word He spoke.

4 My conscience felt and owned
It plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins His blood had spilt,
And helped to nail Him there.

5 A second look He gave, which said
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for Thy ransom paid;
I die that thou mayst live."

No. 229. Oh, How I Love Jesus.


1
2
1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth; It sounds like mus-ic in mine ear, The sweet-est name on earth,
1
2
Oh, how I love Je - sus, Oh, how I love Je - sus,
Oh, how I love Je - sus, Be- cause He first loved me.

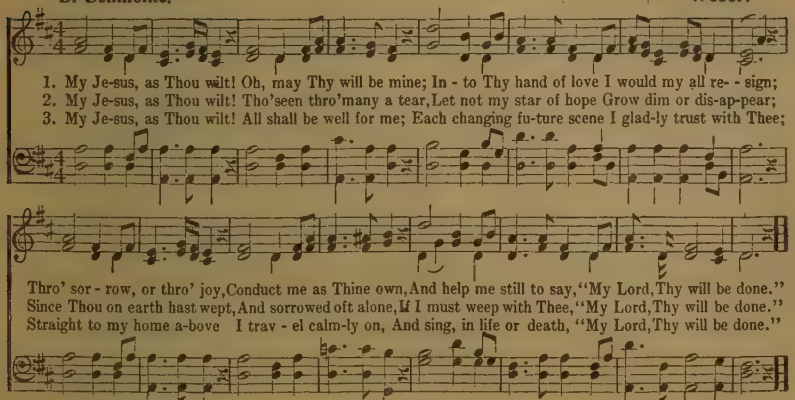
2 It tells me of a Savior's love,
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of His precious blood;
The sinner's perfect plea.

3 It tells me what my Father hath
In store for every day,
And tho' I tread a darksome path,
Yields sunshine all the way.

4 It tells of One whose loving heart
Can feel my deepest woe,
Who in each sorrow bears a part,
That none can bear below.

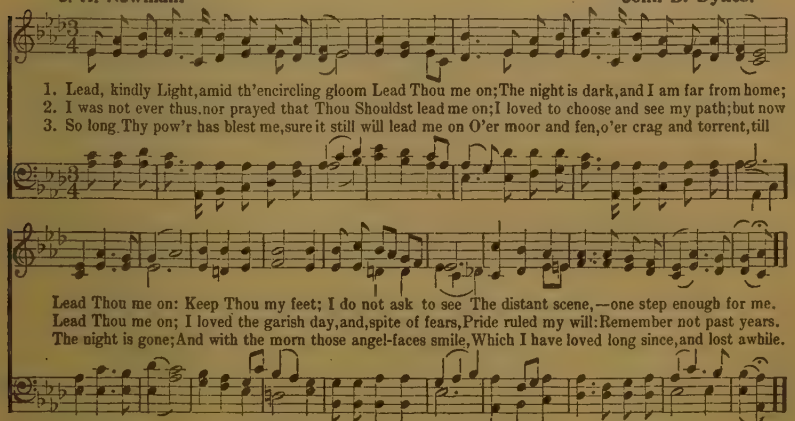
No. 230. My Jesus, as Thou Wilt.

B. Schmolke. Weber.


1. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! Oh, may Thy will be mine; In - to Thy hand of love I would my all re- - sign;
2. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! Tho'seen thro'many a tear, Let not my star of hope Grow dim or dis-ap-pear;
3. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! All shall be well for me; Each changing fu-ture scene I glad-ly trust with Thee;
Thro' sor - row, or thro' joy, Conduct me as Thine own, And help me still to say, "My Lord, Thy will be done."
Since Thou on earth hast wept, And sorrowed oft alone, If I must weep with Thee, "My Lord, Thy will be done."
Straight to my home a-bove I trav - el calm-ly on, And sing, in life or death, "My Lord, Thy will be done."

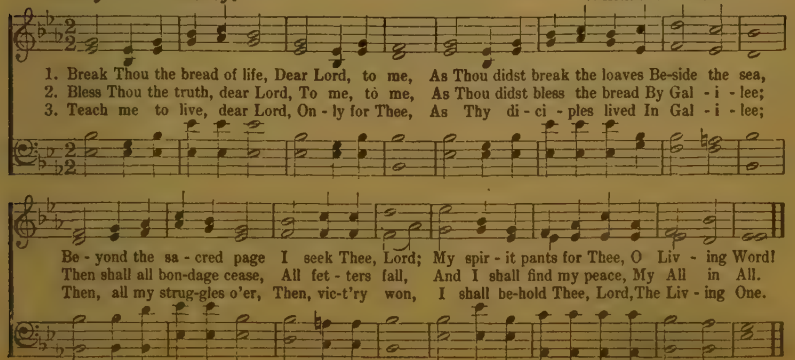
No. 231. Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. Newman. John B. Dykes.


1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th'encircling gloom Lead Thou me on; The night is dark, and I am far from home;
2. I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now
3. So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still will lead me on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
Lead Thou me on: Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see The distant scene,—one step enough for me.
Lead Thou me on; I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will: Remember not past years.
The night is gone; And with the morn those angel-faces smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

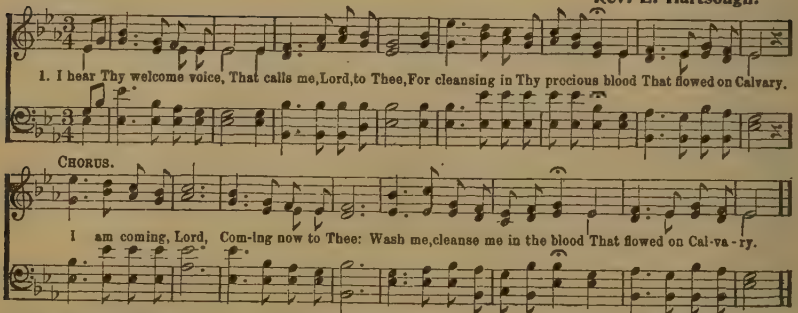
No. 232. Break Thou the Bread of Life.

Mary Ann Lathbury. William F. Sherwin.


1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the loaves Be-side the sea,
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As Thou didst bless the bread By Gal - i - lee;
3. Teach me to live, dear Lord, On - ly for Thee, As Thy di - ci - ples lived In Gal - i - lee;
Be - yond the sa - cred page I seek Thee, Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O Liv - ing Word!
Then shall all bon-dage cease, All fet - ters fall, And I shall find my peace, My All in All.
Then, all my strug-gles o'er, Then, vic-t'ry won, I shall be-hold Thee, Lord, The Liv - ing One.

No. 233. I Am Coming, Lord.

L. H. Rev. L. Hartsough.


1. I hear Thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleansing in Thy precious blood That flowed on Calvary.
CHORUS.
I am coming, Lord, Com-ing now to Thee: Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Cal-va-ry.

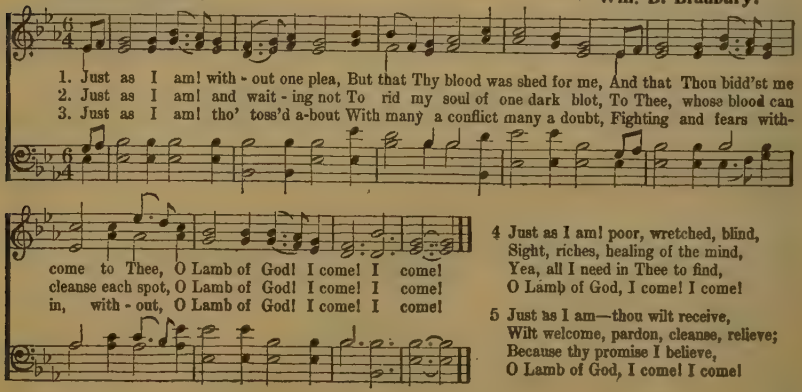
2 Tho' coming weak and vile
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all, and pure.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on,
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust
For earth and heav'n above.

4 And He assurance gives
To loyal hearts and true,
That ev'ry promise is fulfilled
To those who hear and do.

No. 234. Just As I Am.

Charlotte Elliott. Wm. B. Bradbury.

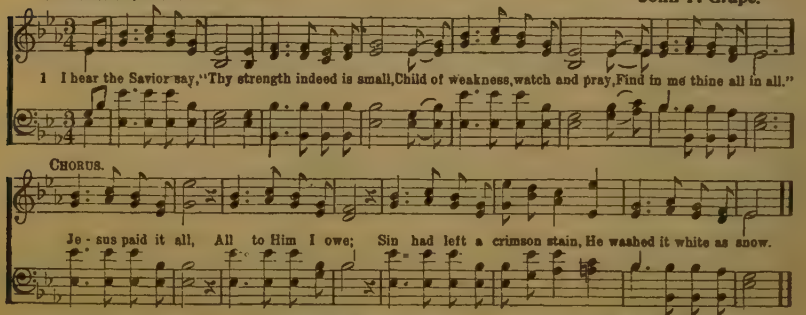

1. Just as I am! with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me, And that Thou bidd'st me
2. Just as I am! and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To Thee, whose blood can
3. Just as I am! tho' toss'd a-bout With many a conflict many a doubt, Fighting and fears with-
come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
in, with-out, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

4 Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

No. 235. Jesus Paid It All.

Mrs. H. M. Hall. John T. Grape.


1 I hear the Savior say, "Thy strength indeed is small, Child of weakness, watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all."
CHORUS.
Je-sus paid it all, All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow.

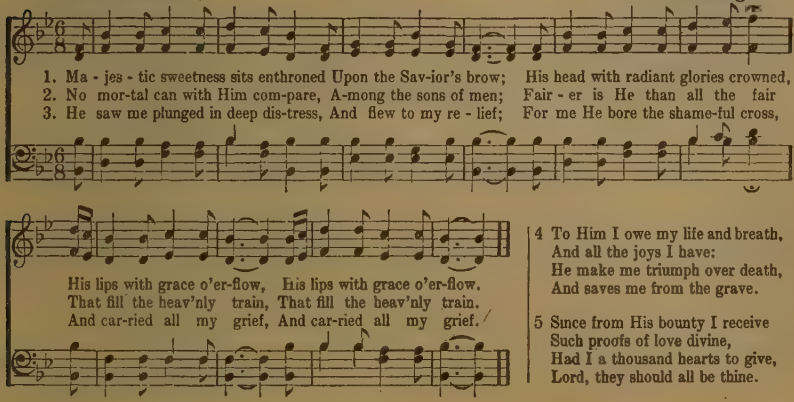
2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.

3 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garments white
In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.

4 And when, before the throne,
I stand in Him complete
"Jesus died my soul to save,"
My lips shall still repeat.

No. 236. Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned,

Samuel Stennett. Thomas Hastings.

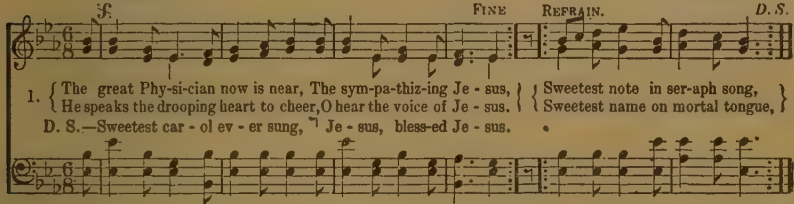

1. Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits enthroned Upon the Sav-ior's brow; His head with radiant glories crowned,
2. No mor-tal can with Him com-pare, A-mong the sons of men; Fair - er is He than all the fair
3. He saw me plunged in deep dis-tress, And flew to my re - lief; For me He bore the shame-ful cross,
His lips with grace o'er-flow, His lips with grace o'er-flow.
That fill the heav'nly train, That fill the heav'nly train.
And car-ried all my grief, And car-ried all my grief.

4 To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have:
He make me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

5 Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

No. 237. The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter J. H. Stockton.


FINE
REFRAIN.
D. S.
1. { The great Phy-si-cian now is near, The sym-pa-thiz-ing Je - sus, } { Sweetest note in ser-aph song, }
{ He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, O hear the voice of Je - sus. } { Sweetest name on mortal tongue, }
D. S.—Sweetest car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.

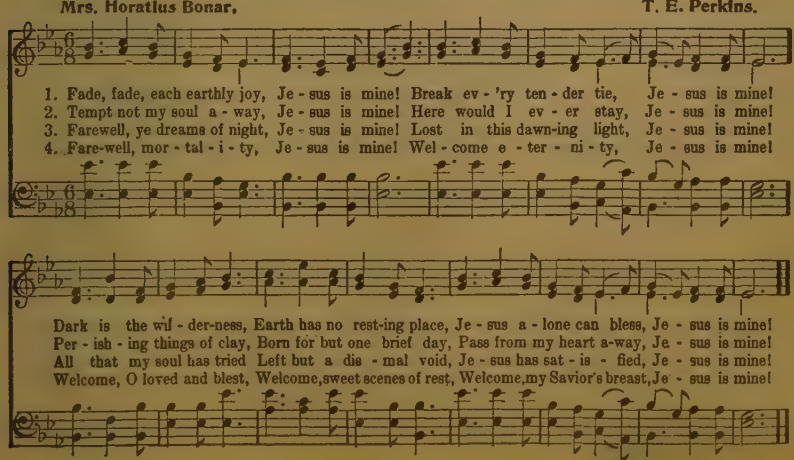
2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh! hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh! how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.

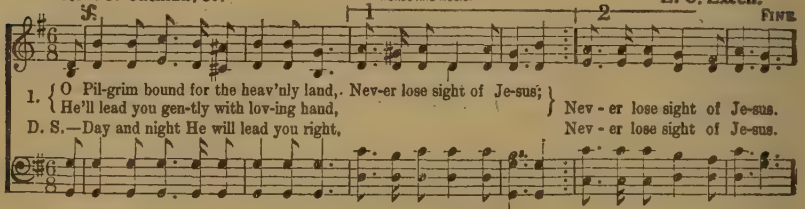
No. 238. Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy.

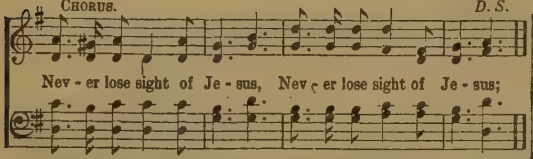
Mrs. Horatius Bonar. T. E. Perkins.


1. Fade, fade, each earthly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break ev - 'ry ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine!
2. Tempt not my soul a - way, Je - sus is mine! Here would I ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine!
3. Farewell, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine! Lost in this dawn-ing light, Je - sus is mine!
4. Fare-well, mor - tal - i - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come e - ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine!
Dark is the wil - der-ness, Earth has no rest-ing place, Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!
Per - ish - ing things of clay, Born for but one brief day, Pass from my heart a-way, Je - sus is mine!
All that my soul has tried Left but a dis - mal void, Je - sus has sat - is - fied, Je - sus is mine!
Welcome, O loved and blest, Welcome, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Savior's breast, Je - sus is mine!

No. 239. Never Lose Sight of Jesus.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.


1
2
FINE
1. O Pil-grim bound for the heav'nly land, Nev-er lose sight of Je-sus;
He'll lead you gen-tly with lov-ing hand, Nev - er lose sight of Je-sus.
D. S.—Day and night He will lead you right, Nev - er lose sight of Je-sus.



1 O Pilgrim bound for the heavenly land,
Never lose sight of Jesus;
He'll lead you gently with loving hand,
Never lose sight of Jesus.

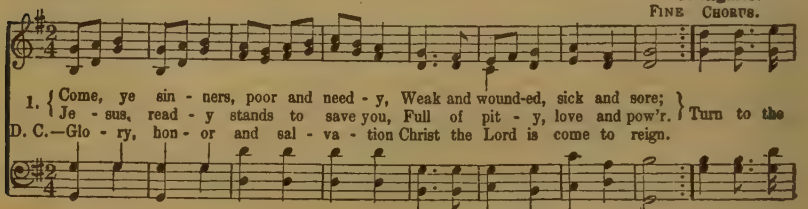
2 When-e'er you're tempted to go astray,
Never lose sight of Jesus;
Press onward, upward, the narrow way,
Never lose sight of Jesus.

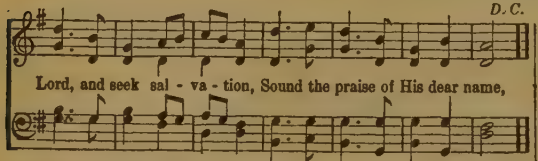
3 Tho' dark the pathway may seem ahead,
Never lose sight of Jesus;
"I will be with you," His word hath said,
Never lose sight of Jesus.

4 When death is knocking outside the door,
Never lose sight of Jesus;
Till safely landed on Canaan's shore,
Never lose sight of Jesus.

No. 240. Come, Ye Sinners.

Hart. J. Ingalls.


FINE CHORUS.
1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore;
Je - sus, read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r. Turn to the
D. C.—Glo - ry, hon - or and sal - va - tion Christ the Lord is come to reign.



2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Ev'ry grace that brings you nigh.

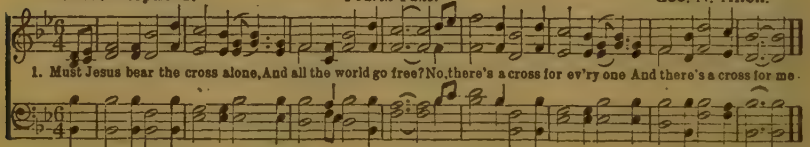
3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Your Redeemer prostrate lies,
On the bloody tree behold Him!
Hear Him cry, before He dies.

No. 241. Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

Thos. Shepherd. *Fourth Tune.* Geo. N. Allen.



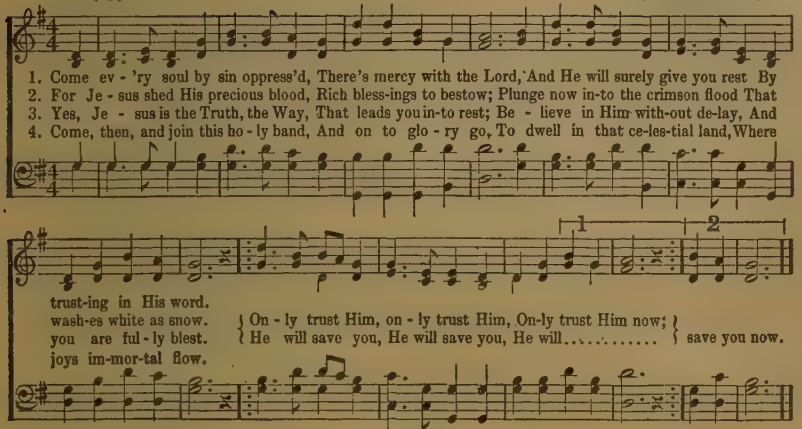
2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

4 Upon the crystal pavement, down,
At Jesus pierced feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown
And His dear name repeat.

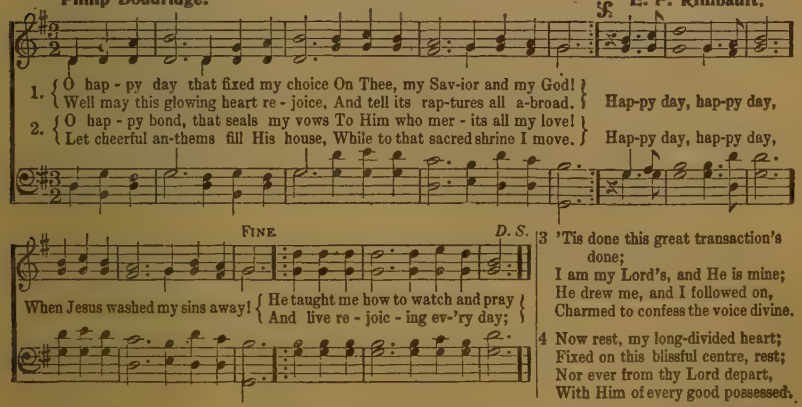
No. 242 Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. J. H. Stockton.


1. Come ev - 'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mercy with the Lord, And He will surely give you rest By
2. For Je - sus shed His precious blood, Rich bless-ings to bestow; Plunge now in-to the crimson flood That
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in-to rest; Be - lieve in Him with-out de-lay, And
4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go, To dwell in that ce-les-tial land, Where
1
2
trust-ing in His word.
wash-es white as snow.
you are ful - ly blest.
joys im-mor-tal flow.
On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On-ly trust Him now;
He will save you, He will save you, He will..... save you now.

No. 243. O Happy Day.

Philip Doddridge. E. F. Rimbault.

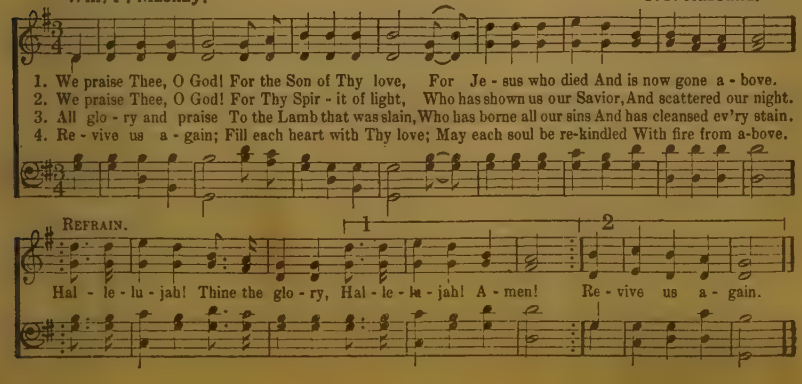

1. O hap - py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-ior and my God!
Well may this glowing heart re - joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad.
Hap-py day, hap-py day,
2. O hap - py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer - its all my love!
Let cheerful an-thems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move.
Hap-py day, hap-py day,
FINE.
D. S.
When Jesus washed my sins away!
He taught me how to watch and pray
And live re - joic - ing ev-'ry day;

3 'Tis done this great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

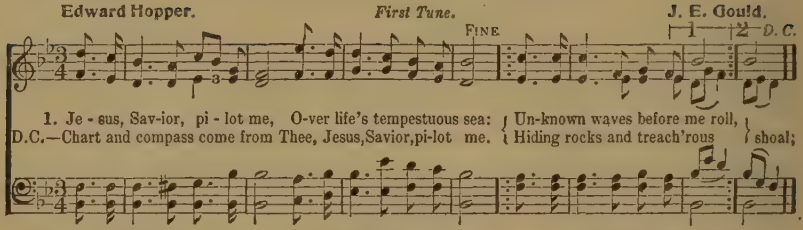
No. 244. Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay. J. J. Husband.


1. We praise Thee, O God! For the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who died And is now gone a - bove.
2. We praise Thee, O God! For Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our Savior, And scattered our night.
3. All glo - ry and praise To the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our sins And has cleansed ev'ry stain.
4. Re - vive us a - gain; Fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re-kindled With fire from a-bove.
REFRAIN.
1
2
Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men!
Re - vive us a - gain.

No. 245. Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper. *First Tune.* J. E. Gould.


FINE
1
2
D. C.
1. Je - sus, Sav-ior, pi - lot me, O-ver life's tempestuous sea: Un-known waves before me roll,
D.C.—Chart and compass come from Thee, Jesus, Savior, pi-lot me. Hiding rocks and treach'rous shoal;

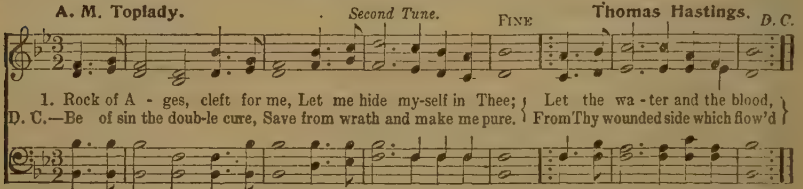
1 Jesus, Savior, pilot me,
Over life's tempestuous sea:
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rocks and treach'rous shoal;
Chart and compass come from Thee
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves, obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twix me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

No. 246. Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady. *Second Tune.* FINE Thomas Hastings. D. C.


1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood,
D. C.—Be of sin the doub-le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure. From Thy wounded side which flow'd

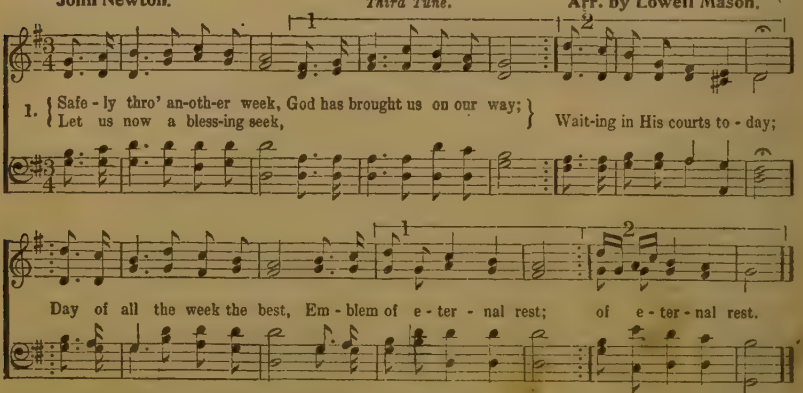
1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

No. 247. Safely Through Another Week.

John Newton. *Third Tune.* Arr. by Lowell Mason.


1
2
1. Safe - ly thro' an-oth-er week, God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a bless-ing seek, Wait-ing in His courts to - day;
Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest; of e - ter - nal rest.

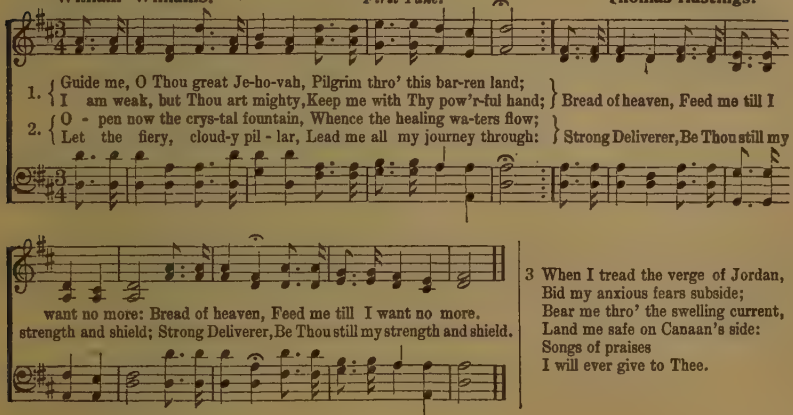
2 While we pray for pard'ning grace,
Thro' the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciled face,
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in Thee.

3 Here we come Thy name to praise;
Let us feel Thy pesence near;
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in Thy house appear;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief to all complaints;
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

No. 248. Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

William Williams. *First Tune.* Thomas Hastings.


1. Guide me, O Thou great Je-ho-vah, Pilgrim thro' this bar-ren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty, Keep me with Thy pow'r-ful hand; Bread of heaven, Feed me till I
2. O - pen now the crys-tal fountain, Whence the healing wa-ters flow;
Let the fiery, cloud-y pil - lar, Lead me all my journey through: Strong Deliverer, Be Thou still my
want no more: Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.
strength and shield; Strong Deliverer, Be Thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me thro' the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

No. 249. Good News.

First or Second Tune.

1 On the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion, long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive!
God himself shall loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely send.

No. 250. Hallelujah!

First or Second Tune.

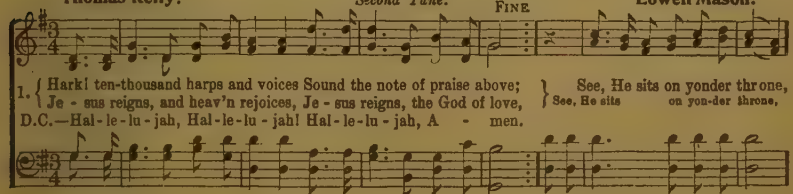
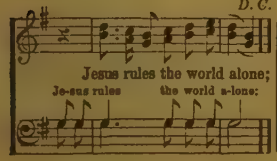
1 O Thou God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin;
Moved by Thy divine compassion,
Who hast died my heart to win,
I will praise Thee;
Where shall I Thy praise begin?

2 Though unseen, I love the Savior;
He hath brought salvation near;
Manifests His pardoning favor;
And when Jesus doth appear,
Soul and body
Shall His glorious image bear.

3 While the angel choirs are crying,
"Glory to the great I AM,"
I with them will still be vying—
"Glory! glory to the Lamb!"
O how precious
Is the sound of Jesus' name!

No. 251. Hark! Ten Thousand.

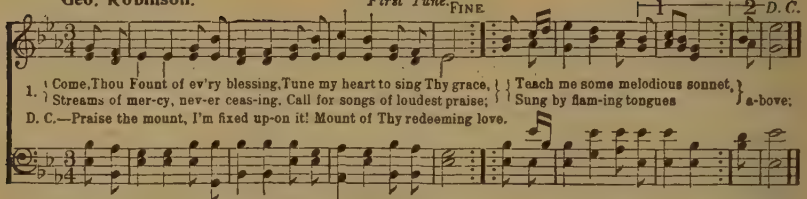
Thomas Kelly. *Second Tune.* FINE. Lowell Mason.


1. Hark! ten-thousand harps and voices Sound the note of praise above;
Je - sus reigns, and heav'n rejoices, Je - sus reigns, the God of love,
See, He sits on yonder throne,
See, He sits on yon-der throne.
D.C.—Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.

2 Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens,
All above, and gives it worth;
Lord of life, Thy smile enlightens,
Cheers and charms Thy saints on earth;
When we think of love like Thine,
Lord, we own it love divine:

3 King of glory, reign forever;
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from Thy love shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made Thine own;
Happy objects of Thy grace,
Destined to behold Thy face.

No. 252 Come, Thou Fount.

Geo. Robinson. *First Tune.* FINE John Wyeth. D. C.


1. Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace, Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing. Call for songs of loudest praise; Sung by flam-ing tongues a-bove;
D. C.—Praise the mount, I'm fixed up-on it! Mount of Thy redeeming love.

1 Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace,
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it!
Mount of Thy redeeming love.

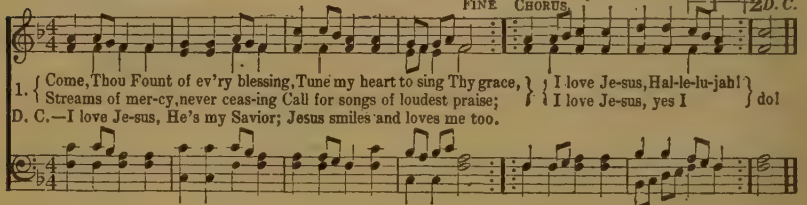
2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'll come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home:
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love; [it,
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal
Seal it for Thy courts above.

No. 253. I Love Jesus, He's My Savior.

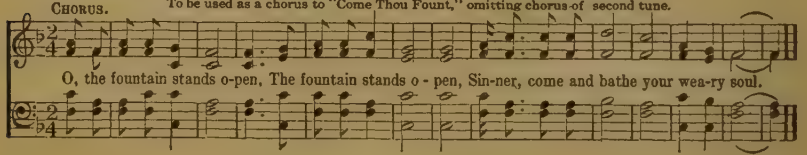
Geo. Robinson. *Second Tune.* J. J. Rousseau.

FINE CHORUS. D. C.


1. Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace, I love Je-sus, Hal-le-lu-jah!
Streams of mer-cy, never ceas-ing Call for songs of loudest praise; I love Je-sus, yes I do!
D. C.—I love Je-sus, He's my Savior; Jesus smiles and loves me too.

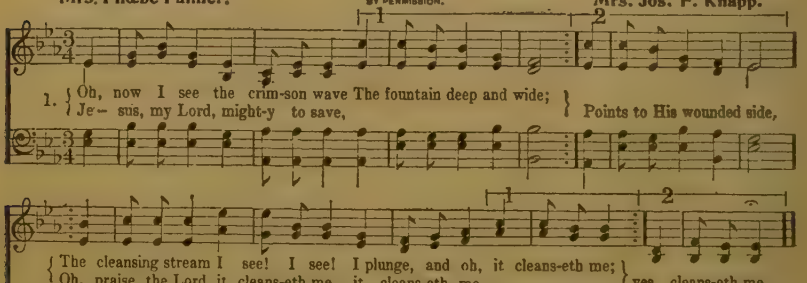
No. 254. The Fountain Stands Open.

CHORUS. To be used as a chorus to "Come Thou Fount," omitting chorus of second tune.



No. 255. The Gleansing Wave.

Mrs. Phœbe Palmer. BY PERMISSION. Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.


1. Oh, now I see the crim-son wave The fountain deep and wide;
Je- sus, my Lord, might-y to save, Points to His wounded side,
The cleansing stream I see! I see! I plunge, and oh, it cleans-eth me;
Oh, praise the Lord, it cleans-eth me, it cleans-eth me, yes, cleans-eth me.

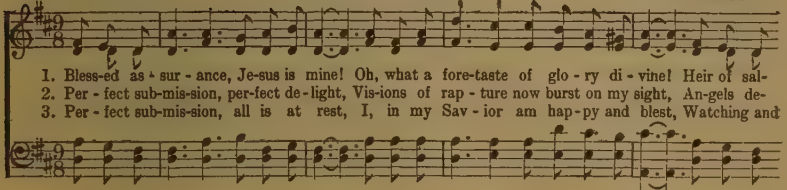
2 I see the new creation rise,
I hear the speaking blood:
Jesus my Lord, mighty to save,
Points to His wounded side.

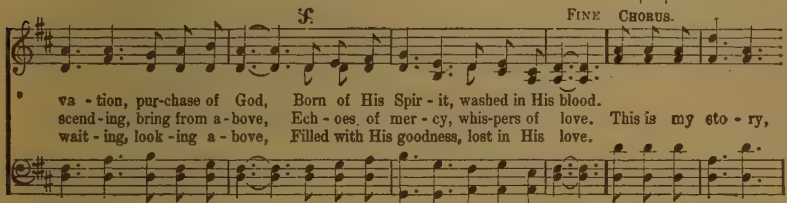
3 I rise to walk in heav'n's own light,
Above the world and sin, [white
With heart made pure and garments
And Christ enthroned within.

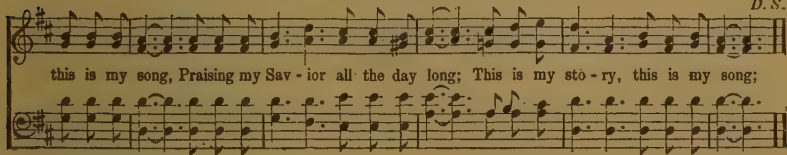
4 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below
To feel the blood applied;
And Jesus, only Jesus know,
My Jesus crucified.

No. 256. Blessed Assurance.

F. J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1873, BY JOS. F. KNAPP. Mrs. J. F. Knapp.

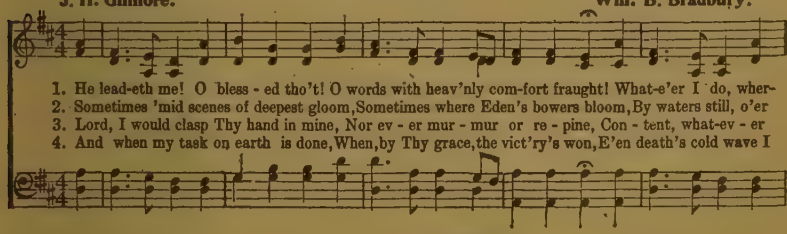

1. Bless-ed as - sur - ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal-
2. Per - fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de - light, Vis-ions of rap - ture now burst on my sight, An-gels de-
3. Per - fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I, in my Sav - ior am hap-py and blest, Watching and

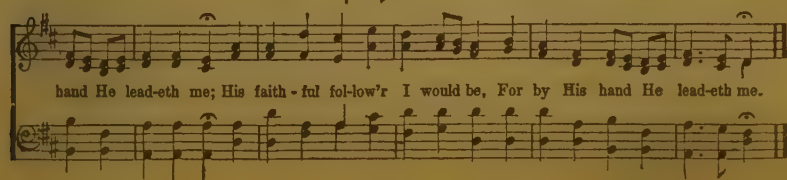

FINE
CHORUS.
va - tion, pur-chase of God, Born of His Spir - it, washed in His blood.
scend-ing, bring from a-bove, Ech - oes of mer - cy, whis-pers of love. This is my sto - ry,
wait - ing, look - ing a - bove, Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.
D. C.—Prais-ing my Sav - ior all the day long.



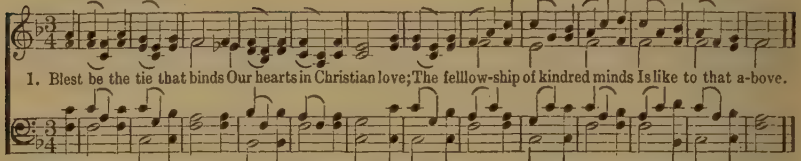
No. 257. He Leadeth Me.

J. H. Gilmore. Wm. B. Bradbury.


1. He lead-eth me! O bless - ed tho't! O words with heav'nly com-fort fraught! What-e'er I do, wher-
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom, By waters still, o'er
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur or re - pine, Con - tent, what-ev - er
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vict'ry's won, E'en death's cold wave I
CHORUS.
e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
troub-led sea, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me. He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me, By His own
lot I see, Since 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead-eth me.



No. 258. Blest Be the Tie.

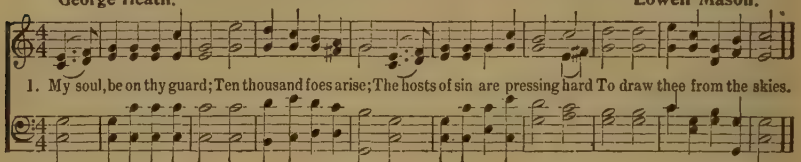
John Fawcett. Hans George Naegeli.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers; [one,
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

No. 259. My Soul, Be on Thy Guard.

George Heath. Lowell Mason.



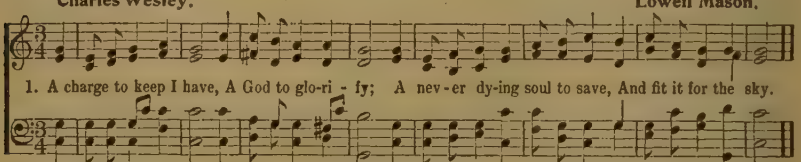
2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God:
He'll take thee, at thy parting
To His divine abode. [breath,

No. 260. A Charge to Keep.

Charles Wesley. Lowell Mason.



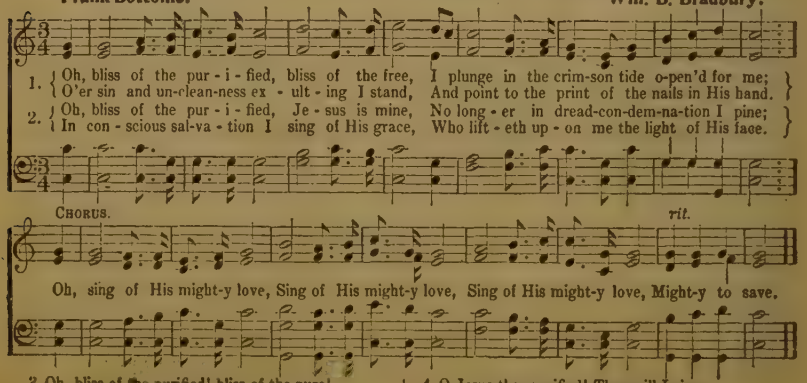
2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,
Oh, may it all my pow'rs engage,
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

No. 261. O Sing of His Mighty Love.

Frank Bottome. Wm. B. Bradbury.

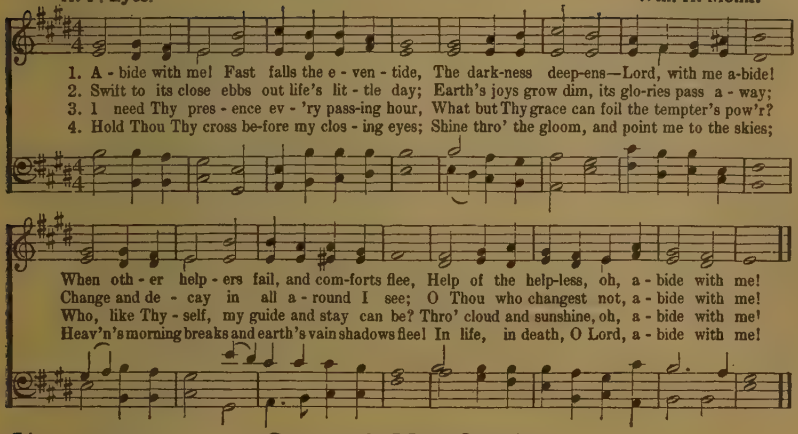

1. Oh, bliss of the pur - i - fied, bliss of the free, I plunge in the crim-son tide o-pen'd for me;
O'er sin and un-clean-ness ex - ult - ing I stand, And point to the print of the nails in His hand.
2. Oh, bliss of the pur - i - fied, Je - sus is mine, No long - er in dread-con-dem-na-tion I pine;
In con - scious sal-va - tion I sing of His grace, Who lift - eth up - on me the light of His face.
Chorus.
rit.
Oh, sing of His might-y love, Sing of His might-y love, Sing of His might-y love, Might-y to save.

3 Oh, bliss of the purified! bliss of the pure!
No wound hath the soul that His blood cannot cure;
No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find rest,
No tears but may dry them on Jesus' breast.

4 O Jesus the crucified! Thee will I sing,
My blessed Redeemer, my God and my King;
My soul, filled with rapture, shall shout o'er the grave,
And triumph in death in the "Mighty to Save."

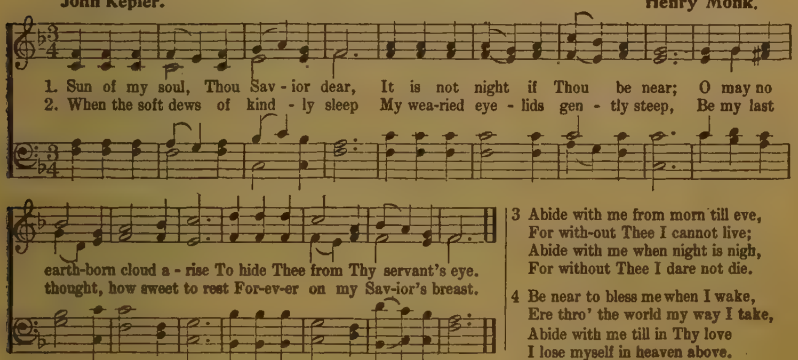
No. 262. Abide With Me.

H. F. Lyte. Wm. H. Monk.


1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark-ness deep-ens—Lord, with me a-bide!
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo-ries pass a - way;
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass-ing hour, What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be-fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies;
When oth - er help - ers fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a - bide with me!
Change and de - cay in all a - round I see; O Thou who changest not, a - bide with me!
Who, like Thy - self, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, a - bide with me!
Heav'n's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

No. 263. Sun of My Soul.

John Kepler. Henry Monk.

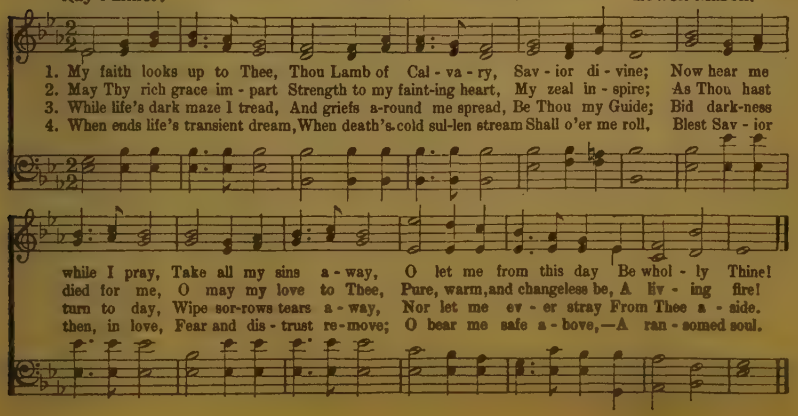

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near; O may no
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wea-ried eye - lids gen - tly steep, Be my last
earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eye.
thought, how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-ior's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For with-out Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 Be near to bless me when I wake,
Ere thro' the world my way I take,
Abide with me till in Thy love
I lose myself in heaven above.

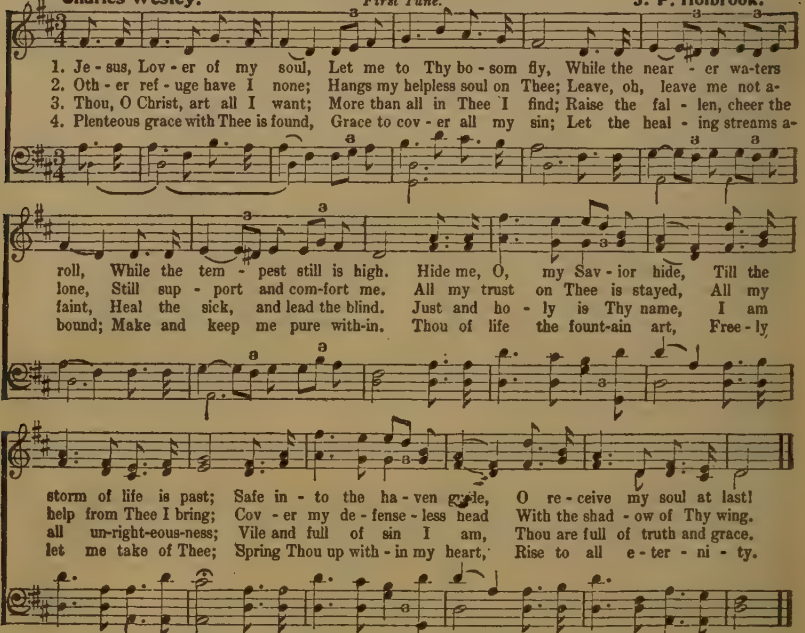
No. 264. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer. Lowell Mason.


1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - ior di - vine; Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint-ing heart, My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a-round me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid dark-ness
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sul-len stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav - ior
while I pray, Take all my sins a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
died for me, O may my love to Thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire!
turn to day, Wipe sor-rows tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
then, in love, Fear and dis - trust re-move; O bear me safe a - bove,—A ran - somed soul.

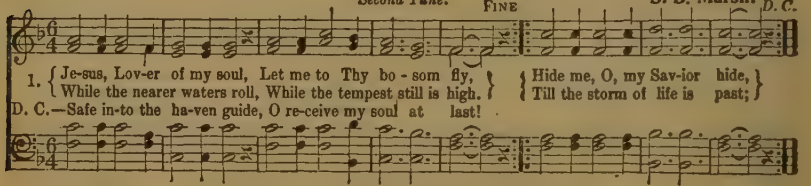
No. 265. Jesus Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley. *First Tune.* J. P. Holbrook.


1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, While the near - er wa-ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high. Hide me, O, my Sav - ior hide, Till the
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on Thee; Leave, oh, leave me not a-lone, Still sup - port and com-fort me. All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find; Raise the fal - len, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind. Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un-right-eous-ness;
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin; Let the heal - ing streams a-bound; Make and keep me pure with-in. Thou of life the fount-ain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee;
storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!
Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
Vile and full of sin I am, Thou are full of truth and grace.
Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

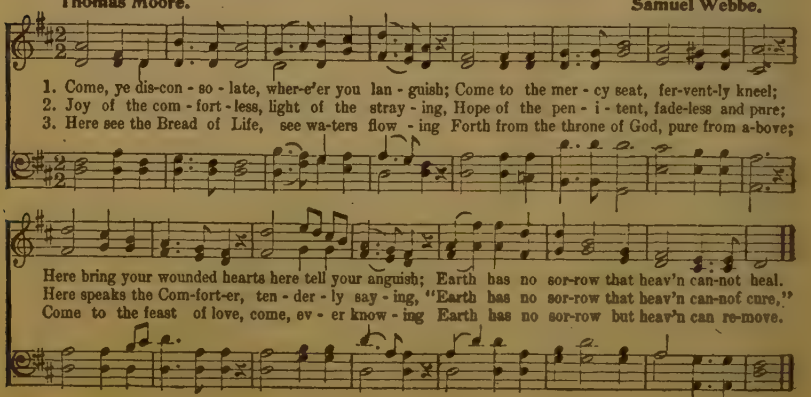
No. 266. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Second Tune. FINE S. B. Marsh. D. C.


1. { Je-sus, Lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high. } { Hide me, O, my Sav-ior hide, Till the storm of life is past; }
D. C.—Safe in-to the ha-ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last!

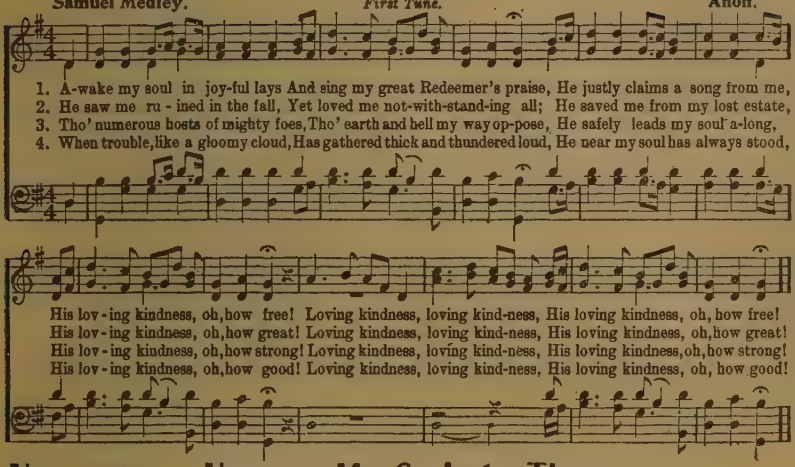
No. 267. Come, Ye Disconsolate.

Thomas Moore. Samuel Webbe.


1. Come, ye dis-con - so - late, wher-e'er you lan - guish; Come to the mer - cy seat, fer-vent-ly kneel;
2. Joy of the com - fort - less, light of the stray - ing, Hope of the pen - i - tent, fade-less and pure;
3. Here see the Bread of Life, see wa-ters flow - ing Forth from the throne of God, pure from a-bove;
Here bring your wounded hearts here tell your anguish; Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can-not heal.
Here speaks the Com-fort-er, ten - der - ly say - ing, "Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can-not cure."
Come to the feast of love, come, ev - er know - ing Earth has no sor-row but heav'n can re-move.

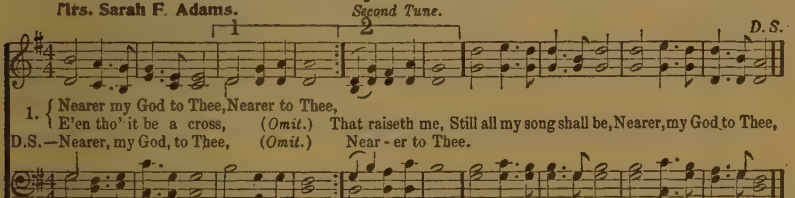
No. 268. Loving Kindness.

Samuel Medley. *First Tune.* Anon.


1. A-wake my soul in joy-ful lays And sing my great Redeemer's praise, He justly claims a song from me,
2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me not-with-stand-ing all; He saved me from my lost estate,
3. Tho' numerous hosts of mighty foes, Tho' earth and hell my way op-pose, He safely leads my soul a-long,
4. When trouble, like a gloomy cloud, Has gathered thick and thundered loud, He near my soul has always stood,
His lov - ing kindness, oh, how free! Loving kindness, loving kind-ness, His loving kindness, oh, how free!
His lov - ing kindness, oh, how great! Loving kindness, loving kind-ness, His loving kindness, oh, how great!
His lov - ing kindness, oh, how strong! Loving kindness, loving kind-ness, His loving kindness, oh, how strong!
His lov - ing kindness, oh, how good! Loving kindness, loving kind-ness, His loving kindness, oh, how good!

No. 269. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Mrs. Sarah F. Adams. *Second Tune.*



1. { Nearer my God to Thee, Nearer to Thee,
E'en tho' it be a cross, (*Omit.*) That raiseth me, Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee,
D.S.—Nearer, my God, to Thee, (*Omit.*) Near - er to Thee.

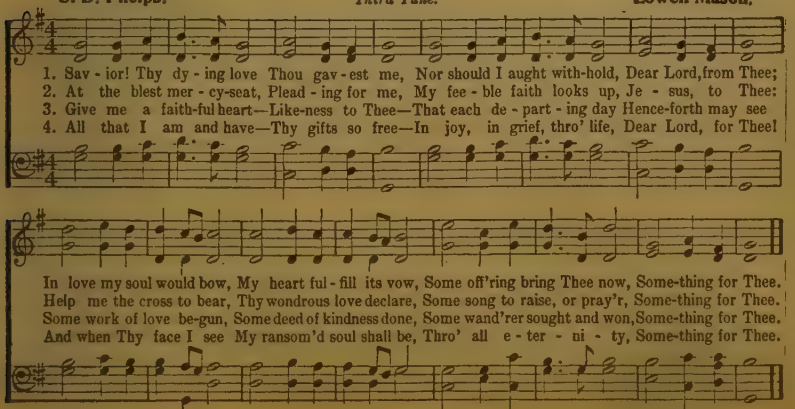
2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee!

4 Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

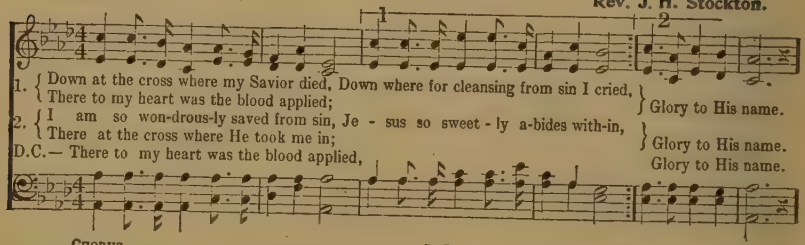
No. 270. Something for Jesus.

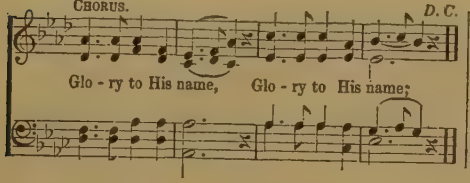
S. D. Phelps. *Third Tune.* Lowell Mason.


1. Sav - ior! Thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me, Nor should I aught with-hold, Dear Lord, from Thee;
2. At the blest mer - cy-seat, Plead - ing for me, My fee - ble faith looks up, Je - sus, to Thee:
3. Give me a faith-ful heart—Like-ness to Thee—That each de - part - ing day Hence-forth may see
4. All that I am and have—Thy gifts so free—In joy, in grief, thro' life, Dear Lord, for Thee!
In love my soul would bow, My heart ful - fill its vow, Some off'ring bring Thee now, Some-thing for Thee.
Help me the cross to bear, Thy wondrous love declare, Some song to raise, or pray'r, Some-thing for Thee.
Some work of love be-gun, Some deed of kindness done, Some wand'rer sought and won, Some-thing for Thee.
And when Thy face I see My ransom'd soul shall be, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, Some-thing for Thee.

No. 271. Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Rev. J. H. Stockton.


1
2
1. Down at the cross where my Savior died, Down where for cleansing from sin I cried,
There to my heart was the blood applied;
Glory to His name.
2. I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet - ly a-bides with-in,
There at the cross where He took me in;
Glory to His name.
D.C.— There to my heart was the blood applied,
Glory to His name.

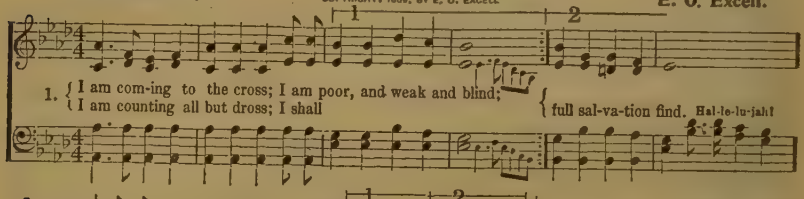


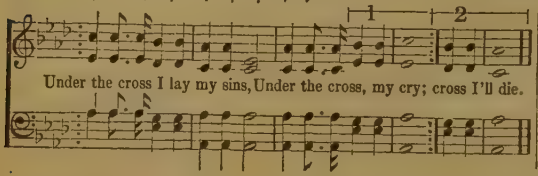
3 Oh, precious fountain that saves from sin,
I am so glad I have entered in;
There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean;
Glory to His name.

4 Come to this fountain so rich and sweet;
Cast thy poor soul at the Savior's feet;
Plunge in to-day, and be made complete;
Glory to His name.

No. 272. Under the Cross.

Wm. McDonald. COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL E. O. Excell.



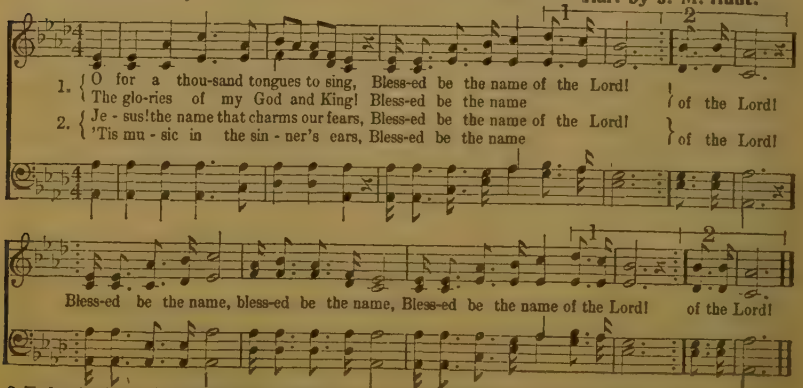


2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee
Long has evil reign'd within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
"I will cleanse you from all sin."

3 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store,
Soul and body Thine to be,
Wholly Thine forevermore.

No. 273. Blessed Be the Name.

Charles Wesley, Alt. Har. by J. M. Hunt.

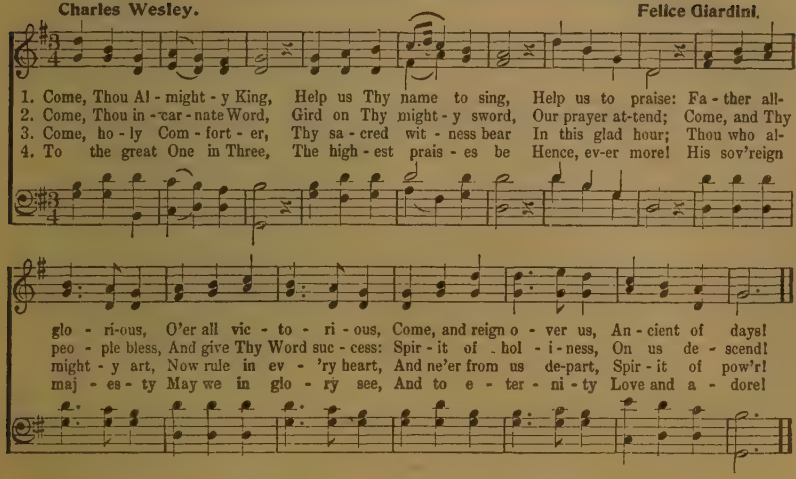

1
2
1. O for a thou-sand tongues to sing, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
The glo-ries of my God and King! Bless-ed be the name
of the Lord!
2. Je - sus! the name that charms our fears, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
'Tis mu - sic in the sin - ner's ears, Bless-ed be the name
of the Lord!
Bless-ed be the name, bless-ed be the name, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
of the Lord!

3 He breaks the pow'r of canceled sin, Blessed be etc,
His blood can make the foulest clean, Blessed be etc,

4 I never shall forget that day, Blessed be etc,
When Jesus washed my sins away, Blessed be etc,

No. 274. Come, Thou Almighty King.

Charles Wesley. Felice Giardini.


1. Come, Thou Al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise: Fa - ther all-
2. Come, Thou in - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword, Our prayer at-tend; Come, and Thy
3. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear In this glad hour; Thou who al-
4. To the great One in Three, The high - est prais - es be Hence, ev-er more! His sov'reign
glo - ri-ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days!
peo - ple bless, And give Thy Word suc - cess: Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend!
might - y art, Now rule in ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de-part, Spir - it of pow'r!
maj - es - ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore!

No. 275. O Worship.

Tune Lyons.

1 O worship the King all glorious above,
And gratefully sing His wonderful love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

2 O tell of His might, and sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunderclouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.

4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

No. 276. Ye Servants.

Tune Lyons.

1 Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad His wonderful name;
The name all victorious of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious: He rules over all.

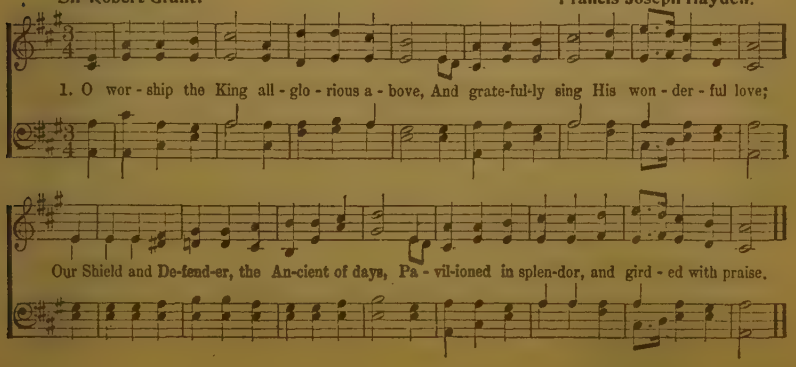
2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still He is nigh: His presence we have;
The great congregation His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus, our King.

3 "Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,"
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son,
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore, and give Him His right—
All glory and power, and wisdom and might;
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, for infinite love.

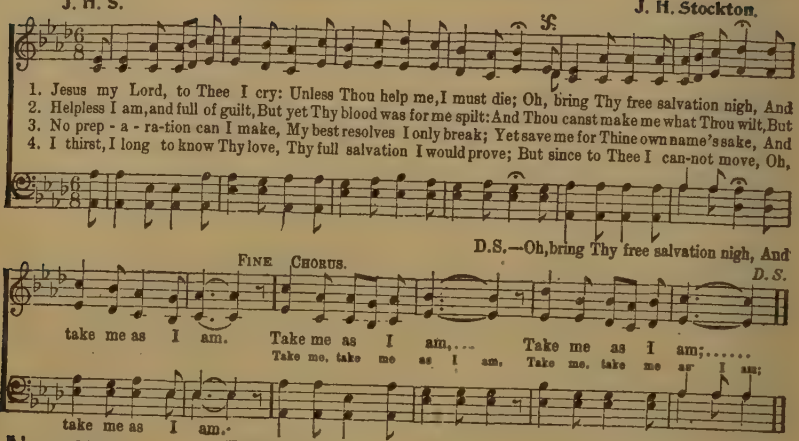
No. 277. Lyons. 10s, 11s.

Sir Robert Grant. Francis Joseph Hayden.


1. O wor - ship the King all - glo - rious a - bove, And grate-ful-ly sing His won - der - ful love;
Our Shield and De-fend-er, the An-cient of days, Pa - vil-ioned in splen-dor, and gird - ed with praise.

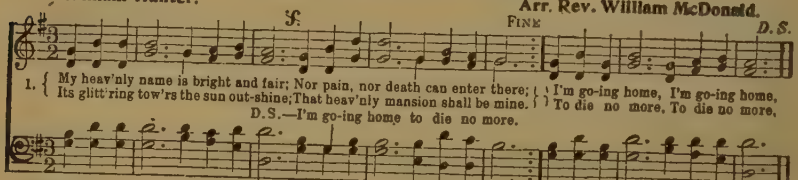
No. 278. Take Me As I Am.

J. H. S. J. H. Stockton.


1. Jesus my Lord, to Thee I cry: Unless Thou help me, I must die; Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh, And
2. Helpless I am, and full of guilt, But yet Thy blood was for me spilt: And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt, But
3. No prep - a - ra-tion can I make, My best resolves I only break; Yet save me for Thine own name's sake, And
4. I thirst, I long to know Thy love, Thy full salvation I would prove; But since to Thee I can-not move, Oh,
D.S.—Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh, And
FINE CHORUS.
D.S.
take me as I am. Take me as I am,... Take me as I am;.....
Take me, take me as I am, Take me, take me as I am;
take me as I am.

No. 279. The Heavenly Home.

William Hunter. Arr. Rev. William McDonald.


FINE
D.S.
1. My heav'nly name is bright and fair; Nor pain, nor death can enter there; I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home,
Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun out-shine; That heav'nly mansion shall be mine. To die no more. To die no more,
D.S.—I'm go-ing home to die no more.

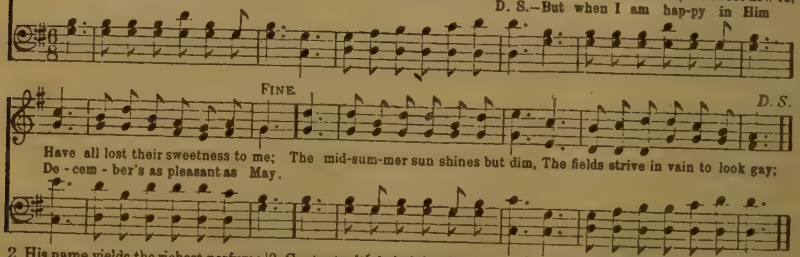
2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

3 While here, a stranger far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam;
Although, like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.

4 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'er flow;
Be mine the happier lot to own
A heav'nly mansion near the throne.

No. 280. How Tedious and Tasteless.

John Newton. Lewis Edson.


How tedious and tasteless the hours When Je-sus no long-er I see! Sweet prospects sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs,
D. S.—But when I am hap-py in Him
FINE
D.S.
Have all lost their sweetness to me; The mid-sum-mer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay;
De - cem - ber's as pleasant as May.

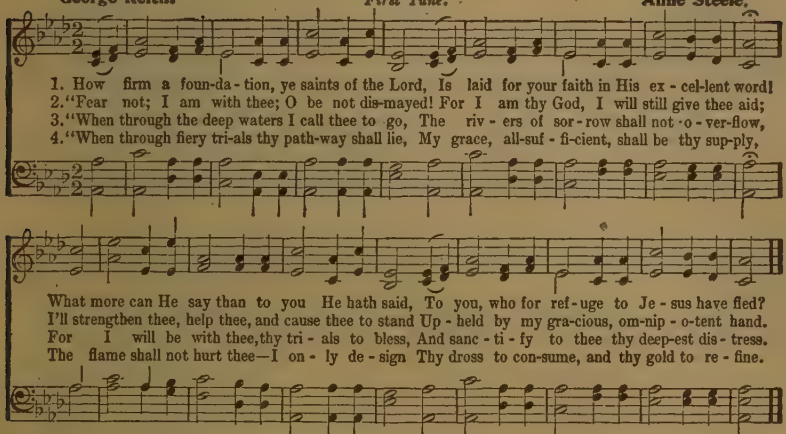
2 His name yields the richest perfume
And sweeter than music His voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice;
I should, were He always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I;
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding His face,
My all to His pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place would make any change in my mind:
While blest with a sense of His love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 My Lord, if indeed I am Thine,
If Thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from the sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me to Thee up on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

No. 281. How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith. *First Tune.* Anne Steele.


1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His ex-cel-lent word!
2. "Fear not; I am with thee; O be not dis-mayed! For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;
3. "When through the deep waters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of sor-row shall not o-ver-flow,
4. "When through fiery tri-als thy path-way shall lie, My grace, all-suf-fi-cient, shall be thy sup-ply,
What more can He say than to you He hath said, To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled?
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand Up-held by my gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent hand.
For I will be with thee, thy tri-als to bless, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.
The flame shall not hurt thee—I on-ly de-sign Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re-fine.

5 "E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not, desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake."

No. 282. My Shepherd.

First or Second Tune.

1 The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppress'd.

2 Thro' the valley and shadow of death tho' I stray,
Since Thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall with my Comforter near.

3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil Thou annointest my head;
O what shall I ask of Thy providence more?

4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps till I meet Thee above.
I seek by the path which my fore-fathers trod,
Thro' the land of their sojourn, Thy kingdom of love.

No. 283. Delay Not.

First or Second Tune.

1 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, draw near,
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded, the Savior is here,
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

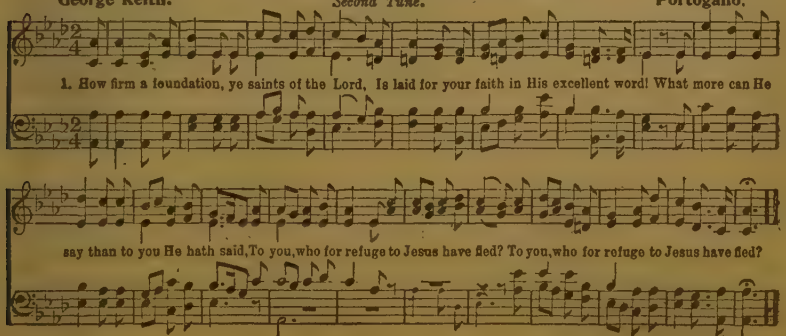
2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God?
A fountain is open, how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in His pardoning blood?

3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For Mercy still lingers and calls thee today:
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

4 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of grace
Long grieved and resisted, may take his sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

No. 284. How Firm a Foundation.

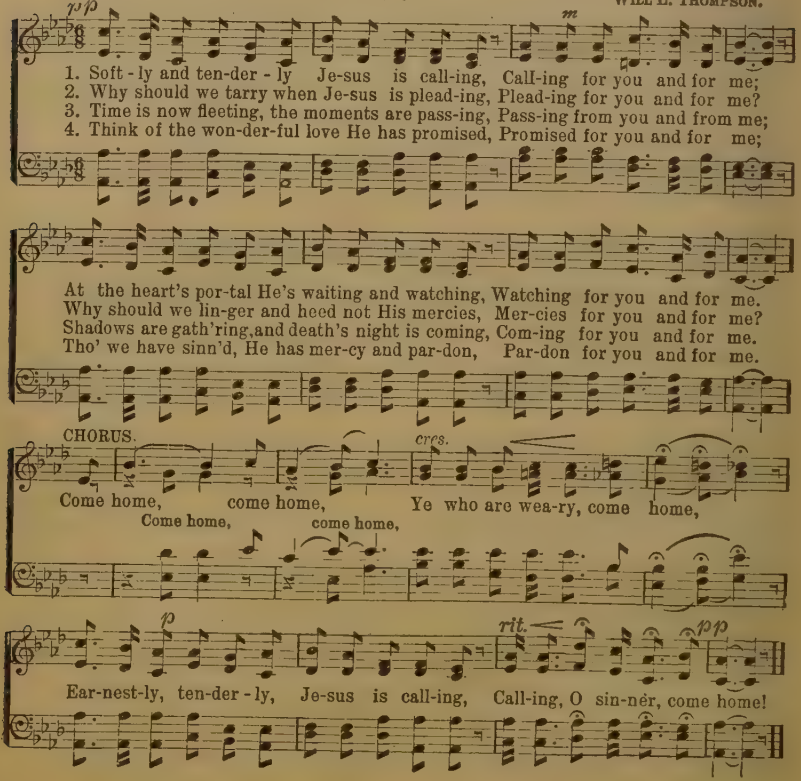
George Keith. *Second Tune.* Portogallo.


1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His excellent word! What more can He
say than to you He hath said, To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled? To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

No. 285. Softly and Tenderly.

BY PER. WILL L. THOMPSON & CO., E. LIVERPOOL, O., AND THE THOMPSON MUSIC CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

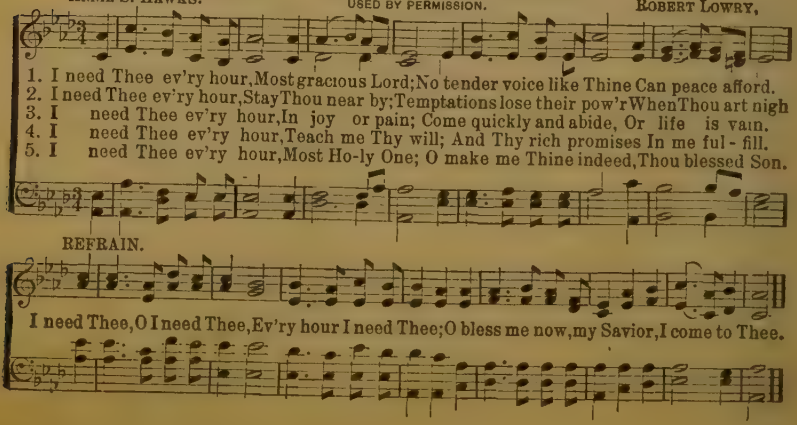
W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.


pp
m
1. Soft - ly and ten-der - ly Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tarry when Je-sus is plead-ing, Plead-ing for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are pass-ing, Pass-ing from you and from me;
4. Think of the won-der-ful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;
At the heart's por-tal He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we lin-ger and heed not His mercies, Mer-cies for you and for me?
Shadows are gath'ring, and death's night is coming, Com-ing for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinn'd, He has mer-cy and par-don, Par-don for you and for me.
CHORUS.
cres.
Come home, come home, Ye who are wea-ry, come home,
Come home, come home,
p
rit.
pp
Ear-nest-ly, ten-der - ly, Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing, O sin-ner, come home!

No. 286. I Need Thee Every Hour.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION.

ANNIE S. HAWKS. ROBERT LOWRY.


1. I need Thee ev'ry hour, Most gracious Lord; No tender voice like Thine Can peace afford.
2. I need Thee ev'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temptations lose their pow'r When Thou art nigh
3. I need Thee ev'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quickly and abide, Or life is vain.
4. I need Thee ev'ry hour, Teach me Thy will; And Thy rich promises In me ful - fill.
5. I need Thee ev'ry hour, Most Ho-ly One; O make me Thine indeed, Thou blessed Son.
REFRAIN.
I need Thee, O I need Thee, Ev'ry hour I need Thee; O bless me now, my Savior, I come to Thee.

No. 287. Jesus Saves.

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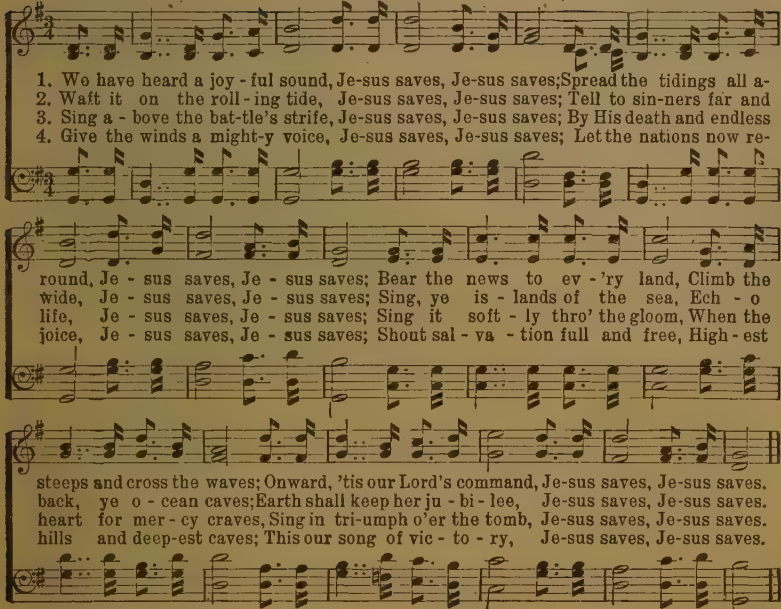
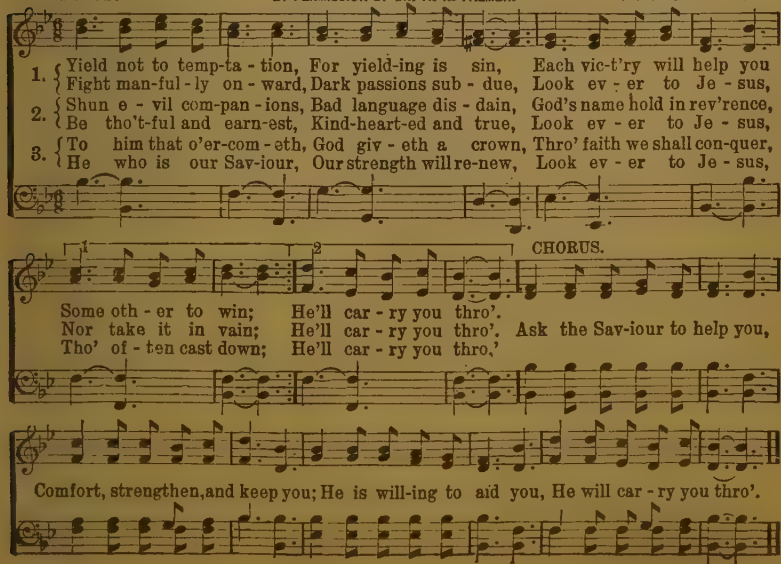
IN RENEWAL.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. We have heard a joy - ful sound, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves; Spread the tidings all a-
2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves; Tell to sin-ners far and
3. Sing a - bove the bat-tle's strife, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves; By His death and endless
4. Give the winds a might-y voice, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves; Let the nations now re-
round, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the
wide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, Ech - o
life, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the
joice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est
steeps and cross the waves; Onward, 'tis our Lord's command, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves.
back, ye o - cean caves; Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves.
heart for mer - cy craves, Sing in tri-umph o'er the tomb, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves.
hills and deep-est caves; This our song of vic - to - ry, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves.

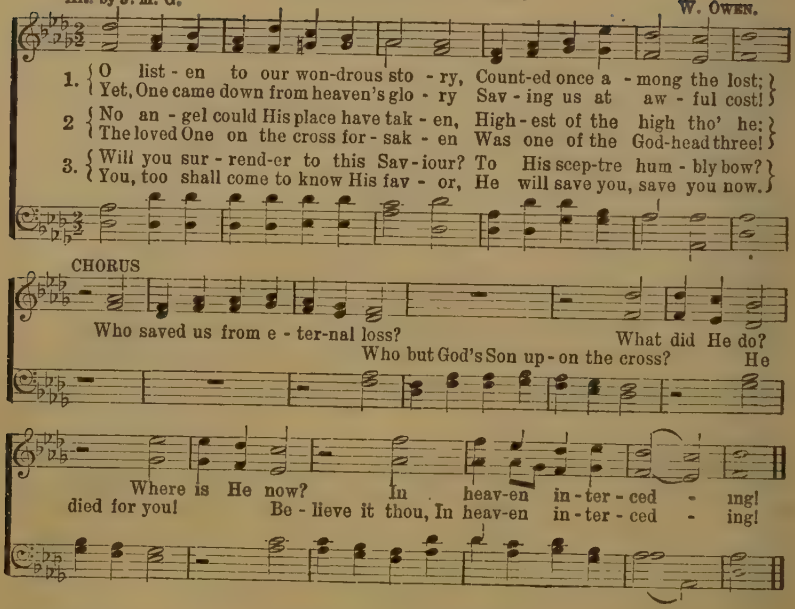
No. 288. Yield Not to Temptation.

H. P. P. BY PERMISSION OF DR. H. R. PALMER. H. R. PALMER.


1. Yield not to temp-ta - tion, For yield-ing is sin, Each vic-t'ry will help you
Fight man-ful - ly on - ward, Dark passions sub - due, Look ev - er to Je - sus,
2. Shun e - vil com-pan - ions, Bad language dis - dain, God's name hold in rev'rence,
Be tho't-ful and earn-est, Kind-heart-ed and true, Look ev - er to Je - sus,
3. To him that o'er-com - eth, God giv - eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall con-quer,
He who is our Sav-iour, Our strength will re-new, Look ev - er to Je - sus,
CHORUS.
Some oth - er to win; He'll car - ry you thro'.
Nor take it in vain; He'll car - ry you thro'. Ask the Sav-iour to help you,
Tho' of - ten cast down; He'll car - ry you thro.'
Comfort, strengthen, and keep you; He is will-ing to aid you, He will car - ry you thro'.

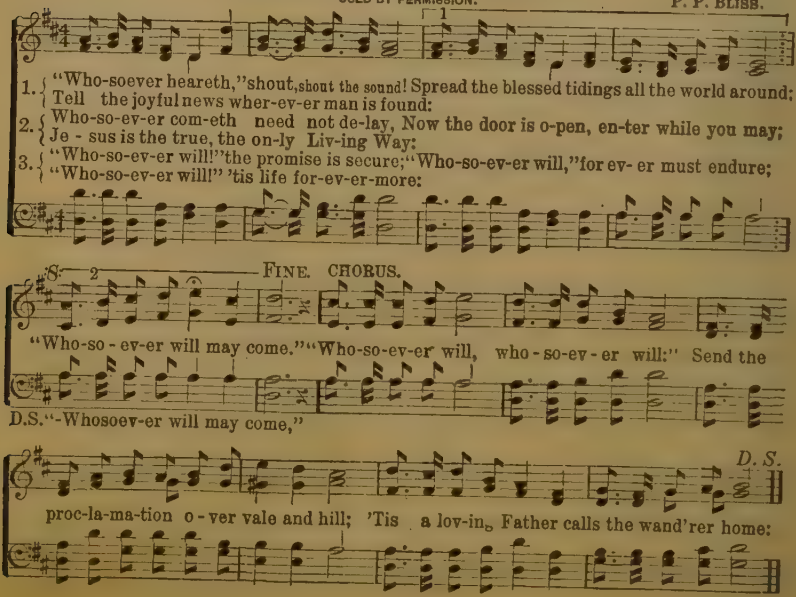
No. 289. What Did He Do?

Alt. by J. M. G. USED BY PERMISSION OF O. F. PUGH. W. OWEN.


1. O list - en to our won-drous sto - ry, Count-ed once a - mong the lost;
Yet, One came down from heaven's glo - ry Sav - ing us at aw - ful cost!
2 No an - gel could His place have tak - en, High - est of the high tho' he;
The loved One on the cross for - sak - en Was one of the God-head three!
3. Will you sur - rend-er to this Sav - iour? To His scep-tre hum - bly bow?
You, too shall come to know His fav - or, He will save you, save you now.
CHORUS
Who saved us from e - ter-nal loss? What did He do?
Who but God's Son up - on the cross? He
Where is He now? In heav-en in - ter - ced - ing!
died for you! Be - lieve it thou, In heav-en in - ter - ced - ing!

No. 290. "Whosoever Will."

P. P. B. COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO. USED BY PERMISSION. P. P. BLISS.


1. "Who-soever heareth," shout, shout the sound! Spread the blessed tidings all the world around;
Tell the joyful news wher-ev-er man is found:
2. Who-so-ev-er com-eth need not de-lay, Now the door is o-pen, en-ter while you may;
Je - sus is the true, the on-ly Liv-ing Way:
3. "Who-so-ev-er will!" the promise is secure; "Who-so-ev-er will," for ev- er must endure;
"Who-so-ev-er will!" 'tis life for-ev-er-more:
FINE. CHORUS.
"Who-so - ev-er will may come." "Who-so-ev-er will, who - so-ev - er will:" Send the
D.S. "-Whosoev-er will may come,"
D. S.
proc-la-ma-tion o - ver vale and hill; 'Tis a lov-ing Father calls the wand'rer home:

No. 291. Christ Arose!

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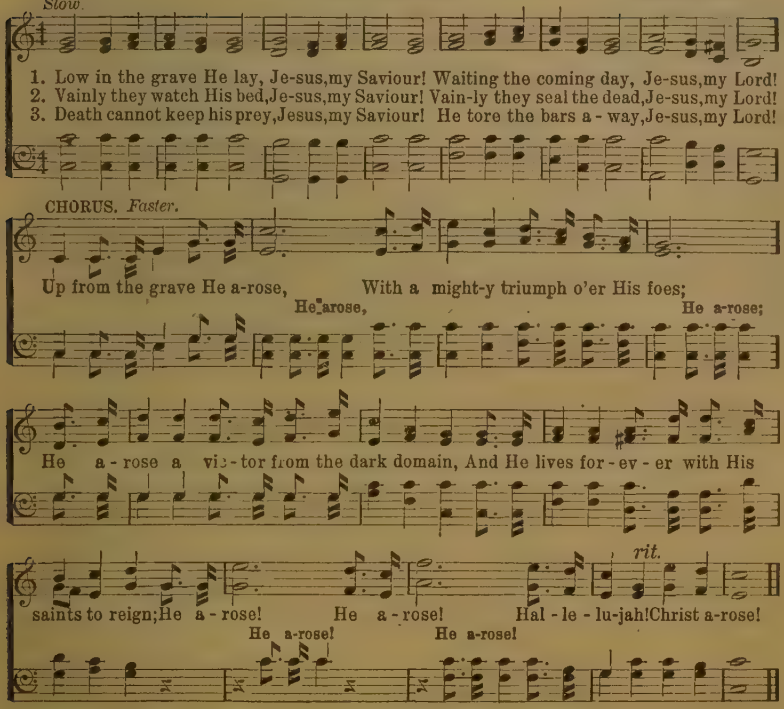
R. L. ROBERT LOWRY.


Slow.
1. Low in the grave He lay, Je-sus, my Saviour! Waiting the coming day, Je-sus, my Lord!
2. Vainly they watch His bed, Je-sus, my Saviour! Vain-ly they seal the dead, Je-sus, my Lord!
3. Death cannot keep his prey, Jesus, my Saviour! He tore the bars a - way, Je-sus, my Lord!
CHORUS. Faster.
Up from the grave He a-rose, With a might-y triumph o'er His foes;
He arose, He a-rose;
He a - rose a vic - tor from the dark domain, And He lives for - ev - er with His
rit.
saints to reign; He a - rose! He a - rose! Hal - le - lu-jah! Christ a-rose!
He a-rose! He a-rose!

No. 292. Hallelujah! What a Saviour!

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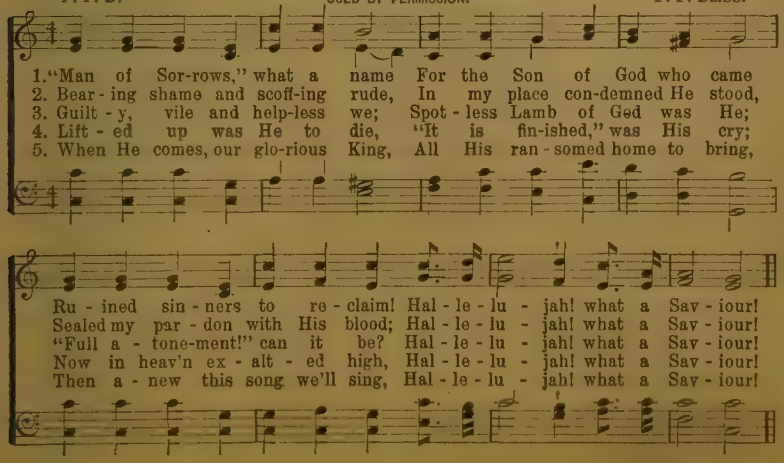
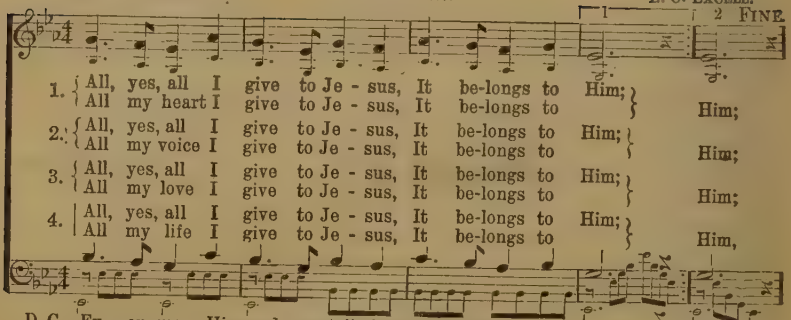
P. P. B. P. P. BLISS.

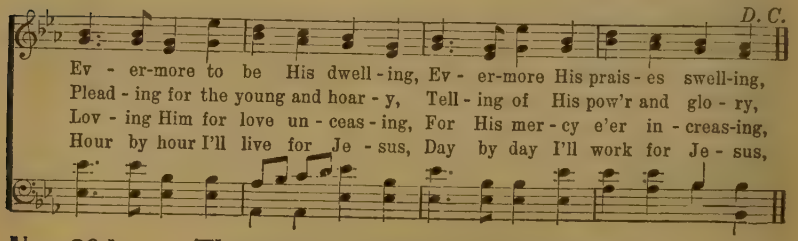

1. "Man of Sor-rows," what a name For the Son of God who came
2. Bear - ing shame and scoff-ing rude, In my place con-demned He stood,
3. Guilt - y, vile and help-less we; Spot - less Lamb of God was He;
4. Lift - ed up was He to die, "It is fin-ished," was His cry;
5. When He comes, our glo-rious King, All His ran - somed home to bring,
Ru - ined sin - ners to re - claim! Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - iour!
Sealed my par - don with His blood; Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - iour!
"Full a - tone-ment!" can it be? Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - iour!
Now in heav'n ex - alt - ed high, Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - iour!
Then a - new this song we'll sing, Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - iour!

No. 293. All for Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. EXCELL.

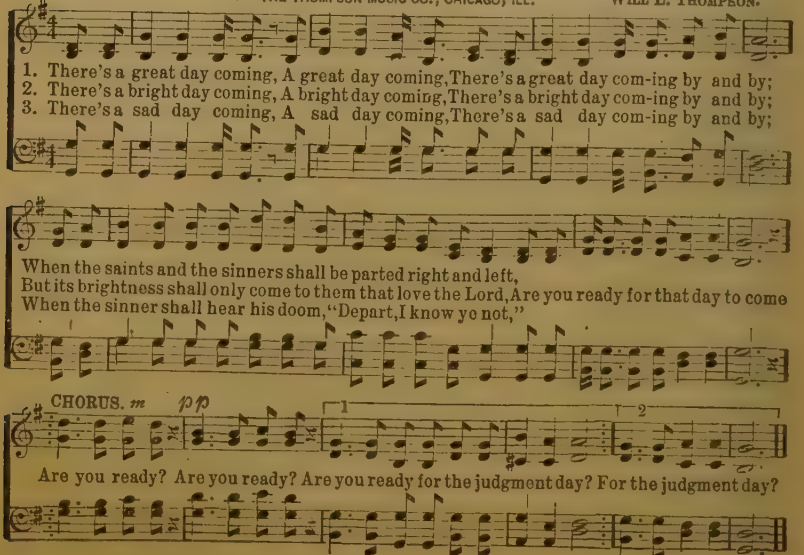

1 2 FINE.
1. All, yes, all I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him; All my heart I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him;
2. All, yes, all I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him; All my voice I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him;
3. All, yes, all I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him; All my love I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him;
4. All, yes, all I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him; All my life I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him,
D. C.—Ev - er more His good-ness tell - ing, It be-longs to Him.
Sing-ing o'er and o'er the sto - ry, It be-longs to Him.
For His watch-care nev - er ceas - ing, It be-longs to Him.
Ev - er - more I'll hon - or Je - sus; All be-longs to Him.


D. C.
Ev - er-more to be His dwell - ing, Ev - er-more His prais - es swell-ing,
Plead - ing for the young and hoar - y, Tell - ing of His pow'r and glo - ry,
Lov - ing Him for love un - ceas - ing, For His mer - cy e'er in - creas-ing,
Hour by hour I'll live for Je - sus, Day by day I'll work for Je - sus,

No. 294. There's a Great Day Coming.

USED BY PER. W. L. THOMPSON & CO., EAST LIVERPOOL, O., AND THE THOMPSON MUSIC CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

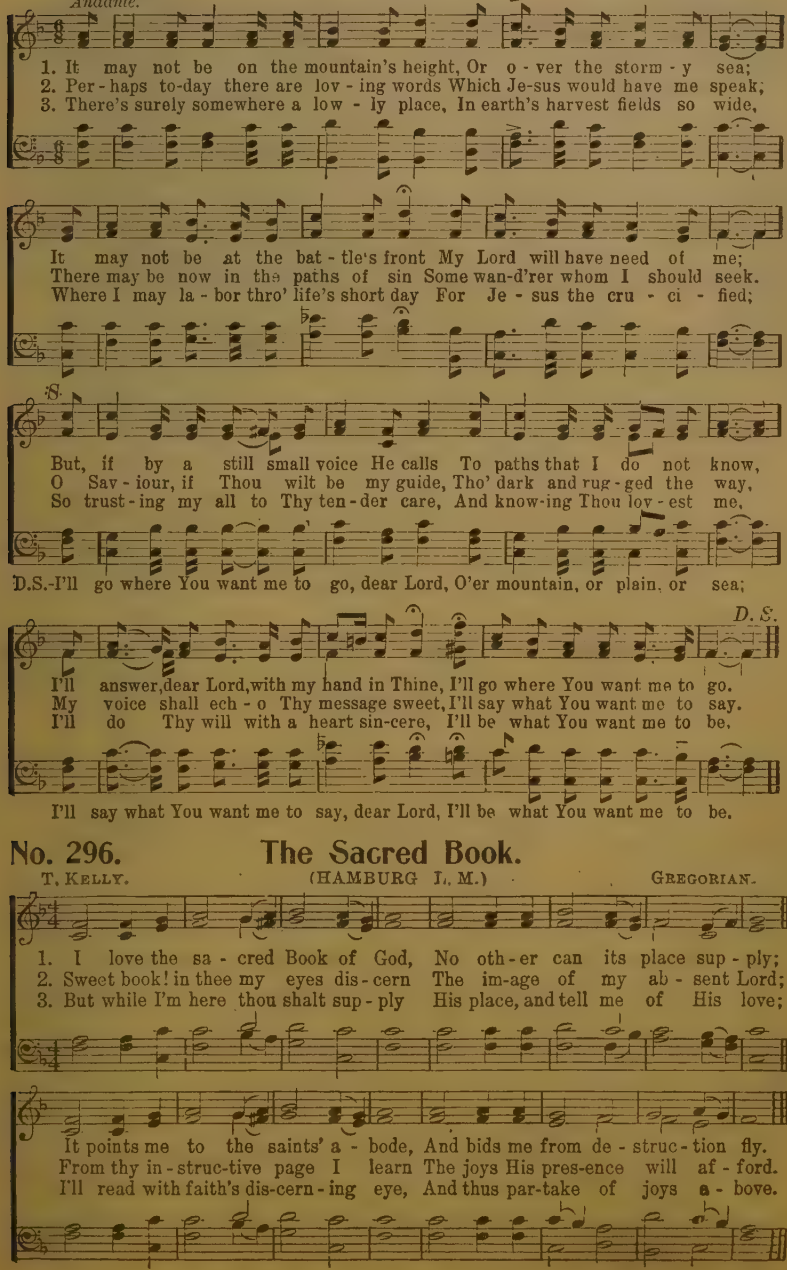
W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.


1. There's a great day coming, A great day coming, There's a great day com-ing by and by;
2. There's a bright day coming, A bright day coming, There's a bright day com-ing by and by;
3. There's a sad day coming, A sad day coming, There's a sad day com-ing by and by;
When the saints and the sinners shall be parted right and left,
But its brightness shall only come to them that love the Lord, Are you ready for that day to come
When the sinner shall hear his doom, "Depart, I know ye not,"
CHORUS. m pp
1 2
Are you ready? Are you ready? Are you ready for the judgment day? For the judgment day?

No. 295. I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

MARY BROWN. COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY C. E. ROUNSEFELL. BY PER. CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

Andante.


1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the storm - y sea;
2. Per - haps to-day there are lov - ing words Which Je-sus would have me speak;
3. There's surely somewhere a low - ly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide,
It may not be at the bat - tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now in the paths of sin Some wan-d'rer whom I should seek.
Where I may la - bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus the cru - ci - fied;
But, if by a still small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,
O Sav - iour, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rug - ged the way,
So trust - ing my all to Thy ten - der care, And know-ing Thou lov - est me,
D.S.-I'll go where You want me to go, dear Lord, O'er mountain, or plain, or sea;
D. S.
I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where You want me to go.
My voice shall ech - o Thy message sweet, I'll say what You want me to say.
I'll do Thy will with a heart sin-cere, I'll be what You want me to be.
I'll say what You want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what You want me to be.

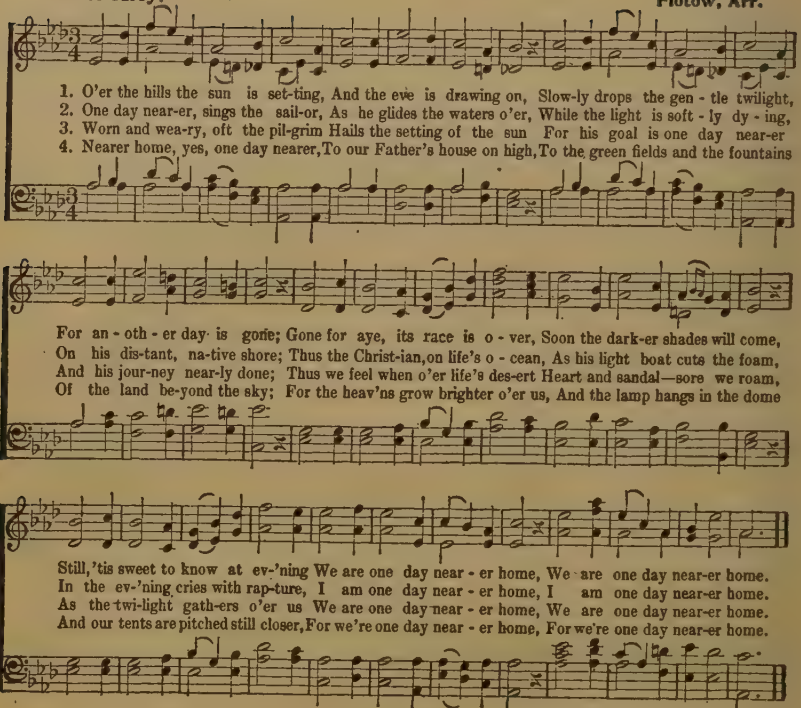
No. 296. The Sacred Book.

T. KELLY. (HAMBURG L. M.) GREGORIAN.

1. I love the sa - cred Book of God, No oth - er can its place sup - ply;
2. Sweet book! in thee my eyes dis - cern The im-age of my ab - sent Lord;
3. But while I'm here thou shalt sup - ply His place, and tell me of His love;
It points me to the saints' a - bode, And bids me from de - struc - tion fly.
From thy in - struc-tive page I learn The joys His pres-ence will af - ford.
I'll read with faith's dis-cern - ing eye, And thus par-take of joys a - bove.

No. 297. Nearer Home.

Alice Carey. Flotow, Arr.

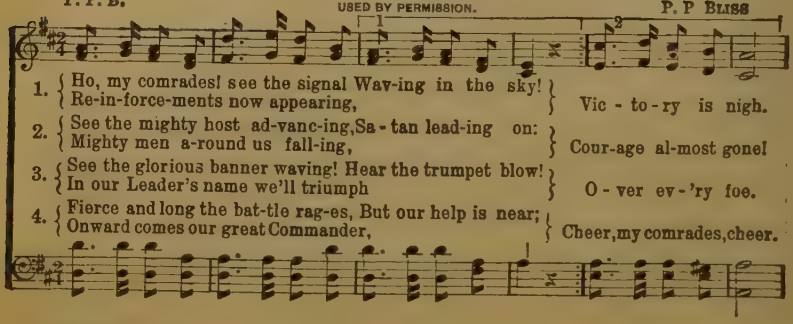

1. O'er the hills the sun is set-ting, And the eve is drawing on, Slow-ly drops the gen - tle twilight,
2. One day near-er, sings the sail-or, As he glides the waters o'er, While the light is soft - ly dy - ing,
3. Worn and wea-ry, oft the pil-grim Hails the setting of the sun For his goal is one day near-er
4. Nearer home, yes, one day nearer, To our Father's house on high, To the green fields and the fountains
For an - oth - er day is gone; Gone for aye, its race is o - ver, Soon the dark-er shades will come,
On his dis-tant, na-tive shore; Thus the Christ-ian, on life's o - cean, As his light boat cuts the foam,
And his jour-ney near-ly done; Thus we feel when o'er life's des-ert Heart and sandal—sore we roam,
Of the land be-yond the sky; For the heav'ns grow brighter o'er us, And the lamp hangs in the dome
Still, 'tis sweet to know at ev-'ning We are one day near - er home, We are one day near-er home.
In the ev-'ning cries with rap-ture, I am one day near - er home, I am one day near-er home.
As the twi-light gath-ers o'er us We are one day near - er home, We are one day near-er home.
And our tents are pitched still closer, For we're one day near - er home, For we're one day near-er home.

No. 298. Hold the Fort.

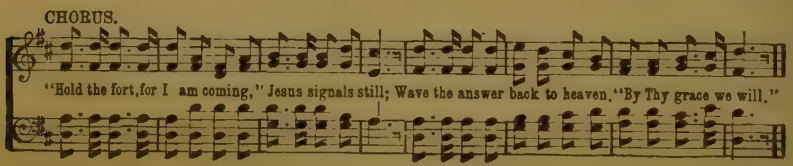
P. P. B.

THE JOHN CHURCH CO OWNERS.
USED BY PERMISSION.

P. P Bliss


1. Ho, my comrades! see the signal Wav-ing in the sky! Re-in-force-ments now appearing, Vic - to - ry is nigh.
2. See the mighty host ad-vanc-ing, Sa - tan lead-ing on: Mighty men a-round us fall-ing, Cour-age al-most gone!
3. See the glorious banner waving! Hear the trumpet blow! In our Leader's name we'll triumph O - ver ev - 'ry foe.
4. Fierce and long the bat-tle rag-es, But our help is near; Onward comes our great Commander, Cheer, my comrades, cheer.

CHORUS.



No. 299. Standing On the Promises.

COPYRIGHT 1886, BY JOHN J. HOOD.
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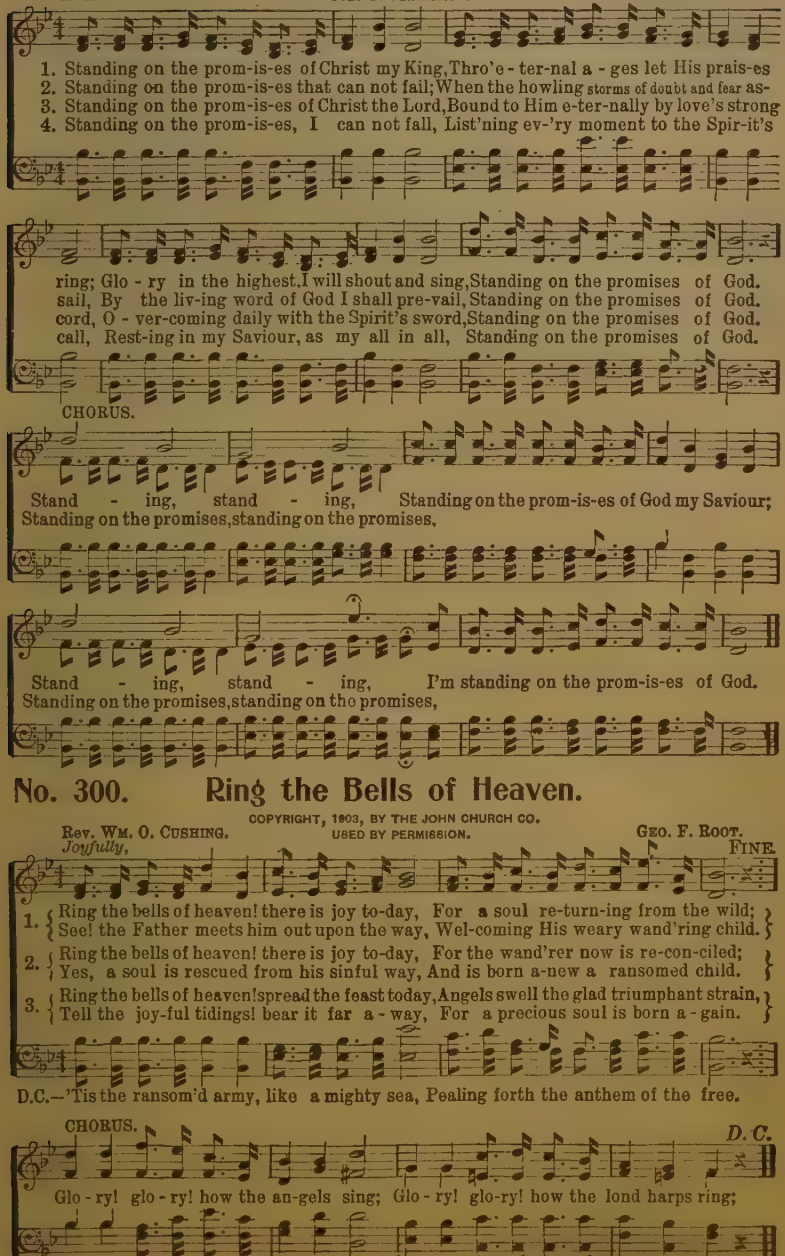
R. K. C. R. KELSO CARTER.


1. Standing on the prom-is-es of Christ my King, Thro'e - ter-nal a - ges let His prais-es
2. Standing on the prom-is-es that can not fail; When the howling storms of doubt and fear as-
3. Standing on the prom-is-es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e-ter-nally by love's strong
4. Standing on the prom-is-es, I can not fall, List'ning ev-'ry moment to the Spir-it's
ring; Glo - ry in the highest, I will shout and sing, Standing on the promises of God.
sail, By the liv-ing word of God I shall pre-vail, Standing on the promises of God.
cord, O - ver-coming daily with the Spirit's sword, Standing on the promises of God.
call, Rest-ing in my Saviour, as my all in all, Standing on the promises of God.
CHORUS.
Stand - ing, stand - ing, Standing on the prom-is-es of God my Saviour;
Standing on the promises, standing on the promises,
Stand - ing, stand - ing, I'm standing on the prom-is-es of God.
Standing on the promises, standing on the promises,

No. 300. Ring the Bells of Heaven.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
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Rev. WM. O. CUSHING. GEO. F. ROOT.

Joyfully,
FINE.
1. Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day, For a soul re-turn-ing from the wild;
See! the Father meets him out upon the way, Wel-coming His weary wand'ring child.
2. Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day, For the wand'rer now is re-con-ciled;
Yes, a soul is rescued from his sinful way, And is born a-new a ransomed child.
3. Ring the bells of heaven! spread the feast today, Angels swell the glad triumphant strain,
Tell the joy-ful tidings! bear it far a - way, For a precious soul is born a - gain.
D.C.—'Tis the ransom'd army, like a mighty sea, Pealing forth the anthem of the free.
CHORUS.
D. C.
Glo - ry! glo - ry! how the an-gels sing; Glo - ry! glo-ry! how the lond harps ring;

No. 301. Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K.

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
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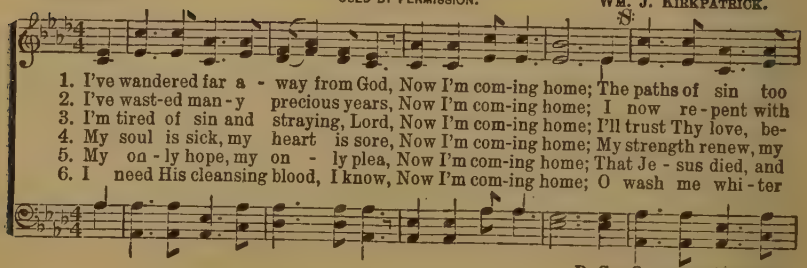
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

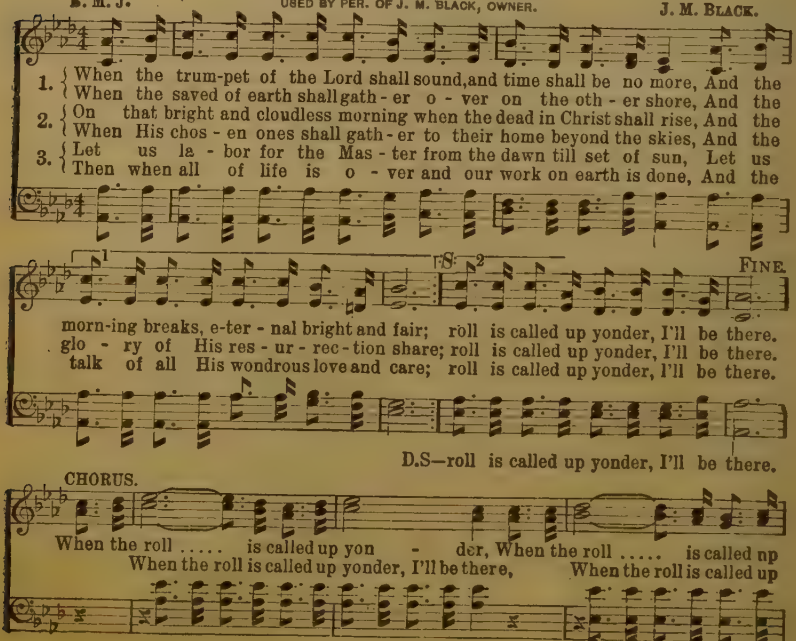

S.
1. I've wandered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home; The paths of sin too
2. I've wast-ed man-y precious years, Now I'm com-ing home; I now re-pent with
3. I'm tired of sin and straying, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home; I'll trust Thy love, be-
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home; My strength renew, my
5. My on-ly hope, my on - ly plea, Now I'm com-ing home; That Je - sus died, and
6. I need His cleansing blood, I know, Now I'm com-ing home; O wash me whi-ter
D. S.—O - pen wide Thine
Fine.
CHORUS.
D. S.
long I've trod; Lord, I'm coming home.
bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm coming home.
lieve Thy word; Lord, I'm coming home.
hope re-store; Lord, I'm coming home.
died for me; Lord, I'm coming home.
than the snow; Lord, I'm coming home.
Coming home, coming home, Nevermore to roam,
arms of love; Lord, I'm coming home.

No. 302. When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.

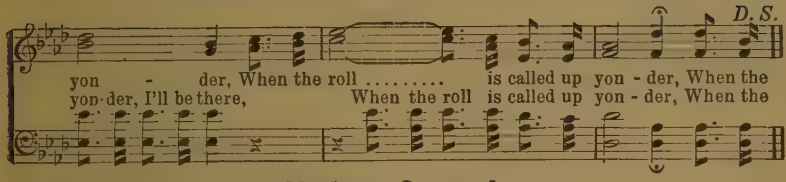
B. M. J.

COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL
USED BY PER. OF J. M. BLACK, OWNER.

J. M. BLACK.


1. When the trum-pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more, And the
When the saved of earth shall gath-er o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the
2. On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise, And the
3. When His chos - en ones shall gath-er to their home beyond the skies, And the
Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set of sun, Let us
Then when all of life is o - ver and our work on earth is done, And the
1
2
S.
FINE.
morn-ing breaks, e-ter - nal bright and fair; roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
glo - ry of His res - ur - rec - tion share; roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
talk of all His wondrous love and care; roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
D.S—roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
CHORUS.
When the roll ..... is called up yon - der, When the roll ..... is called up
When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there, When the roll is called up

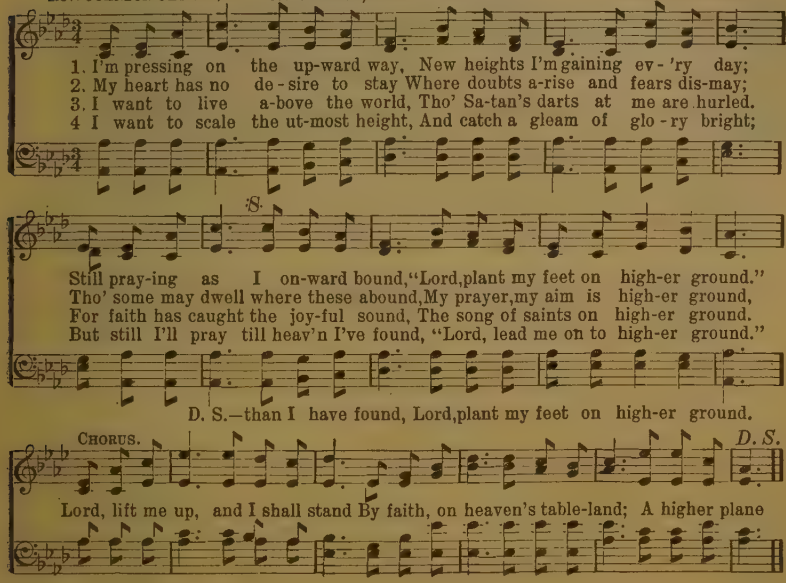
When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.



No. 303. Higher Ground.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

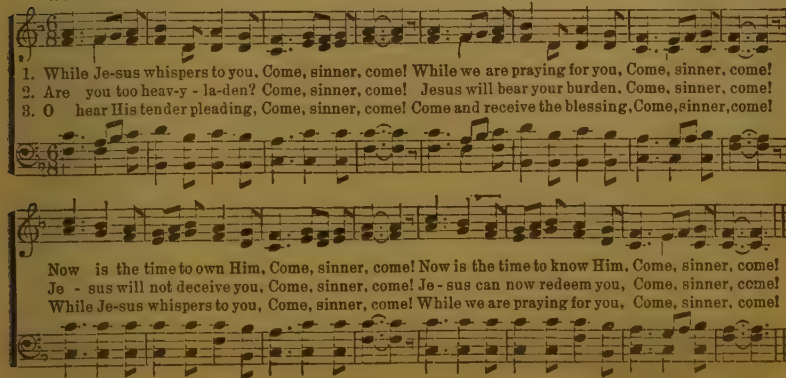
Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr JOHN J. HOOD, OWNER. USED BY PER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. I'm pressing on the up-ward way, New heights I'm gaining ev - 'ry day;
2. My heart has no de - sire to stay Where doubts a-rise and fears dis-may;
3. I want to live a-bove the world, Tho' Sa-tan's darts at me are hurled.
4 I want to scale the ut-most height, And catch a gleam of glo - ry bright;
S.
Still pray-ing as I on-ward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground."
Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My prayer, my aim is high-er ground,
For faith has caught the joy-ful sound, The song of saints on high-er ground.
But still I'll pray till heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to high-er ground."
D. S.—than I have found, Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground.

No. 304, While Jesus Whispers.

COPYRIGHT, 1879, BY H. R. PALMER.

W. E. WITTER. USED BY PERMISSION. H. R. PALMER.

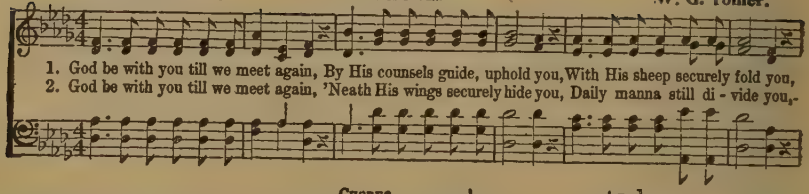

1. While Je-sus whispers to you, Come, sinner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come!
2. Are you too heav-y - la-den? Come, sinner, come! Jesus will bear your burden, Come, sinner, come!
3. O hear His tender pleading, Come, sinner, come! Come and receive the blessing, Come, sinner, come!
Now is the time to own Him, Come, sinner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sinner, come!
Je - sus will not deceive you, Come, sinner, come! Je - sus can now redeem you, Come, sinner, come!
While Je-sus whispers to you, Come, sinner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come!

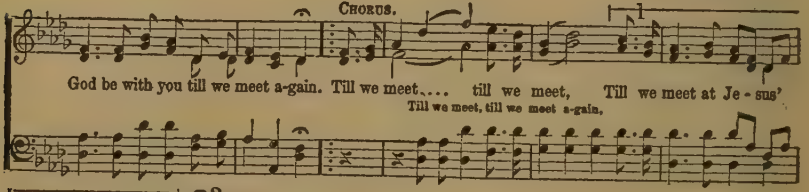
No. 305. God Be With You.

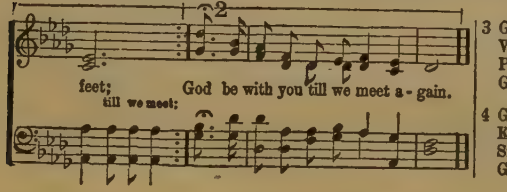
J. E. Rankin, D. D.

COPYRIGHT, BY J. E. RANKIN, D. D. USED BY PER.

W. G. Tomer.


1. God be with you till we meet again, By His counsels guide, uphold you, With His sheep securely fold you,
2. God be with you till we meet again, 'Neath His wings securely hide you, Daily manna still di - vide you,





3 God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His arms unfailing round you,
God be with you till we meet again.

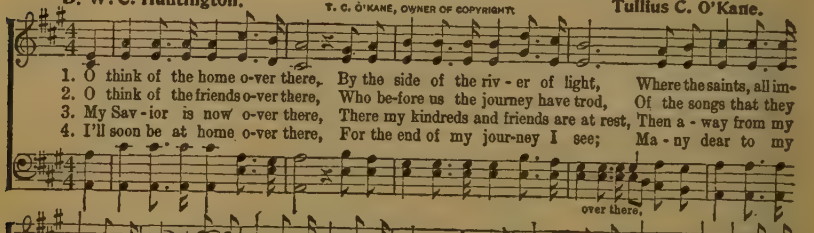
4 God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you,
God be with you till we meet again.

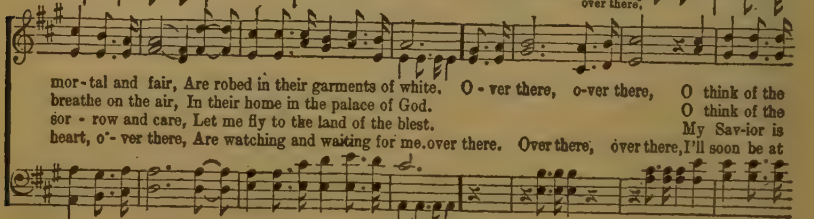
No. 306. The Home Over There.

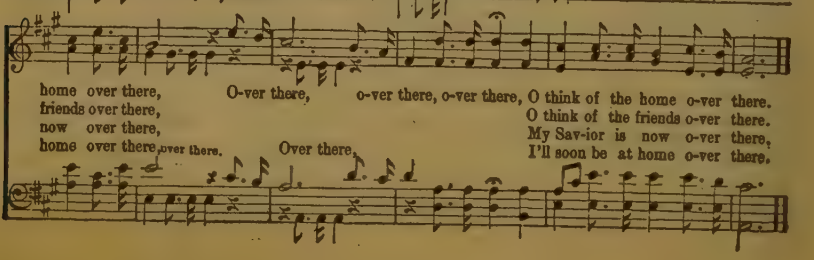
D. W. C. Huntington.

T. C. O'KANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

Tullius C. O'Kane.


1. O think of the home o-ver there, By the side of the riv - er of light, Where the saints, all im-
2. O think of the friends o-ver there, Who be-fore us the journey have trod, Of the songs that they
3. My Sav - ior is now o-ver there, There my kindreds and friends are at rest, Then a - way from my
4. I'll soon be at home o-ver there, For the end of my jour-ney I see; Ma - ny dear to my
over there.


mor - tal and fair, Are robed in their garments of white. O - ver there, o-ver there, O think of the
breathe on the air, In their home in the palace of God. O think of the
sor - row and care, Let me fly to the land of the blest. My Sav-ior is
heart, o'- ver there, Are watching and waiting for me. over there. Over there, over there, I'll soon be at


home over there, O-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there, O think of the home o-ver there.
friends over there, O think of the friends o-ver there.
now over there, My Sav-ior is now o-ver there,
home over there, over there. Over there. I'll soon be at home o-ver there.

No. 307. We're Marching to Zion.

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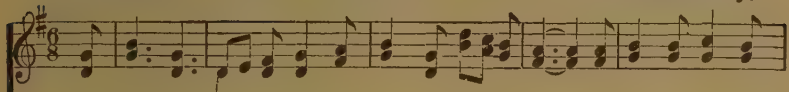
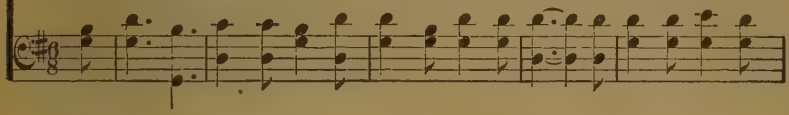
USED BY PER.

Rev. I. Watts. Rev. Robert Lowry.

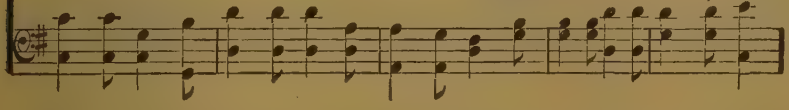


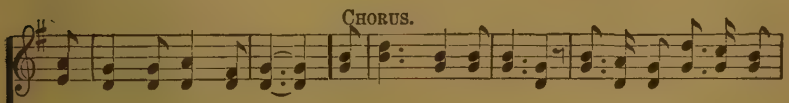
1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join in a song with
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But chil-dren of the
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou-sand sa-cred sweets, Be-fore we reach the
4. Then let our songs a-bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're marching thro' Im-

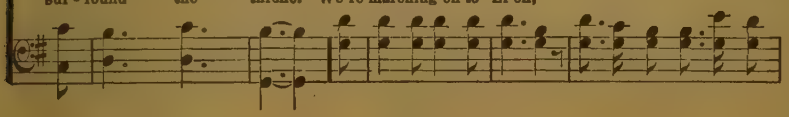


sweet accord, Join in a song with sweet accord, And thus sur-round the throne,
heav'n-ly King, But chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King, May speak their joys a-broad,
heav'n-ly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'nly fields, Or walk the gold - en streets,
manuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To fair-er worlds on high,

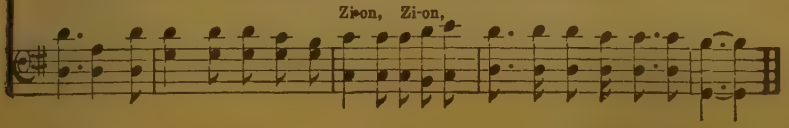
And thus surround the throne, And thus



CHORUS.

And thus surround the throne.
May speak their joys a - broad. We're marching to Zi - on, Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful
Or walk the gold-en streets.
To fair - er worlds on high.
sur - round the throne. We're marching on to Zi-on,

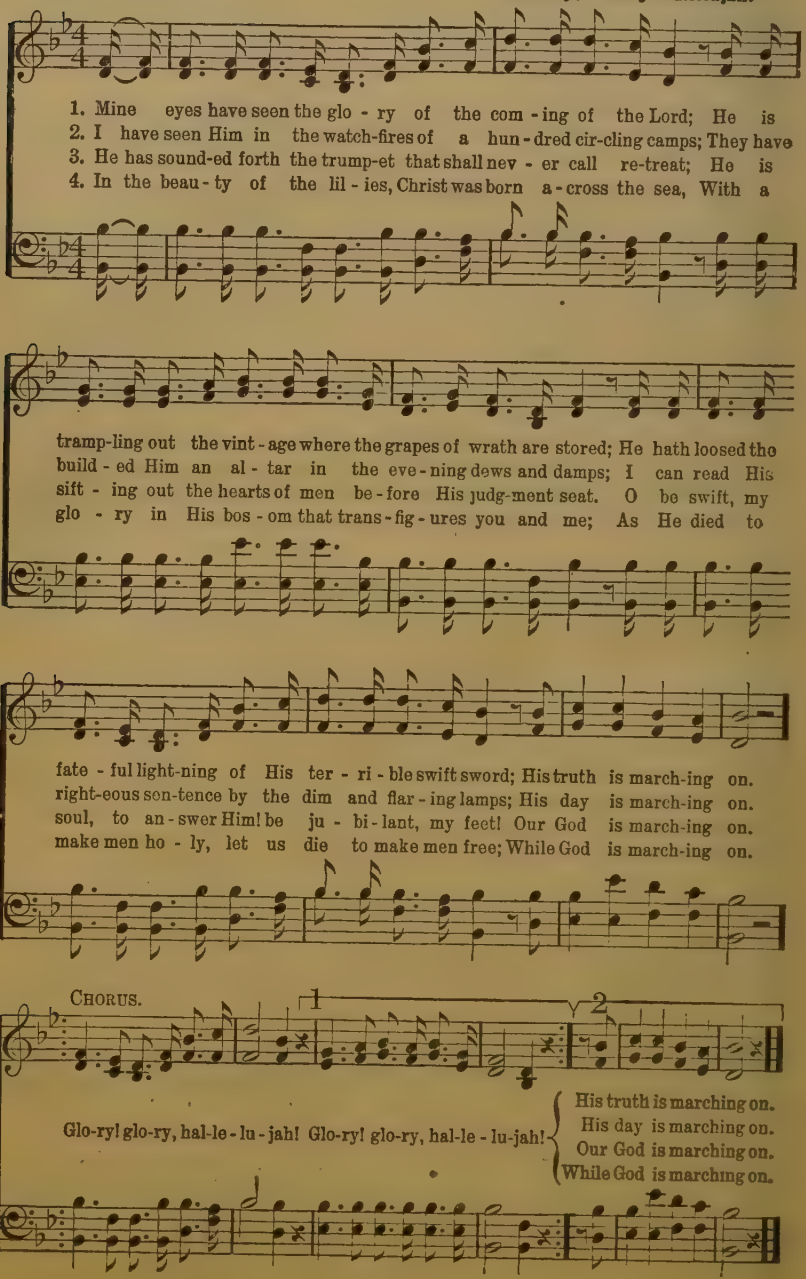


Zi - on; We're marching upward to Zi - on, The beau - ti - ful cit - y of God.
Zion, Zi-on,



No. 308. Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Julia Ward Howe. Melody, "Glory Hallelujah."


1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun - dred cir-cling camps; They have
3. He has sound-ed forth the trump-et that shall nev - er call re-treat; He is
4. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a
tramp-ling out the vint - age where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the
build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps; I can read His
sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judg-ment seat. O be swift, my
glo - ry in His bos - om that trans - fig - ures you and me; As He died to
fate - ful light-ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword; His truth is march-ing on.
right-eous sen-tence by the dim and flar - ing lamps; His day is march-ing on.
soul, to an - swer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet! Our God is march-ing on.
make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free; While God is march-ing on.
CHORUS.
1
2
Glo-ry! glo-ry, hal-le - lu - jah! Glo-ry! glo-ry, hal-le - lu-jah!
His truth is marching on.
His day is marching on.
Our God is marching on.
While God is marching on.

Responsive Readings.

No. 309. Morning Praise.

1. Hymn No. 264.

My faith looks up to Thee.

2. Responsive Reading.

LEADER—O Lord, thou hast searched me, and known me.

RESPONSE—Thou knowest my down-sitting and mine uprising; thou understandest my thought afar off.

Thou compassest my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways.

For there is not a word in my tongue, but, lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether.

Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? Or whither shall I flee from thy presence?

If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there.

If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;

Even there shall thy hand lead me and thy right hand shall hold me.

If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me.

Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to thee.

Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts.

And see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.

How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God! How great is the sum of them!

If I should count them they are more in number than the sand: when I awake, I am still with thee.

3. Hymn No. 92.

When upon life's billows you are tempest-tossed.

No. 310. Prayer.

1. Hymn No. 200.

Even me, even me.

2. Responsive Reading.

LEADER—If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him.

RESPONSE—Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another, that ye may be healed. The effectual fervent prayer of the righteous man availeth much.

Whatsoever ye ask the Father in my name, he will give it you; hitherto have ye asked nothing in my name: Ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full.

Let us, therefore, come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.

Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints.

Likewise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities: for we know not what we should pray for as we ought: but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered.

3. Hymn No. 222.

What a Friend we have in Jesus.

No. 311. The Name of Jesus.

Compiled by Marion Lawrance.

Superintendent—Stand up and bless the Lord your God for ever and ever; and blessed be thy glorious name.

1. Hymn No. 273. (Chorus.) *Rise.*

Blessed be the name.

Supt.—By how many names and titles is our Savior mentioned in the Bible?

School—Over two hundred and fifty.

Supt.—What are some of the names given to him hundreds of years before he was born?

School—For unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given; . . . . and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace.

Supt.—God has highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name.

Pastor—He is the Lord of lords, and the King of kings.

Officers—Chiefest among ten thousand.

Senior Dept —Son of the Living God.

Young Men's Dept.—Lion of the tribe of Judah.

Young Women's Dept.—The Bright and Morning Star

Intermediate Dept.—The Light of the World.

Junior Dept.—The Good Shepherd.

Supt.—Which of all his names is the sweetest?

School—JESUS.

2. Hymn No. 237. (Refrain.)

Sweetest note in seraph song.

Supt.—Why was he called Jesus?

School—Thou shalt call his name JESUS; for he shall save his people from their sins.

Pastor—Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved.

Supt.—He is the Captain of our Salvation.

Officers—The Author and Finisher of our Faith.

Senior Dept.—The Head of the Church.

Young Men's Dept.—He is the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

Young Women's Dept.—The Precious Corner Stone.

Intermediate Dept.—The Friend of Sinners.

Junior Dept.—The Man of Sorrows.

Supt —But of all his names, which is the sweetest?

School—JESUS

3. Hymn No. 237. (Refrain.)

Sweetest note in seraph song.

4. Prayer.

Supt.—Oh, magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.

5. Hymn No. 209.

All hail the power of Jesus' name.

No. 312. Value of the Word.

1. Responsive Reading.

LEADER—All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness;

RESPONSE—That the man of God be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works.

Knowing this first, that no prophecy of the scripture is of any private interpretation. For the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man: But holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.

Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear the words of this prophecy, and keep those things which are written therein.

The word of the Lord in thy mouth is truth.

Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only.

Search the scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life;

And they are they which testify of me.

Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way?

By taking heed thereto according to thy word.

Study to show thyself approved unto God,

A workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly divining the word of truth.

2. Hymn No. 296.

I love the sacred book.

Selected Psalms

No. 313. PSALM 1.

1 Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

2 But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

3 And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

4 The ungodly are not so; but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

5 Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

6 For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

Hymn No. 190.

Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole.

No. 314. PSALM 5.

1 Give ear to my words, O Lord consider my meditation.

2 Hearken unto the voice of my cry, my King and my God; for unto thee will I pray.

3 My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up.

4 For thou art not a God that hath pleasure in wickedness: neither shall evil dwell with thee.

5 The foolish shall not stand in thy sight: thou hatest all workers of iniquity.

6 Thou shalt destroy them that speak leasing: the Lord will abhor the bloody and deceitful man.

7 But as for me, I will come into thy house in the multitude of thy mercy: and in thy fear will I worship toward thy holy temple.

8 Lead me, O Lord, in thy righteousness because of mine enemies; make thy way straight before my face.

Hymn No. 248.

Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah.

No. 315. PSALM 8.

1 O Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth! who hast set thy glory above the heavens.

2 Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength, because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

3 When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;

4 What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?

5 For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor.

6 Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet:

7 All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field;

8 The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas,

9 O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!

Hymn No. 256.

Majestic sweetness sits enthroned.

No. 316. PSALM 15

1 Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill?

2 He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart.

3 He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbor, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor.

4 In whose eyes a vile person is contemned; but he honoreth them that fear the Lord. He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not.

5 He that putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent. He that doeth these things shall never be moved.

Hymn No. 204.

My Jesus, I love Thee.

Selected Psalms.

No. 317. PSALMS 17.

1 Hear the right, O Lord, attend unto my cry; give ear unto my prayer, that goeth not out of feigned lips.

2 Let my sentence come forth from thy presence; let thine eyes behold the things that are equal.

3 Thou hast proved mine heart; thou hast visited me in the night; thou hast tried me, and shalt find nothing: I am purposed that my mouth shall not trangress.

4 Concerning the works of men, by the word of thy lips I have kept me from the paths of the destroyer.

5 Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not.

6 I have called upon thee, for thou wilt hear me, O God: incline thine ear unto me, and hear my speech.

Hymn No. 280.

O Love, that wilt not let me go.

No. 318. PSALM 19.

1 The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

2 The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart; the commandment of the Lord is pure enlightening the eyes.

3 The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever: the judjments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

4 More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also honey and the honeycomb.

5 Morevover by them is thy servant warned; and in keeping of them there is great reward.

6 Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.

7 Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

8 Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my Redeemer.

Hymn No. 232.

Break Thou the Bread of Life.

No 319. PSALM 23.

1 The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.

2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

3 He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Hymn No 257.

He leadeth me.

No. 320. PSALM 24.

1 The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

2 For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

3 Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place?

4 He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

5 He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

6 This is the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O Jacob. Selah.

7 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

8 Who is this King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

9 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

10 Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory. Selah.

Hymn No. 275.

O worship the King all-glorious above.

No. 321. PSALM 27.

1 The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

2 When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell.

3 Though a host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear; though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident.

4 One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple.

5 For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion; in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall set me up upon a rock.

6 And now shall mine head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me; therefore will I offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy; I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord.

7 Hear, O Lord, when I cry with my voice: have mercy also upon me, and answer me.

Hymn No. 274.

Come, Thou Almighty King.

No. 322. PSALM 32.

1 Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.

2 Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile.

3 When I kept silence, my bones waxed old through my roaring all the day long.

4 For day and night thy hand was heavy upon me; my moisture is turned into the drought of summer. Selah.

5 I acknowledged my sin unto thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid. I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord; and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin. Selah.

6 For this shall every one that is godly pray unto thee in a time when thou mayest be found; surely in the floods of great waters they shall not come nigh unto him.

7 Thou art my hiding place; thou shalt preserve me from trouble; thou shalt compass me above with songs of deliverance. Selah.

Hymn No. 246.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me.

No. 323. PSALM 34.

1 I will bless the Lord at all times; His praise shall continually be in my mouth.

2 My soul shall make her boast in the Lord: the humble shall hear thereof, and be glad.

3 O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.

4 I sought the Lord, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears.

5 They looked unto him, and were lightened: and their faces were not ashamed.

6 This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles.

7 The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.

8 O taste and see that the Lord is good; blessed is the man that trusteth in Him.

Hymn No. 264.

My faith looks up to Thee.

No. 324. PSALM 51.

1 Have mercy upon me, O God according to thy loving-kindness: according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

2 Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.

3 For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me.

4 Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight: that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest.

5 Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me.

6 Behold, thou desireth truth in the inward parts: and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom.

7 Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

8 Make me to hear joy and gladness, that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.

9 Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all my iniquities.

10 Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.

Hymn No. 190.

Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole.

No. 325. PSALM 61.

1 Hear my cry, O God; attend unto my prayer.

2 From the end of the earth will I cry unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed; lead me to the rock that is higher than I.

3 For thou hast been a shelter for me, and a strong tower from the enemy.

4 I will abide in thy tabernacle forever: I will trust in the covert of thy wings.

5 For thou, O God, hast heard my vows; thou hast given me the heritage of them that fear thy name.

6 Thou wilt prolong the king's life: and his years as many generations.

7 He shall abide before God forever; O prepare mercy and truth, which may preserve him.

8 So will I sing praise unto thy name forever, that I may daily perform my vows.

Hymn No. 244.

We Praise Thee, O God.

No. 326. PSALM 63.

1 O God, thou art my God; early will I seek thee; my soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is;

2 To see thy power and thy glory, so as I have seen thee in the sanctury.

3 Because thy loving kindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee.

4 Thus will I bless thee while I live; I will lift up my hands in thy name.

5 My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness; and my mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips:

6 When I remember thee upon my bed, and meditate on thee in the night watches.

7 Because thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice.

8 My soul followeth hard after thee; thy right hand upholdeth me.

9 But those that seek my soul, to destroy it, shall go into the lower parts of the earth.

10 They shall fall by the sword: they shall be a portion for foxes.

11 But the king shall rejoice in God; every one that sweareth by him shall glory: but the mouth of them that speak lies shall be stopped.

Hymn No. 259.

My soul, be on thy guard.

No. 327. PSALM 65

1 Praise waiteth for thee, O God in Zion: and unto thee shall the vow be performed.

2 O thou that hearest prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come.

3 Iniquities prevail against me; as for our transgressions, thou shalt purge them away.

4 Blessed is the man whom thou choosest, and causest to approach unto thee, that he may dwell in thy courts, we shall be satisfied with the goodness of thy house, even thy holy temple.

5 By terrible things in righteousness wilt thou answer us, O God of our salvation: who are the confidence of all the ends of the earth, and of them that are afar off upon the sea.

6 Which by his strength setteth fast the mountains; being girded with power.

7 Which stilleth the noise of the seas, the noise of their waves, and the tumult of the people.

8 They also that dwell in the uttermost parts are afraid at thy tokens: thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening rejoice.

9 Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it: thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water: thou preparest them corn, when thou hast so provided for it.

Hymn No. 251.

Hark ten thousand.

No. 328. PSALM 67.

1 God be merciful unto us, and bless us and cause his face to shine upon us. Selah.

2 That thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations.

3 Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee.

4 O let the nations be glad and sing for joy: for thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the nations upon earth. Selah.

5 Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee.

6 Then shall the earth yield her increase. and God, even our own God, shall bless us.

7 God shall bless us; and all the ends of the earth shall fear him.

Hymn No. 92.

When upon life's billows you are, etc.

No. 329. PSALL 84.

1 How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!

2 My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.

3 Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King, and my God.

4 Blessed are they that dwell in thy house: they will be still praising thee. Selah.

5 Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee; in whose heart are the ways of them.

6 Who passing through the valley of Baca make it a well: the rain also filleth the pools.

7 They go from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion appeareth before God.

8 O Lord God of hosts, hear my prayer: give ear, O God of Jacob. Selah.

9 Behold, O God, our shield, and look upon the face of thine anointed.

10 For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.

11 For the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

12 O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.

Hymn No. 273.

Blessed be the Name.

No. 330. PSALM 91.

1 He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

2 I will say of the Lord, he is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.

3 Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.

4 He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

5 Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

6 Nor for the pestilence that walketh in the darkness: nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

7 A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.

8 Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.

9 Because thou hast made the Lord which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation.

Hymn No. 266.

Jesus, Lover of my soul.

No. 331. PSALM 93.

1 The Lord reigneth, he is clothed with majesty; the Lord is clothed with strength, wherewith he hath girded himself: the world also is established, and cannot be moved.

2 Thy throne is established of old; thou art from everlasting.

3 The floods have lifted up, O Lord, the floods have lifted up their voice; the floods lift up their waves.

4 The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea.

5 The testimonies are very sure: holiness becometh thine house, O Lord, for ever.

Hymn No. 189.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty.

No. 332. PSALM 95.

1 O come, let us sing unto the Lord; let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation.

2 Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

3 For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods.

4 In his hand are the deep places of the earth: the strength of the hills is his also.

5 The sea is his, and he made it; and his hand formed the dry land.

6 O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord, our Maker.

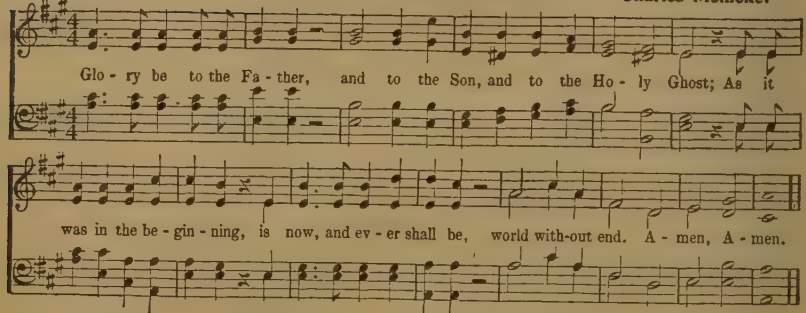
7 For he is our God; and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.

Hymn No. 275.

O worship the King all-glorious above.

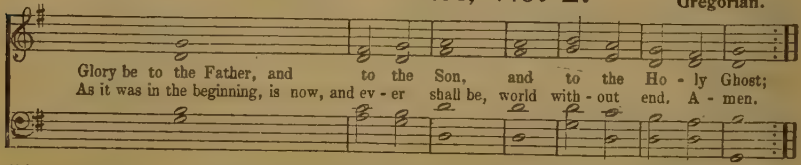
No. 333. Gloria Patri, No. 1.

Charles Melneke.


Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it
was in the be - gin - ning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world with-out end. A - men, A - men.

No. 334. Gloria Patri, No. 2.

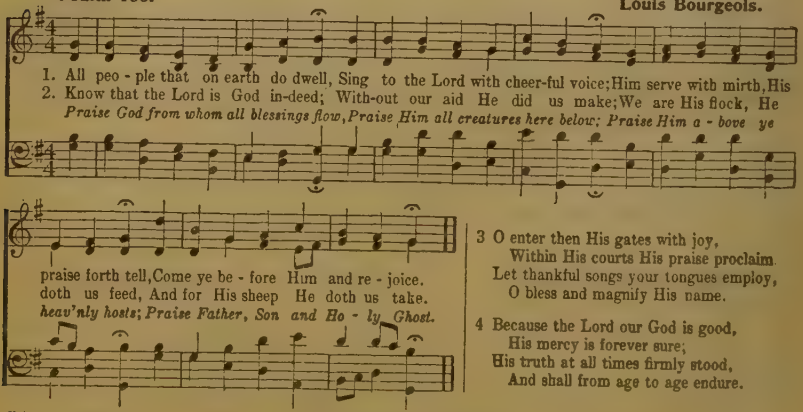
Gregorian.


Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world with - out end. A - men.

No. 335. All People that on Earth do Dwell.

Psalm 100.

Louis Bourgeois.


1. All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheer-ful voice; Him serve with mirth, His
2. Know that the Lord is God in-deed; With-out our aid He did us make; We are His flock, He
Praise God from whom all blessings flow, Praise Him all creatures here below; Praise Him a - bove ye
praise forth tell, Come ye be - fore Him and re - joice.
doth us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take.
heav'nly hosts; Praise Father, Son and Ho - ly Ghost.

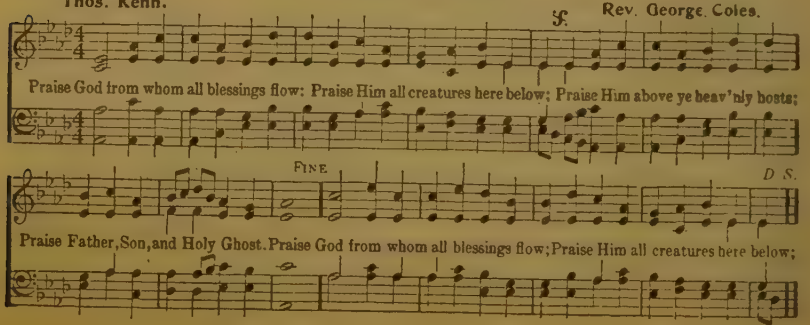
3 O enter then His gates with joy,
Within His courts His praise proclaim.
Let thankful songs your tongues employ,
O bless and magnify His name.

4 Because the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

No. 336. Praise God.

Thos. Kenn.

Rev. George Coles.


Praise God from whom all blessings flow: Praise Him all creatures here below; Praise Him above ye heav'nly hosts;
FINE
D. S.
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Praise God from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him all creatures here below;

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